E. 1472.

A New Version

OF THE

PSALMS

OF

DAVID,

By

N. TATE & N. BRADY.

And set to Musick

By

J. Z. TRIEMER.



AMSTERDAM,

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M. DCC. LIII.


BRITISH MUSEUM

Voor den Armen

PRIVILEGIE.

DE Staten van Holland en Weſtvrieſland doen te Weeten: Alzo ons te kennen is gegeeven by Diaconen van de Gereformeerde Orthodoxe Engelſche Gemeente binnen de Stad Amſteldam, dat in 't voorleden Jaar 1752. door den Kerkenraad van dezelve Gemeente zo die te dier tyd actueelyk in dienſt, als buyten functie waren, zynde goed gevonden om de Pſalmen van David, zo als die door TATE en BRADY in Engelſche Digtmaat gebragt, met eenige Lofzangen in hun lieder Gemeente gezongen wierden (terwyl dezelve zig in het geheel bevonden zonder eenige Muſicq Nooten, waar door den Zang-toon derzelve op een eenpaarige voet konden gehouden worden, 't geen dikwyls verwerringe en merkelyke ergernis in zo een plegtig ſtuk van den openbaaren Godsdienſt had veroorzaakt) op hunne koſten met Nooten en bequaame Zangwyzen te laaten voorzien, zy Supplianten als nu actueelyk bezig waren om ter uytvoeringe van het voorſz. beſluyt door Menſchen de Muſicq kundig, te laaten componeeren zodaanige Voyſen, als waar op de gemelde Pſalmen en Lofzangen met meerder Stigtinge van de Gemeente zoude konnen gezongen werden, met oogmerk om na het afdrukken der voorſz. Pſalmen en Lofzangen met de Nooten daar op gecomponeert, dezelve Druk beneevens het regt der Copie te ſtellen in handen van haar Supplianten Diaconen der gemelde Kerk, om door hun lieden Verdebiteerd, Uytgegeeven en Verkogt, en de winſt die daar op mogt komen te vallen, ten nutte der Armen van dezelve Gemeente bekeert te worden; Dan dewyl zy Supplianten bedugt waren, of niet wel zommige baetzoekende Menſchen mogten onderneemen om tot præjuditie der Supplianten en van hunne Kerk, het voorſz. Werk, waar toe reeds veele moeyte en koſten wierden aangewend, te doen Drukken, na Drukken, en Uytgeeven. zo keerden de Supplianten zig tot Ons, gantſch Onderdaanig verzoekende, dat het Ons geliefde aan de Supplianten te verleenen Privilegie, voor den tyd van vyftien eerſt koomende en agtervolgende Jaaren, om het bovengemelde Engelſche Pſalmboek en Lofzangen, met de daar opgemaakte Muſicq Nooten, in wat Formaat het ook zyn mogte; alleen, en met Seclufie van alle anderen, te mogen Drukken, doen Drukken, Uytgeeven en Verkoopen, met verbod aan een ygelyk buyten hun Supplianten op zeekere groote pœne by Ons daar tegens te ſtellen, om binnen den voorſz. tyd het gemelde Pſalmboek en Lofzangen, met de daar op gecomponeerde Muſicq Nooten, in deze Landen in eenige Formaat, onder wat pretext het ook zoude mogen zyn, te Drukken, te doen Drukken, Uytgeeven en Verkoopen, of elders buyten deze Landen Gedrukt zynde, in te voeren en Verkoopen, en daar van te verleenen Octroy in ordinaria forma. ZOO IS 'T, dat Wy de zaake ende het voorſz. verzoek overgemerkt hebbende, ende genegen wezende ter bede van de Supplianten uyt Onze regte Wetenſchap Souveraine Magt en Authoriteit, dezelve Supplianten geconſenteert, geaccordeert, en geoctroyeert hebben, Conſenteeren, Accordeeren en Octroyeeren haar by dezen, dat zy geduurende den tyd van vyftien eerſt agter een volgende Jaaren het voorſz. Pſalmboek en Lofzangen met de daar op gecomponeerde Muſicq Nooten, in diervoegen als zulks by de Supplianten is Verzogt, en hier vooren uytgedrukt ſtaat, binnen den voorſz. Onzen Lande alleen zullen mogen Drukken, doen Drukken, Uytgeeven en Verkoopen, verbiedende daaromme allen ende een ygelyken het zelve Pſalmboek en Lofzangen in 't geheel ofte ten deele te Drukken, naar te Drukken, te doen naar Drukken te Verhandelen, of te Verkoopen of te Elders naar Gedrukt binnen den zelven Onzen Lande te brengen, uyt te geeven ofte te verhandelen en verkoopen, op verbeurte van alle de naar gedrukte, ingebragte, verhandelde of verkogte Exemplaaren, ende een boete van drie duyzent Guldens, daarenboven te Verbeuren, te appliceeren een derde part voor den Officier die de Calange doen zal, een derde part voor den Armen der Plaatſe, daar het Caſus voorvallen zal, ende het reſteerende derde part voor den Supplianten ende dit telkens zo meenigmaal als dezelve zullen worden agterhaald: Alles in dien verſtande, dat Wy de Supplianten met dezen Onzen Octroye alleen willende gratificeeren tot verhoeding van haare ſchaade, door het na Drukken van het voorſz. Pſalmboek en Lofzangen, daar door in geenigen deelen verſtaan, den innehouden van dien te Authoriſeeren, ofte te Advoueeren, ende veel min dezelve onder Onze Protectie en de beſcherminge eenig meerder Credit, aanzien ofte reputatie te geeven, ne maar de Supplianten in Cas daar inne iets onbehoorlyks zoude influeeren, alle het zelve tot haaren laſten zullen gehouden weezen te verantwoorden; tot dien einde wel Expreſſelyk begeerende, dat by aldien zy deezen Onzen Octroye voor het zelve Pſalmboek en Lofzangen zullen willen ſtellen, daar van geene geabrevieerde ofte gecontraheerde mentie ſullen mogen maken, ne maar gehouden wezen, het zelve Octroy in 't geheel, en zonder eenige Omiſſie daar voor te Drukken, of te doen Drukken, en dat zy gehouden zullen zyn, een Exemplaar van 't voorſchreeve Pſalmboek en Lofzangen op groot Papier, gebonden en wel geconditioneert, te brengen in de Bibliotheecq van Onze Univerſiteit te Leyden, binnen den tyd van ſes weeken, na dat zy Supplianten het zelve Pſalmboek en Lofzangen zullen hebben beginnen uyt te geeven, op een boete van ſes hondert Guldens, na expiratie der voorſz. ſes weeken by de Supplianten te verbeuren, ten behoeve van de Nederduytſche Armen van de Plaats alwaar de Supplianten woonen; en voorts op pœne van met 'er daad verſteeken te zyn, van het Effect van dezen Octroy: dat ook de Supplianten ſchoon by het ingaan van dit Octroy een Exemplaar gelevert hebbende aan de voorſz. Onze Bibliotheecq, by zo verre zy geduurende den tyd van dit Octroy, het zelve Pſalmboek en Lofzangen zouden willen Herdrukken, met eenige Obſervatien, Nooten, Vermeerderingen, Veranderingen, Correctien, of anders hoe genaamt, of ook in een ander Formaat, gehouden zullen zyn, weederom een ander Exemplaar van het zelve Pſalmboek en Lofzangen, geconditioneert als vooren, te brengen in de voorſz. Bibliotheecq binnen den zelven tyd, en op de boete en pœnaliteit als voorſz. Ende ten einde de Supplianten dezen Onzen Conſente, ende Octroye moge genieten als naar behooren, laſten wy allen ende een ygelyken dien het aangaan mag, dat zy de Supplianten van den inhouden van dezen, doen laaten, ende gedoogen, ruſtelyk vreedelyk ende volkomentlyk genieten ende gebruyken, Ceſſeerende alle belet ter Contrarie. Gegeeven in den Hage onder Onzen Groote Segele hier aan doen hangen, op den vyftiende May, in 't Jaar Onzes Heeren en Zaligmakers, duyſent zeven hondert drie en vyftig;

A. van der DUYN, vt.

Ter Ordonnantie van de Staten

C. BOEY.

Aan de Supplianten zyn nevens dit Octroy ter hand geſtelt, by Extract Authenticq haar Ed: Gr: Mog: Reſolutien van 28. Juny 1715, en 30. April 1728, ten einde om zig daar na te reguleeren.

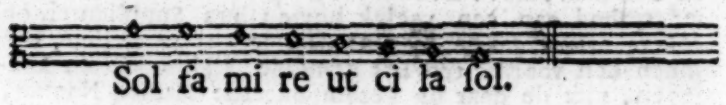
C. BOEY.

It is to be Observed that the Psalms & Hymns are all set upon one & the selfsame Key viz' the ≡ Key. And in order to find the Names of the Different Notes, two scales are added. The Ascent & descent of the half Notes in the Psalms & Hymns, are distinguished by ≡, ≡, & ≡, as being the Characters commonly used in Musick.









BRITISH
12 JU 78
MUSEUM

A New

A New Version of the
PSALMS OF DAVID.

PSALM I. II.

PSALM I.

1 HOW bleſt is he who ne'er conſents,
by ill advice to walk;
Nor ſtands in Sinners Ways, nor ſits
where men prophanely talk.

2 But makes the perfect Law of God
his Buſineſs and Delight;
Devoutly reads therein by Day,
and meditates by Night.

3 Like ſome fair Tree which fed by Streams,
with timely Fruit does bend,
He ſtill ſhall flouriſh, and ſucceſs
all his Deſigns attend.

4 Ungodly Men and their Attempts,
no laſting Root ſhall find;
Untimely blaſted and diſpers'd,
like Chaff before the Wind.

5 Their Guilt ſhall ſtrike the Wicked dumb,
before the Judge's Face:
No formal Hypocrite ſhall then
amongſt the Saints have place.

6 For God approves the juſt Man's Ways,
to Happineſs they tend;
But Sinners and the Paths they tread,
ſhall both in Ruin end.

PSALM II.

1 WITH reſtleſs and ungovern'd Rage,
why do the Heathen ſtorm;
Why in ſuch raſh Attempts engage,
as they can ne'er perform?

2 The great in Counſel and in Might,
Their various Forces bring,
Againſt the Lord, they all unite,
and his anointed King.

3 Muſt we ſubmit to their Commands,
preſumptuouſly they ſay?
No, let us break their ſlaviſh Bands,
and caſt their Chains away.

4 But God, who ſits enthron'd on high,
and ſees how they combine,
Does their conſpiring Strength defy,
and mocks their vain Deſign.

5 Thick Clouds of Wrath divine ſhall break

on his rebellious Foes;
And thus will he in Thunder ſpeak,
to all that dare oppoſe.

6 „ Tho' madly you diſpute my Will,
„ the King that I ordain,
„ Whoſe Throne is fix'd on Sion's Hill,
„ ſhall there ſecurely reign.

PART II.

7 Attend, O Earth, whilſt I declare
God's uncontroul'd Decree;
„ Thou art my Son, this Day my Heir,
„ have I begotten thee.

8 „ Ask, and receive thy full Demands,
„ thine ſhall the Heathen be,
„ The utmoſt Limits of the Lands,
„ ſhall be poſſeſs'd by thee.

9 „ Thy threat'ning Scepter thou ſhalt ſhake,
„ and cruſh them ev'ry where;
„ As maſſy Bars of Iron break,
„ the Potters brittle Ware.

10 Learn then, ye Princes, and give Ear
ye Judges of the Earth;
Worſhip the Lord with holy Fear,
rejoice with awful Mirth.

11 Appeaſe the Son with due reſpect,
your timely Homage pay,
Leſt he revenge the bold Neglect,
incens'd by your Delay.

12 If but in part his Anger riſe,
who can endure the Flame?
Then bleſt are they whoſe Hope relies,
on his moſt Holy Name.

PSALM III.

1 HOW many, Lord, of late are grown
the Troublers of my Peace!
And as their Numbers hourly riſe,
ſo does their Rage increaſe.

2 Inſulting they my Soul upbraid,
And him whom I adore;
The God in whom he truſts, ſay they,
ſhall reſcue him no more.

3 But thou, O Lord, art my Defence,
on thee my Hopes rely;
Thou art my Glory, and ſhalt yet
lift up my Head on high.

4 Since whenſo'er in like Diſtreſs,
to God I made my Pray'r:
He heard me from his Holy Hill,
why ſhould I now deſpair?

5 Guarded by him, I laid me down,
my ſweet Repoſe to take;

For

For I through him ſecurely ſleep,
through him in ſafety wake.
6 No Force nor Fury of my Foes,
my Courage ſhall confound;
Were they as many Hoſts as Men,
that have beſet me round.
7 Ariſe and ſave me, O my God,
who oft haſt own'd my Cauſe,
And ſcatter'd oft theſe Foes to me,
and to thy righteous Laws.
8 Salvation to the Lord belongs,
he only can defend:
His Bleſſing he extends to all,
that on his Pow'r depend.

PSALM IV.

1 O Lord, that art my righteous Judge,
to my Complaint give Ear;
Thou ſtill redeem'ſt me from Diſtreſs,
have Mercy, Lord, and hear.
2 How long will ye, O Sons of Men,
to blot my Fame deviſe?
How long your vain Deſigns purſue,
and ſpread malicious Lies?
3 Conſider that the righteous Man,
is God's peculiar Choice;
And when to him I make my Pray'r,
he always hears my Voice.
4 Then ſtand in Awe of his Commands,
flee ev'ry thing that's ill,
Commune in private with your Hearts,
and bend them to his Will.
5 The Place of other Sacrifice
let Righteouſneſs ſupply:
And let your Hope ſecurely fix'd;
on God alone rely.
6 While worldly Minds impatient grow,
more proſp'rous Times to ſee;
Still let the glories of thy Face
ſhine brightly, Lord, on me.
7 So ſhall my Heart o'erflow with Joy,
more laſting and more true
Than theirs, whoſe Stores of Corn and Wine
ſucceſſively renew.
8 Then down in Peace I'll lay my Head,
and take my needful Reſt;
No other Guard, O Lord, I crave,
of thy Defence poſſeſt.

PSALM V.

1 LORD, hear the Voice of my Complaint,
accept my ſecret Pray'r;

To thee alone, my King, my God,
will I for help repair.
2 Thou in the Morn my Voice ſhalt hear,
and with the dawning Day,
To thee devoutly I'll look up,
to thee devoutly pray.
3 For thou the Wrongs that I ſuſtain,
canſt never, Lord, approve;
Who from thy ſacred Dwelling-place,
all Evil doſt remove.
4 Not long ſhall ſtubborn Fools remain,
unpuniſh'd in thy View:
All ſuch as act unrighteous Things,
thy Vengeance ſhall purſue.
5 The ſland'ring Tongue, O God of Truth,
by thee ſhall be deſtroy'd;
Who hat'ſt alike the Man in Blood,
and in Deceit employ'd.
6 But when thy boundleſs Grace ſhall me,
to thy lov'd Courts reſtore,
On thee I'll fix my longing Eyes,
and humbly there adore.
7 Conduct me by thy righteous Laws,
for watchful is my Foe,
Therefore, O Lord, make plain the Way
wherein I ought to go.
8 Their Mouth vents nothing but Deceit,
their Heart is ſet on Wrong,
Their Throat is a devouring Grave,
they flatter with their Tongue.
9 By their own Counſels let them fall,
oppreſs'd with Loads of Sin;
For they againſt thy righteous Laws,
have harden'd Rebels been.
10 But let all thoſe who truſt in thee,
with Shouts their Joy proclaim;
Let them rejoice whom thou preſerv'ſt,
and all that love thy Name.
11 To righteous Men, the righteous Lord,
his Bleſſing will extend;
And with his Favour all his Saints,
as with a Shield defend.

PSALM VI.

1 THY dreadful Anger, Lord, reſtrain,
and Spare a Wretch forlorn:
Correct me not in thy fierce Wrath,
too heavy to be born.
2 Have Mercy, Lord, for I grow faint,
unable to endure
The Anguiſh of my aking Bones,
which thou alone canſt cure,

3 My

3 My tortur'd Fleſh diſtracts my Mind,
and fills my Soul with Grief;
But, Lord, how long wilt thou delay
to grant me thy Relief?

4 Thy wonted Goodneſs, Lord, repeat,
and eaſe my troubled Soul;
Lord, for thy wond'rous Mercy's ſake,
vouchſafe to make me whole.

5 For after Death no more can I,
Thy glorious Acts proclaim;
No Pris'ner of the ſilent Grave,
can magnify thy Name.

6 Quite tir'd with Pain, with groaning faint,
no hope of Eaſe I ſee;
The Night that quiets common Griefs,
is ſpent in Tears by me.

7 My Beauty fades; my Sight grows dim,
my Eyes with Weakneſs cloſe;
Old Age o'ertakes me whilſt I think,
on my inſulting Foes.

8 Depart, ye Wicked; in my Wrongs
ye ſhall no more rejoice;
For God, I find, accepts my Tears,
and liſtens to my Voice.

9 He hears and grants my humble Pray'r,
and they that wiſh my fall,
Shall bluſh and rage to ſee, that God
protects me from them all.

PSALM VII.

1 O Lord, my God, ſince I have plac'd
my truſt, alone in thee;
From all my Perſecutors Rage,
do thou deliver me.

2 To ſave me from my threat'ning Foe,
Lord, interpoſe thy Pow'r,
Leſt like a ſavage Lion, he
my helpleſs Soul devour.

3 If I am guilty, or did e'er
againſt his Peace combine;
Nay, if I have not ſpar'd his Life,
who ſought unjuſtly mine;

4 Let then to perſecuting Foes,
my Soul become a Prey;
Let them to Earth tread down my Life,
in Duſt my Honour lay.

5 Ariſe, and let thine Anger, Lord,
in my Defence engage;
Exalt thyſelf above my Foes,
and their inſulting Rage:

6 Awake, awake, in my behalf,
the Judgment to diſpenſe,

Which thou haſt righteouſly ordain'd,
for injur'd Innocence.
7 So to thy Throne adoring Crowds,
ſhall ſtill for Juſtice fly;
O therefore for their ſakes reſume,
thy Judgment-Seat on high.
8 Impartial Judge of all the World,
I truſt my Cauſe to thee;
According to my juſt Deſerts,
ſo let thy Sentence be.

PART II.

9 Let wicked Arts and wicked Men,
together be o'erthrown;
But guard the juſt, thou God, to whom
the Hearts of both are known.
10 God me protects, nor only me,
but all of upright Heart:
And daily lays up Wrath for thoſe,
who from his Laws depart.
11 If they perſiſt, he whets his Sword,
his Bow ſtands ready bent;
Even now with ſwift Deſtruction wing'd,
his pointed Shafts are ſent.
12 The Plots are fruitleſs which my Foe,
unjuſtly did conceive:
The Pit he digg'd for me, has prov'd
his own untimely Grave.
13 On his own Head his ſpite returns,
whilſt I from Harm am free;
On him the Violence is fall'n;
which he deſign'd for me.
14 Therefore will I the righteous Ways,
of Providence proclaim;
I'll ſing the Praiſe of God moſt high,
and celebrate his Name.

PSALM VIII.

1 O Thou to whom all Creatures bow,
within this earthly Frame,
Thro' all the World how great art thou,
how glorious is thy Name!
2 In Heav'n thy wond'rous Acts are ſung,
nor fully reckon'd there:
And yet thou mak'ſt the Infant Tongue
thy boundleſs Praiſe declare.
3 Thro' thee the Weak confound the Strong,
and cruſh their haughty Foes;
And ſo thou quell'ſt the wicked Throng,
that thee and thine oppoſe.
4 When Heav'n thy beauteous Work on high,
employs my wond'ring Sight;
The Moon that nightly rules the Sky,

with

with Stars of feebler Light.

5 What's Man (ſay I) that, Lord, thou lov'ſt
to keep him in thy Mind?
Or what his Off-ſpring, that thou prov'ſt
to him ſo wond'rous kind?

6 Him next in Pow'r, thou didſt create,
to thy celeſtial Train;
Ordain'd with Dignity and State,
o'er all thy Works to reign.

7 They jointly own his powerful Sway,
the Beaſts that prey or graze;
The Bird that Wings its airy Way;
the Fiſh that cuts the Seas.

8 O Thou to whom all Creatures bow,
within this earthly Frame,
Thro' all the World how great art thou!
how glorious is thy Name!

PSALM IX.

1 TO celebrate thy Praiſe, O Lord,
I will my Heart prepare;
To all the liſt'ning World thy Works,
thy wond'rous Works declare.

2 The thought of them ſhall to my Soul
exalted Pleaſure bring;
Whilſt to thy Name, O thou moſt High,
triumphant Praiſe I ſing.

3 Thou mad'ſt my haughty Foes to turn,
their Backs in ſhameful flight:
Struck with thy Preſence down they fell,
they periſh'd at thy ſight.

4 Againſt inſulting Foes advanc'd
thou didſt my Cauſe maintain,
My right aſſerting from thy Throne,
where truth and Juſtice reign.

5 The Inſolence of Heathen Pride,
thou haſt reduc'd to ſhame;
Their wicked Off-ſpring quite deſtroy'd,
and blotted out their Name.

6 Miſtaken Foes! your haughty Threats
are to a Period come;
Our City ſtands which you deſign'd,
to make our common Tomb.

PART II.

7 The Lord for ever lives, who has
his righteous Throne prepar'd;
Impartial Juſtice to diſpenſe,
to puniſh or reward.

8 God is a conſtant ſure Defence,
againſt oppreſſing Rage:
As Troubles riſe his needful Aids,

in

in our behalf engage.

9 All thoſe who have his Goodneſs prov'd,
will in his Truth confide;
Whoſe Mercy ne'er forſook the Man,
that on his help rely'd.

10 Sing Praiſes therefore to the Lord,
from Sion his Abode;
Proclaim his Deeds till all the World,
confeſs no other God.

11 When he enquiry makes for Blood,
he calls the Poor to mind;
The injur'd humble Man's Complaint,
relief from him ſhall find.

12 Take pity on my Troubles, Lord,
which ſpiteful Foes create,
Thou that haſt reſcu'd me ſo oft,
from Death's devouring Gate.

13 In Sion then I'll ſing thy Praiſe,
to all that love thy Name;
And with loud Shouts of grateful Joy,
thy ſaving Pow'r proclaim.

PART III.

14 Deep in the Pit they digg'd for me,
the Heathen Pride is laid;
Their guilty Feet to their own Snare,
are heedleſly betray'd.

15 Thus by the juſt Returns he makes,
the mighty Lord is known:
While wicked Men by their own Plots,
are ſhamefully o'erthrown.

16 No ſingle Sinner ſhall eſcape,
by Privacy obſcur'd;
Nor Nation from his juſt revenge,
by Numbers be ſecur'd.

17 His ſuff'ring Saints, when moſt diſtreſt,
he ne'er forgets to aid:
Their Expectation ſhall be crown'd,
though for a time delay'd.

18 Ariſe, O Lord, aſſert thy Pow'r,
and let not Man o'ercome;
Deſcend to Judgment, and pronounce
the guilty Heathens Doom.

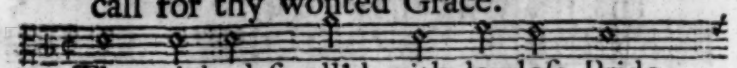
19 Strike Terror thro' the Nations round,
till by conſenting Fear,
They to each other and themſelves,
but mortal Men appear.

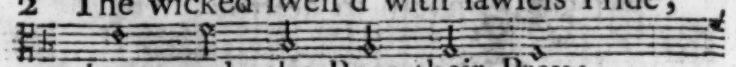
PSALM X.

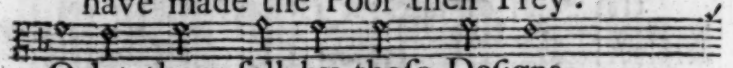
1 THY Preſence why withdraw'ſt thou, Lord?
why hid'ſt thou now thy Face?
When diſmal Times of deep Diſtreſs

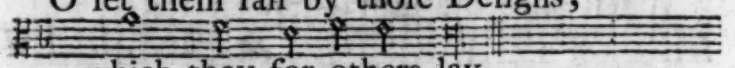
call

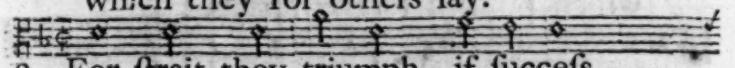

call for thy wonted Grace.

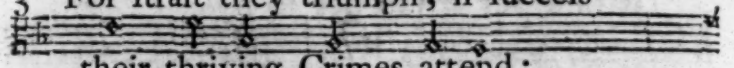

2 The wicked ſwell'd with lawleſs Pride,

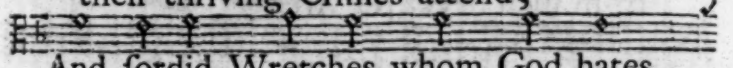

have made the Poor their Prey:

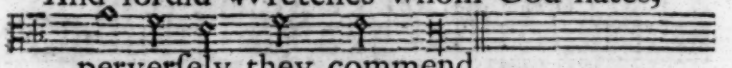

O let them fall by thoſe Deſigns,

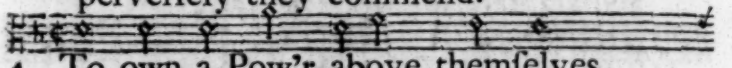

which they for others lay.

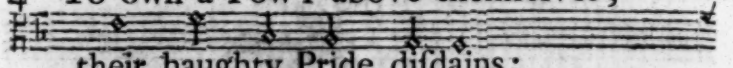

3 For ſtrait they triumph, if ſucceſs

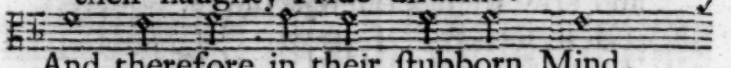

their thriving Crimes attend;


And ſordid Wretches whom God hates,

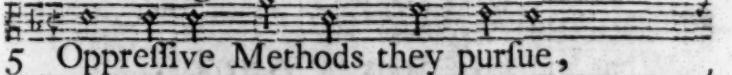

perverſely they commend.

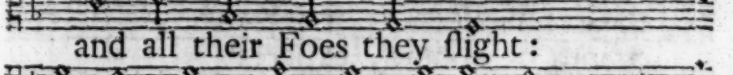

4 To own a Pow'r above themſelves,

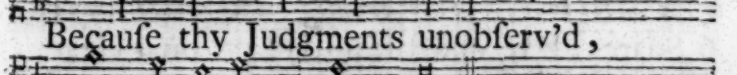

their haughty Pride diſdains:


And therefore in their ſtubborn Mind,

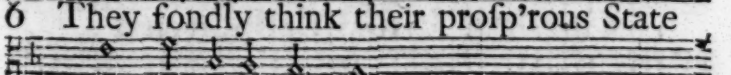

no thought of God remains.

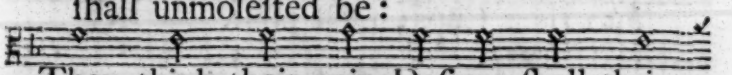

5 Oppreſſive Methods they purſue,

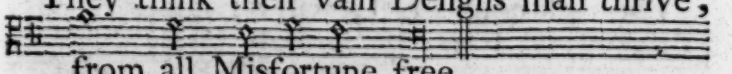

and all their Foes they ſlight:

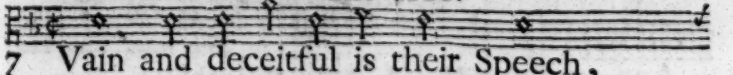

Becauſe thy Judgments unobſerv'd,

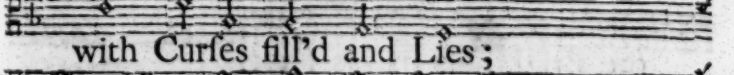

are far above their Sight.

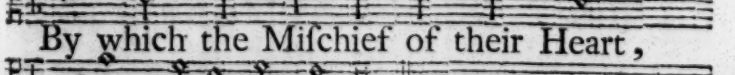

6 They fondly think their proſp'rous State

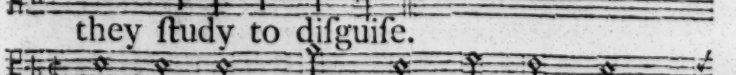

ſhall unmoleſted be:

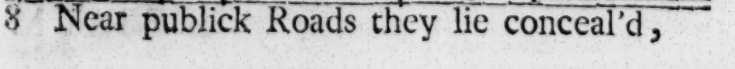

They think their vain Deſigns ſhall thrive,


from all Misfortune free.

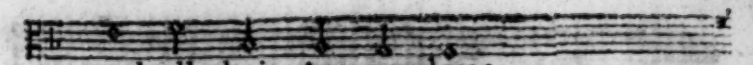

7 Vain and deceitful is their Speech,

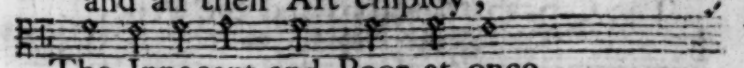

with Curſes fill'd and Lies;

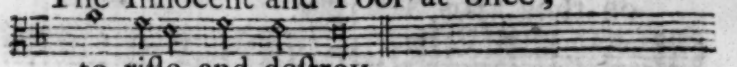

By which the Miſchief of their Heart,

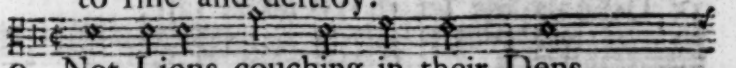

they ſtudy to diſguiſe.

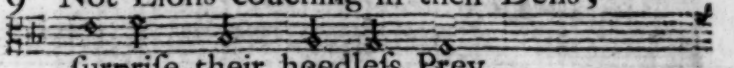

8 Near publick Roads they lie conceal'd,

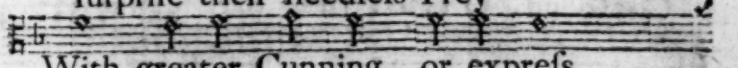

and all their Art employ;

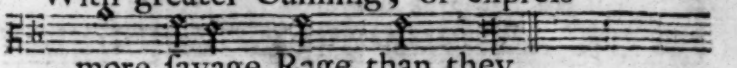

The Innocent and Poor at once,

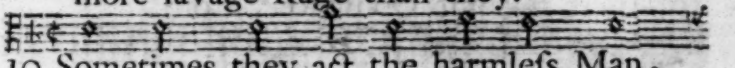

to riſle and deſtroy.

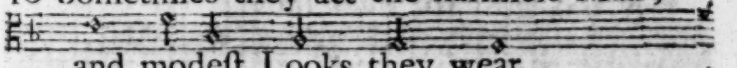

9 Not Lions couching in their Dens,

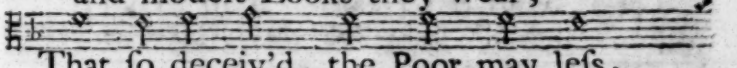

ſurpriſe their heedleſs Prey

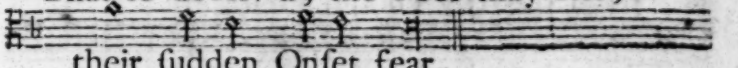

With greater Cunning, or expreſs


more ſavage Rage than they.

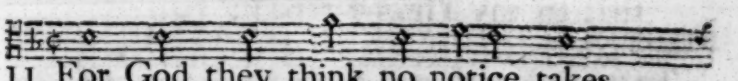

10 Sometimes they act the harmleſs Man,

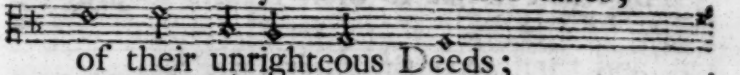

and modeſt Looks they wear,

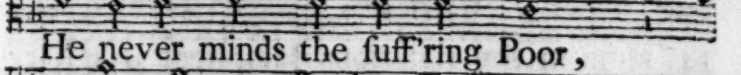

That ſo deceiv'd, the Poor may leſs,

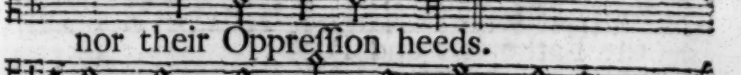

their ſudden Onſet fear.

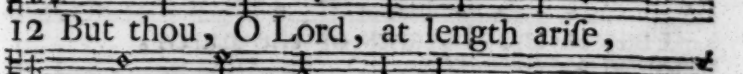
PART II.

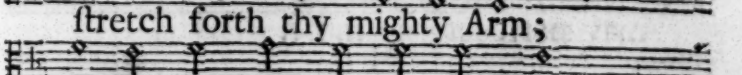

11 For God they think no notice takes,

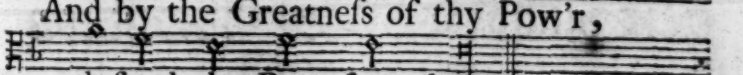

of their unrighteous Deeds;

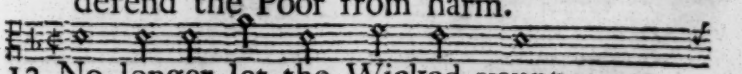

He never minds the ſuff'ring Poor,

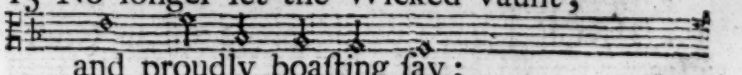

nor their Oppreſſion heeds.

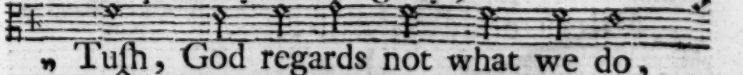

12 But thou, O Lord, at length ariſe,

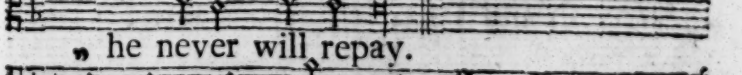

ſtretch forth thy mighty Arm;

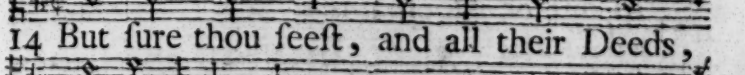

And by the Greatneſs of thy Pow'r,

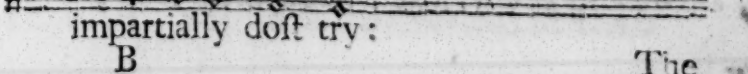

defend the Poor from harm.


13 No longer let the Wicked vaunt,


and proudly boaſting ſay;


„ Tuſh, God regards not what we do,


„ he never will repay.


14 But ſure thou ſeeſt, and all their Deeds,


impartially doſt try:

The Orphan therefore and the Poor,
on thee, for Aid rely.
15 Defenceleſs let the Wicked fall,
of all their Strength bereft:
Confound, O God, their dark Deſigns,
'till no remains are left.
16 Aſſert thy juſt Dominion, Lord,
which ſhall for ever ſtand;
Thou, who the Heathen didſt expel,
from this thy choſen Land.
17 Thou doſt the humble Suppliants hear,
that to thy Throne repair;
Thou firſt prepar'ſt their Hearts to pray,
and then accept'ſt their Pray'r.
18 Thou in thy righteous Judgment weigh'ſt,
the Fatherleſs and Poor;
That ſo the Tyrants of the Earth,
may perſecute no more.

PSALM XI.

1 SINCE I have plac'd my Truſt in God,
a Refuge always nigh:
Why ſhould I like a tim'rous Bird,
to diſtant Mountains fly?
2 Behold the Wicked bend their Bow,
and ready fix their Dart;
Lurking in Ambuſh to deſtroy,
the Man of upright Heart.
3 When once the firm Aſſurance fails,
which publick Faith imparts,
'Tis time for Innocence to fly,
from ſuch deceitful Arts.
4 The Lord hath both a Temple here,
and righteous Throne above;
Where he ſurveys the Sons of Men,
and how their Counſels move.
5 If God the Righteous whom he loves,
for trial does correct;
What muſt the Sons of Violence,
whom he abhors, expect?
6 Snares, Fire and Brimſtone on their Heads,
ſhall in one Tempeſt ſhow'r;
This dreadful Mixture, his Revenge
into their Cups, ſhall pour.
7 The righteous Lord, will righteous Deeds,
with ſignal Favour Grace;
And to the upright Man diſcloſe,
the Brightneſs of his Face.

PSALM

PSALM XII.

1 SINCE godly Men decay, O Lord,
do thou my Cauſe defend;
For ſcarce theſe wretched times afford,
one juſt and faithful Friend.
2 One Neighbour now can ſcarce believe,
what t'other does impart;
With flatt'ring Lips they all deceive,
and with a double Heart.
3 But Lips that with Deceit abound,
can never proſper long;
God's righteous Vengeance will confound,
the proud blaſpheming Tongue.
4 In vain thoſe fooliſh Boaſters ſay,
„ our Tongues are ſure our own;
„ With doubtful Words we will betray,
„ and be controul'd by none.
5 For God, who hears the ſuff'ring Poor,
and their Oppreſſion knows,
Will ſoon ariſe, and give them Reſt,
in ſpite of all their Foes.
6 The Word of God ſhall ſtill abide,
and void of Falſehood be:
As is the Silver ſeven times try'd,
from droſſy Mixture free.
7 The Promiſe of his aiding Grace,
ſhall reach the purpos'd End;
His Servants from this faithleſs Race,
he ever ſhall defend.
8 Then ſhall the wicked be perplex'd,
nor know which Way to fly;
When thoſe whom they deſpis'd and vex'd,
ſhall be advanc'd on high.

PSALM XIII.

1 HOW long wilt thou forget me, Lord?
muſt I for ever mourn?
How long wilt thou withdraw from me?
oh! never to return?
2 How long ſhall anxious Thoughts, my Soul,
and Grief, my Heart, oppreſs?
How long my Enemies inſult,
and I have no Redreſs?
3 O hear, and to my longing Eyes,
reſtore thy wonted Light;
And ſuddenly, or I ſhall ſleep
in everlaſting Night.
4 Reſtore me, leſt they proudly boaſt,
'twas their own Strength o'ercame;
Permit not them that vex my Soul,

to triumph in my Shame.

5 Since I have always plac'd my Truſt,
beneath thy Mercy's Wing;
Thy ſaving Health will come, and then,
my Heart with Joy ſhall ſpring.

6 Then ſhall my Song with Praiſe inſpir'd,
to thee, my God, aſcend,
Who to thy Servant in Diſtreſs,
ſuch Bounty did'ſt extend.

PSALM XIV.

1 SURE, wicked Fools muſt needs ſuppoſe,
that God is nothing but a Name,
Corrupt and lewd their Practice grows,
no Breaſt is warm'd with holy Flame.

2 The Lord look'd down from Heaven's height
and all the Sons of Men did view,
To ſee if any own'd his Might,
if any Truth or Juſtice knew.

3 But all he ſaw were gone aſide,
all were degen'rate grown and baſe,
None took Religion for their Guide,
not one of all the ſinful Race.

4 But can theſe Workers of Deceit,
be all ſo dull and ſenſeleſs grown?
That they like Bread my People eat,
and God's Almighty Pow'r diſown?

5 How will they tremble then, for fear,
when his juſt Wrath ſhall them o'ertake;
For, to the Righteous, God is near,
and never, will their Cauſe forſake.

6 Ill Men in vain with Scorn expoſe,
thoſe Methods which the Good purſue;
Since God a Refuge is for thoſe,
whom his juſt Eyes with Favour view.

7 Would he his ſaving Pow'r employ,
to break his People's ſervile Band;
Then ſhouts of univerſal Joy,
ſhould loudly eccho thro' the Land.

PSALM XV.

1 LORD, who's the happy Man that may,
to thy bleſt Courts repair?
Not Stranger-like to viſit them,
but to inhabit there?

2 T'is he, whoſe ev'ry Thought and Deed,
by Rules of Virtue moves;
Whoſe gen'rous Tongue diſdains to ſpeak,
the Thing his Heart diſproves.

3 Who never did a Slander forge,

his

his Neighbour's Fame to wound,
Nor hearken to a falſe Report,
by Malice whiſper'd round.
4 Who, Vice in all its Pomp and Pow'r,
can treat with juſt Neglect:
And Piety, tho' cloath'd in Rags,
religiouſly reſpect.
5 Who to his plighted Vows and Truſt,
has ever firmly ſtood:
And tho' he promiſe to his Loſs,
he makes his Promiſe good.
6 Whoſe Soul in Uſury diſdains,
his Treaſure to employ:
Whom no Rewards can ever bribe,
the Guiltleſs to deſtroy.
7 The Man who by this ſteady Courſe,
has Happineſs enſur'd;
When Earth's Foundation ſhakes, ſhall ſtand
by Providence, ſecur'd.

PSALM XVI.

1 PROTECT me from my cruel Foes,
and ſhield me, Lord, from harm,
Becauſe my Truſt I ſtill repoſe,
on thy Almighty Arm.
2 My Soul all Help but thine does ſlight,
all Gods but thee, diſown;
Yet can no Deeds of mine requite,
the Goodneſs thou haſt ſhown.
3 But thoſe that ſtrictly virtuous are,
and love the Thing that's right;
To favour always and prefer,
ſhall be my chief Delight.
4 How ſhall their Sorrows be increas'd,
who other Gods adore?
Their bloody Off'rings I deteſt,
their very Name abhor.
5 My Lot is fall'n in that bleſt Land,
where God is truly known;
He, fills my Cup with lib'ral Hand,
'tis, he, ſupports my Throne.
6 In Nature's moſt delightful Scene,
my happy Portion lies;
The Place of my appointed Reign,
all other Lands out-vies.
7 Therefore my Soul ſhall bleſs the Lord,
whoſe Preeepts give me Light,
And private Counſel ſtill afford,
in Sorrow's diſmal Night.
8 I ſtrive each Action to approve,
to his All-ſeeing Eye:

No Danger ſhall my Hopes remove,
becauſe he ſtill is nigh.
9 Therefore my Heart all Grief defies,
my Glory does rejoice;
My Fleſh ſhall reſt in hope to riſe,
wak'd, by his pow'rful Voice.
10 Thou, Lord, when I reſign my Breath,
my Soul from Hell ſhalt free:
Nor let thy holy one in Death,
the leaſt Corruption ſee.
11 Thou ſhalt the Paths of Life diſplay,
that to thy Preſence lead;
Where Pleaſures dwell without allay,
and Joys that never fade.

PSALM XVII.

1 THO my juſt Plea and ſad Complaint,
attend, O righteous Lord,
And to my Pray'r, as 'tis unfeign'd,
a gracious Ear afford.
2 As in thy ſight I am approv'd,
ſo let my Sentence be;
And with impartial Eyes, O Lord,
my upright Dealing ſee.
3 For thou haſt ſearch'd my Heart by Day,
and viſited by Night:
And on the ſtricteſt Trial found,
its ſecret Motions right.
4 Nor ſhall thy Juſtice, Lord, alone
my Heart's Deſigns acquit:
For I have purpos'd that my Tongue,
ſhall no Offence commit.
5 I know what wicked Men would do,
their Safety to maintain:
But me, thy juſt and mild Commands,
from bloody Paths reſtrain.
6 That I may ſtill in ſpite of Wrongs,
my Innocence ſecure:
O guide me in thy righteous Ways,
and make my Footſteps ſure.
7 Since heretofore, I ne'er in vain,
to thee my Pray'r addreſt:
O now, my God, incline thine Ear,
to this my juſt Requeſt.
8 The Wonders of thy Truth and Love,
in my Defence engage,
Thou, whoſe Right-hand preſerves thy Saints
from their oppreſſors Rage.

PART II.

9 O keep me in thy tend'reſt Care,
thy ſhelt'ring Wings ſtretch out,

To

To guard me ſafe from ſavage Foes,
that compaſs me about.
10 O'ergrown with Luxury, enclos'd
in their own Fat, they lie:
And with a proud blaſpheming Mouth,
both God and Man defy.
11 Well may they boaſt, for they have now
my Paths encompaſs'd round;
With Eyes at watch, and Bodies bow'd,
and couching on the Ground.
12 In Poſture of a Lion ſet,
when greedy of his Prey:
Or a young Lion when he lurks,
within a covert Way.
13 Ariſe, O Lord, defeat their Plots,
their ſwelling Rage controul:
From wicked Men who are thy Sword,
deliver thou my Soul.
14 From worldly Men, thy ſharpeſt Scourge,
whoſe Portion's here below;
Who fill'd with earthly Stores, deſire
no other Bliſs to know.
15 Their Race is num'rous that partake
their Subſtance, while they live;
Their Heirs ſurvive, to whom they may
the vaſt Remainder give.
16 But I, in uprightneſs, thy Face
ſhall view, without controul;
And waking ſhall its Image find
reflected, in my Soul.

PSALM XVIII.

1 NO Change of Times, ſhall ever ſhock
my firm Affection, Lord, to thee;
For thou haſt always been my Rock,
a Fortreſs, and Defence to me.
2 Thou my Deliv'rer art, my God,
my Truſt is in thy mighty Pow'r;
Thou art my Shield from Foes abroad,
at home my Safe-guard and my Tow'r.
3 To thee I will addreſs my Pray'r,
(to whom all Praiſe we juſtly owe,)
So ſhall I by thy watchful Care,
be guarded from my treach'rous Foe.
4 By Floods of wicked Men diſtreſs'd,
with Seas of Sorrow compaſs'd round;
With dire infernal Pangs oppreſs'd,
in Death's unweildy Fetters bound.
5 To Heav'n, I made my mournful Pray'r,
to God, addreſs'd my humble Moan:
Who graciouſly inclin'd his Ear,
and heard me from his lofty Throne.

PART

PART II.

6 When God aroſe my part to take,
the conſcious Earth, was ſtruck with fear;
The Hills, did at his Preſence ſhake,
nor could his dreadful Fury bear.

7 Thick Clouds of Smoak diſperſt abroad,
Enſigns of Wrath before him came;
Devouring Fire around him glow'd,
that Coals were kindled at its Flame.

8 He left the beauteous Realms of Light,
whilſt Heav'n bow'd down its awful Head;
Beneath his Feet ſubſtantial Night,
was like a ſable Carpet, ſpread.

9 The Chariot of the King of Kings,
which active Troops of Angels drew,
On a ſtrong Tempeſt's rapid Wings,
with moſt amazing Swiftneſs flew.

10 Black wat'ry Miſts, and Clouds conſpir'd,
with thickeſt Shades his Face to veil;
But at his Brightneſs ſoon retir'd,
and fell in ſhow'rs of Fire and Hail.

11 Thro' Heav'ns wide Arch, a thund'ring Peal,
God's angry Voice did loudly roar;
While Earth's ſad Face with heaps of Hail,
and Flakes of Fire, was cover'd o'er.

12 His ſharpen'd Arrows round he threw,
which made his ſcatter'd Foes retreat;
Like Darts his nimble Light'nings flew,
and quickly finiſh'd their Defeat,

13 The Deep its ſecret Stores diſclos'd,
the World's Foundation naked lay,
By his avenging Wrath expos'd,
which fiercely rag'd that dreadful Day.

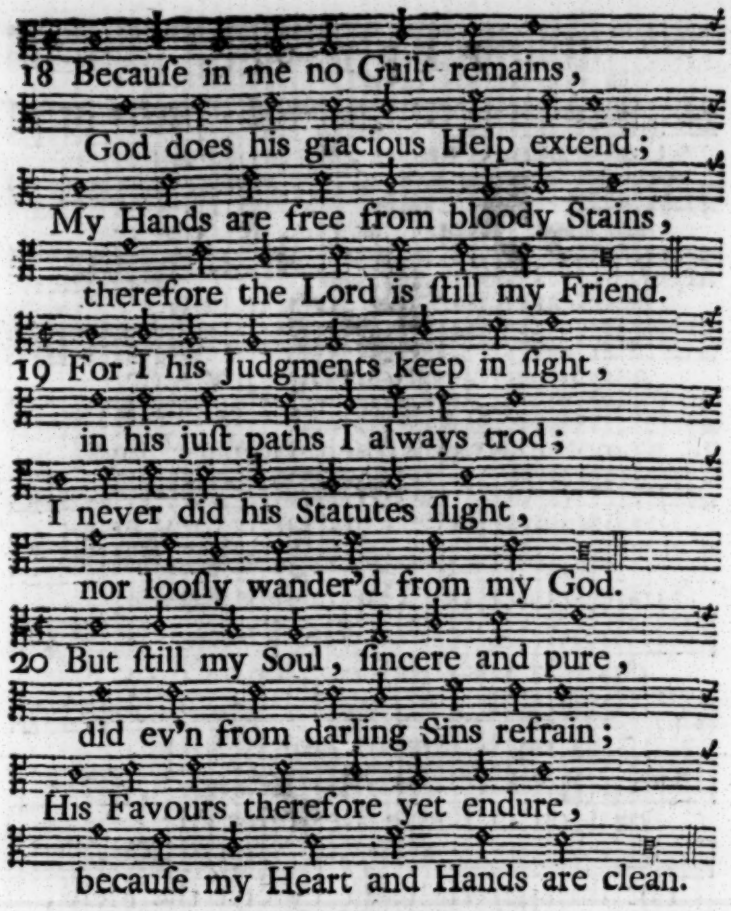
PART III.

14 The Lord did on my ſide engage,
from Heav'n (his Throne) my cauſe upheld;
And ſnatch'd me from the furious Rage,
of threat'ning Waves that proudly ſwell'd.

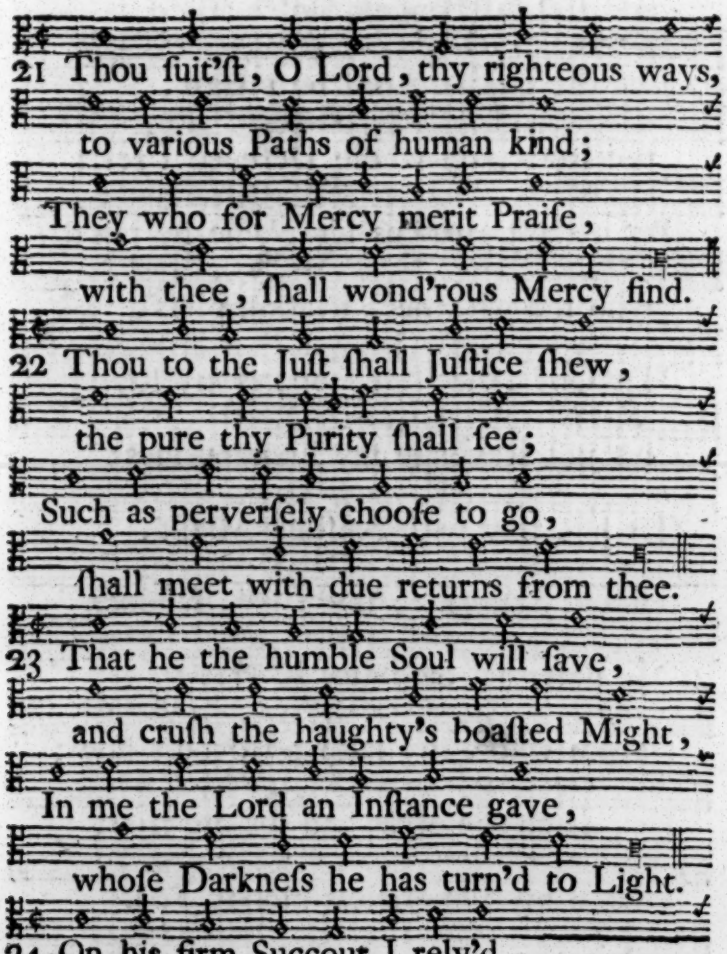
15 God his reſiſtleſs Pow'r employ'd,
my ſtrongeſt Foes attempts to break;
Who elſe with Eaſe had ſoon deſtroy'd,
the weak Defence that I could make.

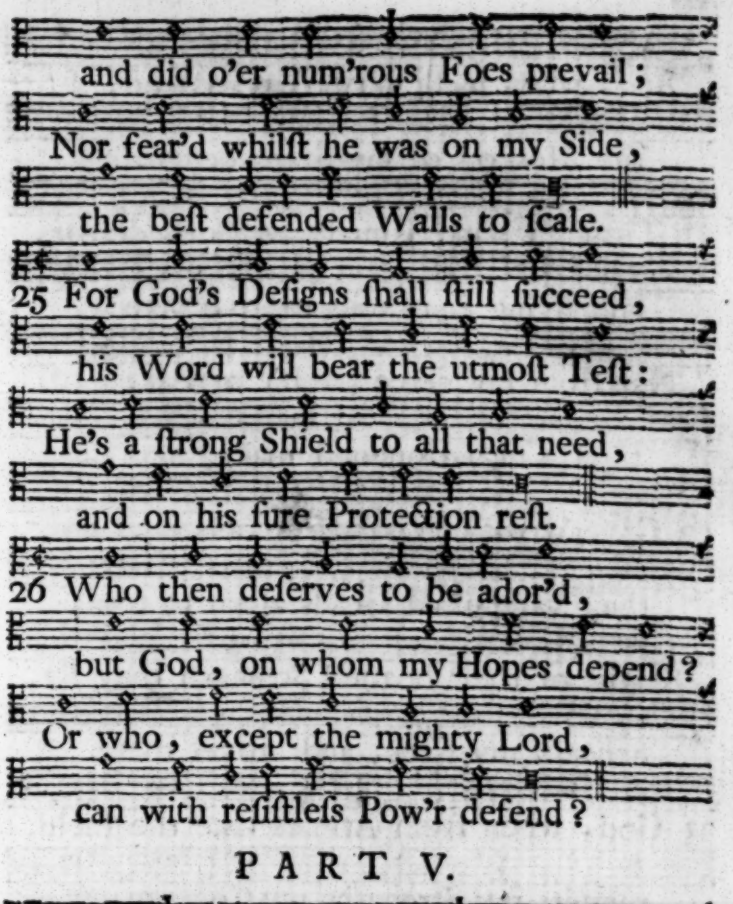
16 Their ſubtile Rage had near prevail'd,
when I diſtreſs'd and friendleſs lay:
But ſtill when other Succours fail'd,
God, was my firm Support and Stay.

17 From Dangers that enclos'd me round,
he, brought me forth and ſet me free:
For ſome juſt Cauſe his Goodneſs found,
that mov'd him to delight in me.

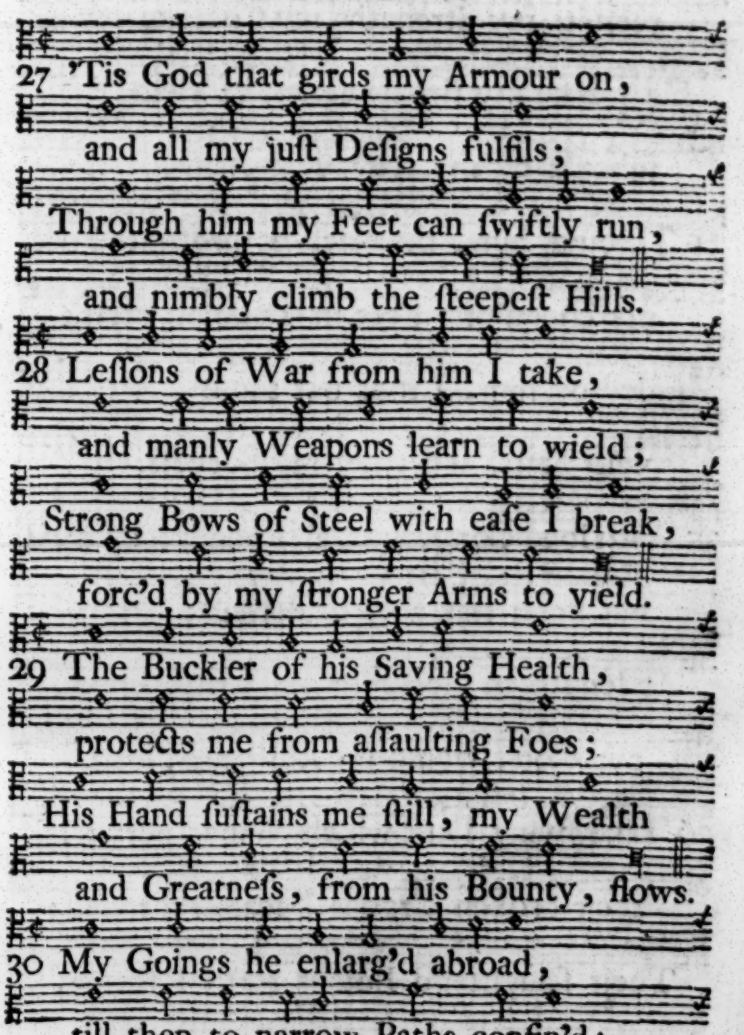


PART IV.





PART V.



And, when in ſlipp'ry Ways I trod,
the Method of my Steps deſign'd.
31 Through him, I num'rous Hoſts defeat,
and flying Squadrons captive take:
Nor from my fierce purſuit retreat,
till I a final Conqueſt make.
32 Cover'd with Wounds in vain they try,
their vanquiſh'd Heads again to rear;
Spight of their boaſted Strength they lie,
beneath my Feet, and grovel there.
33 God, when freſh Armies take the Field,
recruits my Strength, my Courage warms;
He makes my ſtrong Oppoſers yield,
ſubdu'd by my prevailing Arms.
34 Through him, the Neck of proſtrate Foes,
my conqu'ring Feet in Triumph preſs;
Aided by him, I root out thoſe
who hate, and envy my Succeſs.
35 With loud Complaints, all Friends they try'd,
but none was able to defend;
At length to God, for Help they cry'd,
but God, would no Aſſiſtance, lend.
36 Like flying Duſt which Winds purſue,
their broken Troops I ſcatter'd round:
Their ſlaughter'd Bodies forth I threw,
like loathſome Dirt that clogs the Ground.

PART VI.

37 Our factious Tribes, at Strife till now,
by God's Appointment, me obey;
The Heathen to my Scepter bow,
and foreign Nations own my Sway.
38 Remoteſt Realms their Homage ſend,
when my ſucceſsful Name they hear:
Strangers for my Commands attend,
charm'd with Reſpect, or aw'd by Fear.
39 All to my Summons tamely yield,
or ſoon in Battle are diſmay'd;
For ſtronger Holds, they quit the Field,
and ſtill in ſtrongeſt Holds afraid.
40 Let the eternal Lord be prais'd,
the Rock, on whoſe Defence I reſt;
O'er higheſt Heav'ns his Name be rais'd,
who me with his Salvation bleſs'd.
41 'Tis God, that ſtill ſupports my Right,
his juſt Revenge my Foes purſues;
'Tis he, that with reſiſtleſs Might,
fierce Nations to my Yoke, ſubdues.
42 My univerſal Safe-guard, He!
from whom my laſting Honours flow;
He, made me great and ſet me free,
from my remorſeleſs bloody Foe.
43 Therefore, to celebrate his Fame,

my

my grateful Voice to Heav'n I'll raiſe;
And Nations, Strangers to his Name,
ſhall thus be taught to ſing his Praiſe:
44 „ God, to his King Deliv'rance ſends,
„ ſhews his anointed, ſignal Grace;
„ His Mercy evermore extends,
„ to David and his promis'd Race.

PSALM XIX.

1 THE Heav'ns declare thy Glory, Lord,
which that alone can fill:
The Firmament and Stars expreſs,
their great Creator's Skill.
2 The Dawn of each returning Day,
freſh Beams of Knowledge brings;
And from the dark returns of Night,
Divine Inſtruction ſprings.
3 Their pow'rful Language to no Realm,
or Region is confin'd;
'Tis Nature's Voice, and underſtood
alike, by all Mankind.
4 Their Doctrine does its ſacred Senſe,
through Earth's extent diſplay;
Whoſe bright Contents the circling Sun,
does round the World convey.
5 No Bridegroom, on his Nuptial-Day,
has ſuch a chearful Face;
No Giant, does like him rejoice,
to run his glorious Race.
6 From Eaſt to Weſt, from Weſt to Eaſt,
his reſtleſs Courſe he goes,
And through his Progreſs, chearful Light,
and vital Warmth beſtows.

PART II.

7 God's perfect Law converts the Soul,
reclaims from falſe Deſires;
With ſacred Wiſdom his ſure Word,
the Ignorant inſpires.
8 The Statutes of the Lord are juſt,
and bring ſincere Delight;
His pure Commands, in ſearch of Truth,
aſſiſt the feebleſt Sight.
9 His perfect Worſhip here is fix'd,
on ſure Foundations laid:
His equal Laws are in the Scales,
of Truth and Juſtice weigh'd.
10 Of more eſteem than Golden Mines,
or Gold refin'd with Skill:
More ſweet than Honey, or the Drops,
that from the Comb diſtill.

11 My truſty Counſellors they are,
and friendly warnings give;
Divine Rewards attend on thoſe,
who by thy Precepts live.
12 But what frail Man obſerves how oft,
he does from Virtue fall?
O cleanſe me from my ſecret Faults,
thou God that know'ſt them all.
13 Let no preſumptuous Sin, O Lord,
Dominion have o'er me:
That by thy Grace preſerv'd, I may,
the great Tranſgreſſion, flee.
14 So ſhall my Pray'r and Praiſes be,
with thy Acceptance bleſt:
And I ſecure on thy Defence,
my Strength and Saviour, reſt.

PSALM XX.

1 THE Lord to thy Requeſt attend,
and hear thee in Diſtreſs:
The Name of *Jacob*'s God defend,
and grant thy Arms Succeſs.
2 To aid thee from on high repair,
and Strength from *Sion* give:
Remember all thy Off'rings there:
thy Sacrifice receive.
3 To compaſs thy own Heart's Deſire,
thy Counſels ſtill direct:
Make kindly all events conſpire,
to bring them to effect.
4 To thy Salvation, Lord, for Aid
we chearfully repair,
With Banners in thy Name diſplay'd,
the Lord accept thy Pray'r.
5 Our Hopes are fix'd, that now the Lord,
our Sov'reign will defend,
From Heav'n reſiſtleſs Aid afford,
and to his Pray'r attend.
6 Some truſt in Steeds for War deſign'd,
on Chariots ſome rely:
Againſt them all we call to mind,
the Pow'r of God moſt high.
7 But from their Steeds and Chariots thrown,
behold them thro' the Plain,
Diſorder'd, broke, and trampled down,
whilſt firm our Troops remain:
8 Still ſave us, Lord, and ſtill proceed,
our rightful Cauſe to bleſs:
Hear, King of Heav'n, in times of need,
the Pray'rs that we addreſs.

PSALM XXI.

1 THE King, O Lord, with Songs of Praiſe,
ſhall in thy Strength rejoice;
With thy Salvation crown'd, ſhall raiſe
to Heav'n, his chearful Voice.
2 For thou, whate'er his Lips requeſt,
not only doſt impart;
But haſt with thy Acceptance bleſt,
the Wiſhes of his Heart.
3 Thy Goodneſs and thy tender Care,
have all his Hopes out-gone:
A crown of Gold thou mad'ſt him wear,
and ſett'ſt it firmly on.
4 He pray'd for Life, and thou, O Lord,
did'ſt to his Pray'r attend:
And graciouſly to him afford,
a Life that ne'er ſhall end.
5 Thy ſure Defence, through Nations round,
has ſpread his glorious Name:
And his ſucceſsful Actions crown'd,
with Majeſty and Fame.
6 Eternal Bleſſings thou beſtow'ſt,
and mak'ſt his Joys increaſe,
Whilſt thou to him, unclouded, ſhow'ſt
the Brightneſs of thy Face.

PART II.

7 Becauſe the King on God alone,
for timely Aid relies;
His Mercy ſtill ſupports his Throne,
and all his Wants ſupplies.
8 But, righteous Lord, thy ſtubborn Foes,
ſhall feel thy dreadful Hand:
Thy vengeful Arm ſhall find out thoſe,
that hate thy mild Command.
9 When thou againſt them doſt engage,
thy juſt, but dreadful, Doom
Shall, like a glowing Oven's rage,
their Hopes and them conſume.
10 Nor ſhall thy furious Anger ceaſe,
or with their Ruin end;
But root out all their guilty Race,
and to their Seed extend.
11 For all their Thoughts were ſet on ill,
their Hearts on Malice bent:
But thou with watchful Care didſt ſtill,
the ill Effects prevent.
12 While they their ſwift retreat ſhall make,
to 'ſcape thy dreadful Might;
Thy ſwifter Arrows ſhall o'ertake,

and gaul them in their Flight.

13 Thus, Lord, thy wond'rous Strength diſcloſe,
and thus exalt thy Fame:
Whilſt we glad Songs of Praiſe compoſe,
to thy Almighty Name.

PSALM XXII.

1 MY God, my God, why leav'ſt thou me,
when I with Anguiſh faint?
O why ſo far from me remov'd,
and from my loud Complaint?

2 All Day, but all the Day unheard,
to thee do I complain,
With Cries implore Relief all Night,
but cry all Night in vain.

3 Yet thou art ſtill the righteous Judge,
of Innocence oppreſs'd;
And therefore, *Iſr'el*'s Praiſes are
of right, to thee addreſs'd.

4 On thee our Anceſtors rely'd,
and thy Deliv'rance found:
With pious Confidence they pray'd,
and with Succeſs were crown'd.

5 But I am treated like a Worm,
like none of human Birth:
Not only by the great revil'd,
but made the Rabble's Mirth.

6 With Laughter all the gazing Crowd,
my Agonies ſurvey;
They ſhoot the Lip, they ſhake the Head,
and thus deriding ſay.

7 „ In God he truſted, boaſting oft,
„ that he was Heav'ns Delight,
„ Let God come down to ſave him now,
„ and own his Favourite.

PART II.

8 Thou mad'ſt my teeming Mother's Womb,
a living Offspring bear;
When but a Suckling at the Breaſt,
I was thy early Care.

9 Thou, Guardian like, didſt ſhield from Wrongs,
my helpleſs Infant Days;
And ſince, haſt been my God and Guide,
thro' Life's bewilder'd Ways.

10 Withdraw not then ſo far from me,
when Trouble is ſo nigh:
O ſend me Help! thy Help, on which
I only can rely.

11 High pamper'd Bulls, a frowning Herd,
from *Baſan*'s Foreſt met:

With

With Strength proportion'd to their Rage,
have me around beſet.
12 They gape on me, and ev'ry Mouth,
a yawning Grave appears;
The Deſart Lion's ſavage Roar,
leſs dreadful is than theirs.
13 My blood, like Water's ſpill'd, my Joints
are rack'd, and out of frame;
My Heart diſſolves within my Breaſt,
like Wax before the Flame.
14 My Strength like Potter's Earth is parch'd,
my Tongue cleaves to my Jaws;
And to the ſilent Shades of Death,
my fainting Soul withdraws.
15 Like blood-hounds to ſurround me, they
in pack'd Aſſemblies meet;
They pierc'd my inoffenſive Hands,
they pierc'd my harmleſs Feet.

PART III.

16 My Body's rack'd 'till all my Bones,
diſtinctly may be told:
Yet ſuch a Spectacle of Woe,
as Paſtime they behold.
17 As Spoil, my Garments they divide,
lots for my veſture caſt:
Therefore approach, O Lord, my Strength,
and to my Succour haſte.
18 From their ſharp Sword protect thou me,
(of all but Life bereft!)
Nor let thy darling in the Pow'r
of cruel Dogs, be left.
19 To ſave me from the Lion's Jaws,
thy preſent Succour ſend;
As once, from goring Unicorns,
thou didſt my Life defend:
20 Then to my Brethren I'll declare,
the Triumphs of thy Name,
In Preſence of aſſembled Saints,
thy Glory, thus proclaim.
21 „ Ye Worſhippers of *Jacob*'s God,
„ all you of *Iſr'el*'s Line,
„ O Praiſe the Lord, and to your Praiſe
„ ſincere Obedience, join.
22 „ He, ne'er diſdain'd on low Diſtreſs,
„ to caſt a gracious Eye:
„ Nor turn'd from Poverty his Face,
„ but hears its humble Cry.

PART IV.

23 Thus in thy ſacred Courts will I,
my chearful Thanks expreſs;
In Preſence of thy Saints, perform
the Vows, of my Diſtreſs.

24 The meek Companions of my Grief,
ſhall find my Table ſpread;
And all that ſeek the Lord ſhall be,
with Joys immortal, fed.

25 Then ſhall the glad converted World,
to God their Homage pay;
And ſcatter'd Nations of the Earth,
one Sov'reign Lord obey.

26 'Tis his ſupreme Prerogative,
o'er Subject Kings to reign:
'Tis juſt that he ſhould rule the World,
who does the World ſuſtain.

27 The Rich, who are with Plenty fed,
his Bounty muſt confeſs;
The Sons of Want by him reliev'd,
their gen'rous Patron bleſs;

28 With humble Worſhip to his Throne,
they all for Aid reſort:
That Pow'r which firſt their Beings gave,
can only them ſupport.

29 Then ſhall a choſen ſpotleſs Race,
devoted to his Name,
To their admiring Heirs his Truth,
and glorious Acts proclaim.

PSALM XXIII.

1 THE Lord himſelf, the mighty Lord,
vouchſafes to be my guide:
The Shepherd, by whoſe conſtant Care,
my Wants are all ſupply'd.

2 In tender Graſs he makes me feed,
and gently there repoſe;
Then leads me to cool Shades; and where,
refreſhing Water flows.

3 He does my wand'ring Soul reclaim;
and, to his endleſs Praiſe,
Inſtructs with humble Zeal to walk,
in his moſt righteous Ways.

4 I paſs the gloomy Vale of Death,
from fear and Danger free;
For there his aiding Rod and Staff,
defend and comfort me.

5 In preſence of my ſpiteful Foes,
he does my Table ſpread:
He crowns my Cup with chearful Wine,
with Oil anoints my Head.

6 Since God does thus his wond'rous Love,
through all my Life extend;
That Life, to him I will devote,
and in his Temple ſpend.

PSALM

PSALM XXIV.

1 THIS ſpacious Earth is all the Lord's,
the Lord's her Fulneſs is;
The World, and they that dwell therein,
by ſov'reign Right are his.
He fram'd and fix'd it on the Seas,
and his Almighty Hand,
Upon inconſtant Floods has made,
the ſtable Fabrick ſtand.
2 But for himſelf this Lord of all,
one choſen Seat deſign'd;
O! who ſhall to that ſacred Hill,
deſir'd Admittance find?
The Man whoſe Hands and Heart are pure,
whoſe Thoughts from Pride are free,
Who honeſt Poverty prefers,
to gainful Perjury.
3 This, This is he, on whom the Lord,
ſhall ſhow'r his Bleſſings down,
Whom God his Saviour ſhall vouchſafe,
with Righteouſneſs to crown.
Such is the Race of Saints, by whom
the ſacred Courts are trod;
And ſuch the Proſelytes that ſeek,
the Face of *Jacob*'s God.
4 Erect your Heads, eternal Gates,
unfold, to entertain
The King of Glory: See, he comes
with his celeſtial Train.
Who is this King of Glory? who?
the Lord for ſtrength renown'd:
In Battle mighty o'er his Foes,
eternal Victor crown'd.
5 Erect your Heads, ye Gates unfold,
in State to entertain
The King of Glory, ſee, he comes,
with all his ſhining Train.
Who is this King of Glory? who?
the Lord of Hoſts renown'd:
Of Glory he alone is King,
who is with Glory crown'd.

PSALM XXV.

1 TO God in whom I truſt,
I lift my Heart and Voice;
O let me not be put to Shame,
nor let my Foes rejoice.
2 Thoſe who on thee rely,
let no diſgrace attend;
Be that the ſhameful Lot of ſuch,

as wilfully offend.

3 To me thy Truth impart,
and lead me in thy Way;
For thou art he that brings me help,
on thee I wait all Day.

4 Thy Mercies and thy Love,
O Lord, recal to mind;
And graciouſly continue ſtill,
as thou wert ever kind.

5 Let all my youthful Crimes,
be blotted out by thee:
And for thy wond'rous Goodneſs ſake,
in Mercy think on me.

6 His Mercy and his Truth,
the righteous Lord diſplays,
In bringing wand'ring Sinners home,
and teaching them his Ways.

7 He thoſe in Juſtice guides,
who his direction ſeek:
And in his ſacred Paths ſhall lead,
the Humble and the Meek.

8 Through all the Ways of God,
both Truth and Mercy ſhine,
To ſuch as with religious Hearts,
to his bleſt Will incline.

PART II.

9 Since Mercy is the Grace,
that moſt exalts thy Fame,
Forgive my heinous Sin, O Lord,
and ſo advance thy Name.

10 Whoe'er with humble Fear,
to God his Duty pays,
Shall find the Lord a faithful Guide,
in all his righteous Ways.

11 His quiet Soul with Peace,
ſhall be for ever bleſt,
And by his num'rous Race the Land,
ſucceſſively poſſeſt.

12 For God to all his Saints,
his ſecret Will imparts,
And does his gracious Cov'nant write,
in their obedient Hearts.

13 To him I lift my Eyes,
and wait his timely Aid,
Who breaks the ſtrong and treach'rous Snare,
which for my Feet was laid.

14 O turn, and all my Griefs
in Mercy, Lord, redreſs;
For I am compaſs'd round with Woes,
and plung'd in deep Diſtreſs.

15 The Sorrows of my Heart,

to mighty Sums increaſe;
O from this dark and diſmal State,
my troubled Soul releaſe!
16 Do thou with tender Eyes,
my ſad Affliction ſee;
Acquit me, Lord, and from my Guilt,
entirely ſet me free;
17 Conſider, Lord, my Foes,
how vaſt their Numbers grow!
What lawleſs Force and Rage they uſe,
what boundleſs Hate they ſhow!
18 Protect and ſet my Soul,
from their fierce Malice free;
Nor let me be aſham'd, who place
my ſtedfaſt Truſt in thee.
19 Let all my righteous Acts,
to full Prefection riſe,
Becauſe my firm and conſtant Hope,
on thee alone relies.
20 To *Iſr'el*'s choſen Race,
continue ever kind,
And in the midſt of all their Wants,
let them thy Succour find.

PSALM XXVI.

1 JUDGE me, O Lord, for I the Paths,
of Righteouſneſs have trod;
I cannot fall, who all my Truſt
repoſe on Thee, my God.
2 Search thou my Heart, whoſe Innocence,
will ſhine the more 'tis try'd;
For I have kept thy Grace in view,
and made thy Truth my Guide.
3 I never for Companions took,
the Idle or Prophane;
No Hypocrite with all his Arts,
could e'er my Friendſhip gain.
4 I hate the buſy plotting Crew,
who make diſtracted times:
And ſhun their wicked Company,
as I avoid their Crimes.
5 I'll waſh my Hands in Innocence,
and bring a Heart ſo pure,
That, when thy Altar I approach,
my Welcome ſhall ſecure.
6 My Thanks I'll publiſh there, and tell,
how thy Renown excels:
That Seat affords me moſt Delight,
in which thy Honour dwells.
7 Paſs not on me the Sinners doom,
who Murder make their Trade;
Who others Rights by ſecret Bribes,

or open Force, invade.

8 But I will walk in Paths of Truth,
and Innocence purſue:
Protect me therefore, and to me
thy Mercies, Lord, renew.

9 In ſpite of all aſſaulting Foes,
I ſtill maintain my Ground:
And ſhall ſurvive amongſt thy Saints,
thy Praiſes to reſound.

PSALM XXVII.

1 WHOM ſhould I fear, ſince God to me,
is ſaving Health and Light;
Since ſtrongly he my Life ſupports,
what can my Soul affright?

2 With fierce intent my Fleſh to tear,
when Foes beſet me round,
They ſtumbled, and their lofty Creſts,
Were made to ſtrike the Ground.

3 Through him my Heart, undaunted, dares
with mighty Hoſts to cope;
Through him in doubtful Straits of War,
for good Succeſs I hope.

4 Henceforth within his Houſe to dwell,
I earneſtly deſire,
His wond'rous Beauty there to view,
and of his Will enquire.

5 For there may I with Comfort reſt,
in times of Deep Diſtreſs;
And ſafe as on a Rock abide,
in that ſecure Receſs.

6 Whilſt God o'er all my haughty Foes,
my lofty Head ſhall raiſe,
And I my joyful Tribute bring,
with grateful Songs of Praiſe.

PART II.

7 Continue, Lord, to hear my Voice,
Whene'er to thee I cry;
In Mercy my Complaints receive,
nor my Requeſt deny.

8 When us to ſeek thy glorious Face
thou kindly doſt adviſe:
„ Thy glorious Face I'll always ſeek,
my grateful Heart replies.

9 Then hide not thou thy Face, O Lord,
nor me in Wrath reject:
My God and Saviour leave not him,
thou didſt ſo oft protect.

10 Tho' all my Friends and Kindred too,
their helpleſs Charge forſake,
Yet thou, whoſe Love excels them all,

wilt

wilt Care and Pity take.

11 Inſtruct me in thy Paths, O Lord,
my Ways directly guide;
Leſt envious Men who watch my Steps,
ſhould ſee me tread aſide.

12 Lord, diſappoint my cruel Foes,
defeat their ill Deſire;
Whoſe lying Lips and bloody Hands,
againſt my Peace conſpire.

13 I truſted that my future Life,
ſhould with thy Love be crown'd;
Or elſe my fainting Soul had ſunk,
with Sorrow compaſs'd round.

14 God's time with patient faith expect,
who will inſpire thy Breaſt,
With inward Strength: Do thou thy Part,
and leave to him the reſt.

PSALM XXVIII.

1 O Lord, my Rock, to thee I cry,
in Sighs conſume my Breath;
O anſwer, or I ſhall become,
like thoſe that ſleep in Death.

2 Regard my Supplications, Lord,
the Cries that I repeat;
With weeping Eyes and lifted Hands,
before thy Mercy-Seat.

3 Let me eſcape the Sinners Doom,
who make a Trade of ill,
And ever ſpeak the Perſon fair,
whoſe Blood they mean to ſpill.

4 According to their Crimes extent,
let Juſtice have its Courſe:
Relentleſs be to them, as they
have ſinn'd, without Remorſe.

5 Since they the Works of God deſpiſe,
nor will his Grace adore,
His Wrath ſhall utterly deſtroy,
and build them up no more.

6 But I, with due Acknowledgement,
his Praiſes will reſound,
From whom the Cries of my Diſtreſs,
a gracious Anſwer found.

7 My Heart its Confidence repos'd
in God, my Strength and Shield;
In him I truſted, and return'd
triumphant, from the Field.

8 As he has made my Joys compleat,
'tis juſt that I ſhould raiſe,
The chearful Tribute of my Thanks,
and thus reſound his Praiſe.

9 „ His aiding Pow'r ſupports the Troops,
„ that my juſt Cauſe maintain;
„ 'Twas he advanc'd me to the Throne,
„ 'tis he ſecures my Reign.
10 Preſerve thy Choſen, and proceed
thine Heritage to bleſs;
With Plenty proſper them in Peace,
in Battle with Succeſs.

PSALM XXIX.

1 YE Princes that in Might excel,
your grateful Sacrifice prepare:
God's glorious Actions loudly tell,
his wond'rous Pow'r, to all declare.
2 To his great Name freſh Altars raiſe,
devoutly, due reſpect afford;
Him in his holy Temple praiſe,
where he's with ſolemn State ador'd.
3 'Tis he that with amazing Noiſe,
the watry Clouds in ſunder breaks:
The Ocean trembles at his Voice,
when he from Heav'n in Thunder ſpeaks.
4 How full of Pow'r his Voice appears!
with what Majeſtick Terror crown'd!
Which from their Roots tall Cedars tears,
and ſtrews their ſcatter'd Branches round.
5 They, and the Hills on which they grow,
are ſometimes hurried far away;
And leap, like Hinds that bounding go,
or Unicorns, in youthful Play.
6 When God in Thunder loudly ſpeaks,
and ſcatter'd Flames of Lightning ſends,
The Foreſt nods, the Deſart quakes,
and ſtubborn *Kadiſh* lowly bends.
7 He makes the Hinds to caſt their young,
and lays the Beaſts dark Coverts, bare;
While thoſe that to his Courts belong,
ſecurely ſing his Praiſes there.
8 God rules the angry Floods on high,
his boundleſs Sway ſhall never ceaſe:
His Saints with Strength he will ſupply,
and bleſs his own with conſtant Peace.

PSALM XXX.

1 I'LL celebrate thy Praiſes, Lord,
who did'ſt thy Pow'r employ,
To raiſe my drooping Head, and check
my Foes inſulting Joy.
2 In my Diſtreſs I cry'd to thee,
who kindly didſt relieve,

And

And from the Grave's expecting Jaws,
my hopeleſs Life, retrieve.
3 Thus to his Courts, ye Saints of his,
with Songs of Praiſe repair;
With me commemorate his Truth,
and providential Care.
4 His Wrath has but a Moment's Reign,
his Favour no Decay:
Your Night of Grief is recompenc'd,
with Joy's returning Day.
5 But I in proſp'rous Day preſum'd,
no ſudden Change I fear'd,
Whilſt in my Sunſhine of Succeſs,
no low'ring Cloud appear'd.
6 But ſoon I found thy Favour, Lord,
my Empire's only Truſt;
For when thou hid'ſt thy Face, I ſaw
my Honour laid in Duſt.
7 Then, as I vainly had preſum'd,
my Error I confeſs'd,
And thus with ſupplicating Voice,
thy Mercy's Throne addreſs'd:
8 „ What Profit is there in my Blood,
„ congeal'd by Death's cold Night?
„ Can ſilent Aſhes ſpeak thy Praiſe,
„ thy wond'rous Truth recite?
9 „ Hear me, O Lord, in Mercy hear,
„ thy wonted Aid extend;
„ Do thou ſend Help, on whom alone,
„ I can for Help depend.
10 „ 'Tis done! thou haſt my mournful Scene
to Songs and Dances turn'd;
Inveſted me in Robes of State,
who late in Sackcloth mourn'd.
11 Exalted thus, I'll gladly ſing,
thy Praiſe in grateful Verſe:
And, as thy Favours endleſs are,
thy endleſs Praiſe rehearſe.

PSALM XXXI.

1 DEFEND me, Lord, from Shame,
for ſtill I truſt in thee;
As juſt and righteous is thy Name,
from Danger ſet me free.
Bow down thy gracious Ear,
and ſpeedy Succour ſend;
Do thou my ſtedfaſt Rock appear,
to ſhelter and defend.
2 Since thou, when Foes oppreſs,
my Rock and Fortreſs art,
To guide me forth from this Diſtreſs,
thy wonted help impart.

Re-

Releaſe me from the Snare,
which they have cloſely laid:
Since I, O God my Strength, repair
to thee alone, for Aid.

2 To thee, the God of Truth,
my Life, and all that's mine,
(For thou preſerv'dſt me from my Youth,)
I willingly reſign.
All vain Deſigns I hate,
of thoſe that truſt in Lies,
And ſtill my Soul, in ev'ry State,
to God for Succour flies.

PART II.

4 Thoſe Mercies thou haſt ſhown,
I'll chearfully expreſs;
For thou haſt ſeen my Straits, and known
my Soul, in deep Diſtreſs.
When *Keilah*'s treach'rous Race,
did all my Strength incloſe:
Thou gav'ſt my Feet a larger Space,
to ſhun my watchful Foes.

5 Thy Mercy, Lord, diſplay,
and hear my juſt Complaint;
For both my Soul and Fleſh decay,
with Grief and Hunger faint.
Sad Thoughts my Life oppreſs,
my Years are ſpent in Groans;
My Sins have made my Strength decreaſe,
and ev'n conſum'd my Bones.

6 My Foes, my Suff'rings mock'd,
my Neighbours did upbraid;
My Friends at Sight of me were ſhock'd,
and fled as Men diſmay'd.
Forſook by All am I,
as dead, and out of Mind;
And like a ſhatter'd Veſſel lie,
whoſe Parts can ne'er be join'd.

7 Yet ſlandring Words they ſpeak,
and ſeem my Pow'r to dread,
Whilſt they together Counſel take,
my guiltleſs Blood to ſhed.
But ſtill my ſtedfaſt Truſt,
I on thy help repoſe;
That thou, my God, art Good and Juſt,
my Soul with Comfort knows.

PART III.

8 Whate'er Events betide,
thy Wiſdom times them all:
Then, Lord, thy Servant ſafely hide,
from thoſe that ſeek his fall.

The

The Brightneſs of thy Face
to me, O Lord, diſcloſe;
And, as thy Mercies ſtill increaſe,
preſerve me from my Foes.
9 Me from Diſhonour ſave,
who ſtill have call'd on thee:
Let that, and Silence in the Grave,
the Sinner's Portion be.
Do thou their Tongues reſtrain,
Whoſe Breath in Lies is ſpent:
Who falſe Reports, with proud diſdain,
againſt the righteous vent.
10 How great thy Mercies are,
to ſuch as fear thy Name!
Which thou, for thoſe that truſt thy Care,
doſt to the World proclaim.
Thou keep'ſt them in thy Sight,
from proud Oppreſſors free;
From Tongues that do in Strife delight,
they are preſerv'd by thee.
11 With Glory and Renown;
God's Name be ever bleſs'd;
Whoſe Love in *Keilah*'s well-fenc'd Town
was wond'rouſly expreſs'd!
I ſaid in haſty Flight,
" I'm baniſh'd from thine Eyes;
Yet ſtill thou kept'ſt me in thy Sight,
and heard'ſt my earneſt Cries.
12 O all ye Saints, the Lord
with eager Love purſue,
Who to the Juſt will Help afford,
and give the Proud their due.
Ye that on God rely
couragiouſly proceed:
For he will ſtill your Hearts ſupply
with Strength, in Time of need.

PSALM XXXII.

1 HE's bleſt whoſe Sins have Pardon gain'd,
no more in Judgment to appear,
Whoſe Guilt Remiſſion has obtain'd,
and whoſe Repentance is ſincere.
2 While I conceal'd the fretting Sore,
my Bones conſum'd without Relief;
All Day did I with Anguiſh roar,
but no Complaints aſſwag'd my Grief.
3 Heavy on me thy Hand remain'd,
by Day and Night alike diſtreſs'd;
'Till quite of vital Moiſture drain'd,
like Land with Summer's drought oppreſt.
4 No ſooner I my Wound diſclos'd,

the Guilt that tortur'd me within,
But thy Forgiveneſs interpos'd,
and Mercy's healing Balm pour'd in.
5 True Penitents ſhall thus ſucceed,
who ſeek thee whilſt thou may'ſt be found;
They from the common Deluge freed,
ſhall ſee remorſeleſs Sinners drown'd.
6 Thy Favour, Lord, in all Diſtreſs,
my Tow'r of Refuge I muſt own;
Thou ſhalt my haughty Foes ſuppreſs,
and me, with Songs of Triumph crown.
7 In my Inſtruction then confide,
you that would Truth's ſafe Path diſcry:
Your Progreſs I'll ſecurely Guide,
and keep you in my watchful Eye.
8 Submit your ſelves to Wiſdom's Rule,
like Men that Reaſon have attain'd;
Nor like th' ungovern'd Horſe and Mule,
whoſe Fury muſt be curb'd and rein'd.
9 Sorrows on Sorrows multiply'd,
the harden'd Sinner ſhall confound;
But them who in his Truth confide,
Bleſſings of Mercy ſhall ſurround.
10 His Saints that have perform'd his Laws,
their Life in Triumphs ſhall employ:
Let them (as they alone have cauſe)
in grateful Raptures ſhout for Joy.

PSALM XXXIII.

1 LET all the Juſt to God with Joy,
their chearful Voices raiſe,
For well the righteous it becomes,
to ſing glad Songs of Praiſe.
2 Let Harps, and Pſalteries, and Lutes,
in joyful Conſort meet;
And new made Songs of loud Applauſe,
the Harmony Compleat.
3 For faithful is the Word of God;
his Works with Truth abound;
He Juſtice loves, and all the Earth
is with his Goodneſs crown'd.
4 By his Almighty Word at firſt,
the heav'nly Arch was rear'd;
And all the beauteous Hoſts of Light,
at his Command appear'd.
5 The ſwelling Floods together roll'd,
he makes in heaps to lye;
And lays, as in a Store-houſe, ſafe,
the wat'ry Treaſures by.
6 Let Earth, and all that dwell therein,
before him trembling ſtand:

For

For when He ſpake the Word, 'twas made,
'twas fix'd at his Command.
7 He when the Heathen cloſely plot,
their Counſels undermines;
His Wiſdom ineffectual makes,
the People's raſh Deſigns.
8 Whate'er the mighty Lord decrees,
ſhall ſtand for ever ſure;
The ſettled purpoſe of his Heart,
to Ages ſhall endure.

PART II.

9 How happy then are they, to whom
the Lord for God is known!
Whom, he from all the World beſides
has choſen for his own!
10 He, all the Nations of the Earth,
from Heav'n his Throne ſurvey'd;
He ſaw their works, and view'd their thoughts,
by him their Hearts were made.
11 No King is ſafe by mighty Hoſts,
their Strength the Strong deceives;
No manag'd Horſe, by Force or Speed
his Warlike Rider ſaves:
12 'Tis God, who thoſe that truſt in him,
beholds with gracious Eyes:
He frees their Soul from Death, their Want
in time of Dearth, ſupplies.
13 Our Soul on God with Patience waits,
our Help and Shield is he!
Then, Lord, let ſtill our Hearts rejoice,
becauſe we truſt in thee.
14 The Riches of thy Mercy, Lord,
do thou to us extend;
Since we, for all we want or wiſh,
On thee alone depend.

PSALM XXXIV.

1 THRO' all the changing Scenes of Life,
in Trouble and in Joy,
The praiſes of my God ſhall ſtill,
my Heart and Tongue, employ.
2 Of his Deliv'rance I will boaſt,
till all that are diſtreſt,
From my example Comfort take,
and charm their Griefs to reſt.
3 O magnifie the Lord with me;
with me exalt his Name:
When in Diſtreſs to him I call'd,
He to my reſcue came.
4 Their drooping Hearts were ſoon refreſh'd,
who look'd to him for Aid;

Desir'd Succeſs in ev'ry Face,
a chearful Air diſplaid.
5 „ Behold, (ſay they) behold the Man,
„ whom Providence reliev'd;
„ The Man ſo dang'rouſly beſet,
„ ſo wond'rouſly retriev'd!
6 „ The Hoſts of God encamp around,
the Dwellings of the Juſt;
Deliv'rance he affords to all,
who on his Succour truſt.
7 O make but Tryal of his Love,
experience will decide
How bleſs'd they are, and only they,
who in his Truth confide.
8 Fear him, ye Saints, and you will then,
have nothing elſe to fear;
Make you his Service your Delight,
your Wants ſhall be his Care.
9 While hungry Lions lack their Prey,
the Lord will Food provide;
For ſuch as put their Truſt in him,
and ſee their Needs ſupply'd.

PART II.

10 Approach, ye piouſly diſpos'd,
and my Inſtruction hear,
I'll teach you the true Diſcipline,
of his religious Fear.
11 Let him who length of Life deſires,
and proſp'rous Days would ſee,
From ſland'ring Language keep his Tongue,
his Lips from Falſhood free.
12 The crooked Paths of Vice decline,
and Virtue's Ways purſue;
Eſtabliſh Peace where 'tis begun,
and where 'tis loſt, renew.
13 The Lord from Heav'n beholds the Juſt,
with favourable Eyes;
And when diſtreſs'd his gracious Ear,
is open to their Cries:
14 But turns his wrathful Look on thoſe,
whom Mercy can't reclaim,
To cut them off, and from the Earth,
blot out their hated Name.
15 Deliv'rance to his Saints he gives,
When his Relief they crave:
He's nigh to heal the broken Heart,
and contrite Spirit ſave.
16 The Wicked oft, but ſtill in vain,
againſt the Juſt conſpire:
For under their Affliction's weight,
he keeps their Bones entire.
17 The Wicked from their wicked Arts,

their

their Ruin ſhall derive;
Whilſt righteous Men, whom they deteſt,
ſhall them, and theirs, ſurvive.
18 For God preſerves the Souls of thoſe,
who on his Truth depend;
To them and their Poſterity,
his Bleſſings ſhall deſcend.

PSALM XXXV.

1 AGAINST all thoſe that ſtrive with me,
O Lord, aſſert my Right;
With ſuch as War unjuſtly wage,
do thou my Battels fight.
2 Thy Buckler take, and bind thy Shield,
upon thy warlike Arm;
Stand up, my God, in my Defence,
and keep me ſafe from Harm.
3 Bring forth thy Spear, and ſtop their Courſe,
that haſte my Blood to ſpill;
Say to my Soul, „ I am thy Health,
„ and will preſerve thee ſtill.
4 Let them with Shame be cover'd o'er,
who my Deſtruction ſought;
And ſuch as did my Harm deviſe,
be to Confuſion brought.
5 Then ſhall they fly, diſpers'd like Chaff,
before the driving Wind,
God's vengeful Miniſter of Wrath,
ſhall follow cloſe behind.
6 And when thro' dark and ſlipp'ry Ways,
they ſtrive his Rage to ſhun,
His vengeful Miniſters of Wrath,
ſhall goad them as they run.
7 Since unprovok'd by any Wrong,
they hid their treach'rous Snare:
And for my harmleſs Soul a Pit,
did cauſleſsly prepare;
8 Surpriz'd by Miſchiefs unforeſeen,
by their own Arts betray'd;
Their Feet ſhall fall into the Net,
which they for me had laid.
9 Whilſt my glad Soul ſhall God's great Name,
for this Deliv'rance bleſs;
And by his ſaving Health ſecur'd,
a grateful Joy expreſs.
10 My very Bones ſhall ſay, O Lord,
who can compare with Thee?
Who ſett'ſt the poor and helpleſs Man,
from ſtrong Oppreſſors free.

PART II.

11 False Witnesses, with forg'd Complaints,
against my Truth combin'd;
And to my charge such things they laid,
as I had ne'er design'd.

12 The Good which I to them had done,
with Evil they repaid;
And did by Malice undeserv'd,
my harmless Life invade.

13 But as for me, when they were sick,
I still in Sackcloth mourn'd;
I pray'd and fasted, and my Pray'r,
to my own Breast return'd.

14 Had they my Friends or Brethren been,
I could have done no more;
Nor with more decent signs of Grief,
a Mother's Loss deplore.

15 How diff'rent did their Carriage prove,
in times of my distress?
When they in Crowds together met,
did savage Joy express.

16 The Rabble too in mighty Throngs,
by their Example came;
And ceas'd not with reviling Words,
to wound my spotless Fame.

17 Scoffers, that noble Tables haunt,
and earn their Bread with Lies,
Did gnash their Teeth, and sland'ring Jests,
maliciously devise.

18 But, Lord, how long wilt thou look on?
on my Behalf appear;
And save my guiltless Soul, which they,
like rav'ning Beasts would tear.

PART III.

19 So I before the list'ning World,
shall grateful Thanks express;
And where the great Assembly meets,
thy Name with Praises bless.

20 Lord, suffer not my causeless Foes,
who me unjustly hate;
With open Joy, or secret Signs,
to mock my sad Estate.

21 For they with Hearts averse from Peace,
industriously devise,
Against the Men of quiet Minds,
to forge malicious Lies.

22 Nor with these private Arts content,
aloud they vent their Spite;
And say, „ At last we found him out,
„ he did it in our sight.

23 But

23 But thou, who doſt both them and me,
with Righteous Eyes ſurvey,
Aſſert my Innocence, O Lord;
and keep not far away.
24 Stir up thy ſelf, in my behalf,
to Judgment, Lord, awake;
Thy righteous Servant's Cauſe, O God,
to thy Deciſion take.
25 Lord as my Heart has upright been,
Let me thy Juſtice find;
Nor let my cruel Foes obtain,
the Triumph they deſign'd.
26 O let them not amongſt themſelves,
in boaſting Language ſay,
„ At length our Wiſhes are compleat,
„ at laſt he's made our Prey.
27 Let ſuch as in my Harm rejoyc'd,
for ſhame their Faces hide;
And foul Diſhonour wait on thoſe,
that proudly me defy'd:
28 Whilſt they with chearful Voices ſhout,
who my juſt Cauſe befriend;
And bleſs the Lord, who loves to make,
Succeſs his Saints attend.
29 So ſhall my Tongue thy Judgments ſing,
inſpir'd with grateful Joy:
And chearful Hymns in praiſe of thee,
ſhall all my Days employ.

PSALM XXXVI.

1 MY crafty Foe, with flatt'ring Art,
his wicked purpoſe would diſguiſe;
But Reaſon whiſpers to my Heart,
he ne'er ſets God before his Eyes.
2 He ſooths himſelf, retir'd from ſight,
ſecure he thinks his treach'rous Game,
Till his dark Plots, expos'd to Light,
Their falſe Contriver brand with ſhame.
3 In Deeds, he is my Foe confeſs'd,
whilſt with his Tongue, he ſpeaks me fair:
True Wiſdom's baniſh'd from his Breaſt,
and Vice has ſole Dominion there.
4 His wakeful Malice ſpends the Night,
in forging his accurs'd Deſigns;
His obſtinate ungen'rous Spite,
no execrable means declines.
5 But, Lord, thy Mercy, my ſure Hope,
above the heav'nly Orb aſcends;
Thy ſacred Truth's unmeaſur'd ſcope,
beyond the ſpreading Sky extends.
6 Thy Juſtice like the Hills remains;

un-

unfathom'd Depths thy Judgments are;
Thy Providence the World ſuſtains,
the whole Creation is thy Care.
7 Since of thy Goodneſs all partake,
with what Aſſurance ſhould the Juſt,
Thy ſheltring Wings their Refuge make,
and Saints to thy Protection truſt?
8 Such Gueſts ſhall to thy Courts be led,
to banquet on thy Love's Repaſt,
And drink, as from a Fountain's head,
of Joys that ſhall for ever laſt.
9 With Thee the Springs of Life remain,
thy Preſence is eternal Day;
O! let thy Saints thy Favour gain,
to upright Hearts thy Truth diſplay.
10 Whilſt Pride's inſulting Foot would ſpurn,
and wicked Hand my Life ſurprize:
Their Miſchiefs on themſelves return;
down, down, they'r fall'n no more to riſe.

PSALM XXXVII.

1 THO' wicked Men grow rich or great,
Yet let not their ſucceſsful State,
thy Anger or thy Envy raiſe;
For they, cut down like tender Graſs,
Or like young Flow'rs away ſhall paſs,
whoſe blooming Beauty ſoon decays.
2 Depend on God, and him obey,
So thou within the Land ſhalt ſtay,
ſecure from Danger, and from Want:
Make his Commands thy chief Delight,
And he, thy Duty to requite,
ſhall all thy earneſt Wiſhes grant.
3 In all thy ways truſt thou the Lord,
And he will needful Help afford,
to perfect ev'ry juſt Deſign;
And make, like Light, ſerene and clear,
Thy clouded Innocence appear,
and as a mid-day Sun to ſhine.
4 With quiet mind on God depend,
And patiently for him attend;
nor let thy Anger fondly riſe:
Tho' wicked Men with Wealth abound,
And with Succeſs the Plots are crown'd,
which they maliciouſly deviſe.
5 From Anger ceaſe and Wrath forſake,
Let no ungovern'd Paſſion make,
thy wav'ring Heart eſpouſe their Crime;
For God ſhall ſinful Man deſtroy,
Whilſt only they the Land enjoy,
who truſt on him, and wait his time.

6 How

6 How ſoon ſhall wicked Men decay!
Their Place ſhall vaniſh quite away,
nor by the ſtricteſt ſearch be found:
Whilſt humble Souls poſſeſs the Earth,
Rejoycing ſtill with godly Mirth,
with Peace and Plenty always crown'd.

PART II.

7 Whilſt ſinful Crowds with falſe Deſign,
Againſt the righteous few combine,
and gnaſh their teeth and threatning ſtand;
God ſhall their empty Plots deride,
And laugh at their defeated Pride:
he ſees their Ruin near at hand.
8 They draw the Sword and bend the Bow,
The Poor and Needy to o'erthrow,
and Men of Upright Lives to ſlay:
But their ſtrong Bows ſhall ſoon be broke,
Their ſharpen'd Weapon's mortal Stroke,
thro' their own Hearts ſhall force its way.
9 A little, with God's Favour bleſt,
And by one Righteous Man poſſeſt,
the Wealth of many Bad excels:
For God ſupports the juſt Man's Cauſe,
But as for thoſe that break his Laws,
their unſucceſsful Pow'r he quells.

10 His conſtant Care the upright guides,
And over all their Life preſides;
their Portion ſhall for ever laſt:
They, when Diſtreſs o'erwhelms the Earth,
Shall be unmov'd, and ev'n in Dearth,
the happy Fruits of Plenty taſte.
11 Not ſo the wicked Men, and thoſe
Who proudly dare, God's Will oppoſe;
deſtruction is their hapleſs ſhare:
Like Fat of Lambs, their Hopes and they
Shall in an inſtant melt away,
and vaniſh into Smoak and Air.

PART III.

12 Whilſt Sinners brought to ſad Decay,
Still borrow on, and never pay,
The Juſt have Will and Pow'r to give:
For ſuch as God vouchſafes to bleſs,
Shall peaceably the Earth poſſeſs;
And thoſe he curſes ſhall not live.
13 The good Man's way is God's Delight,
He orders all the Steps aright
of him, that moves by his Command;
Though he ſometimes may be diſtreſs'd,
Yet ſhall he ne'er be quite oppreſs'd,
for God upholds him with his Hand.

14 From my firſt Youth till Age prevail'd,
I never ſaw the Righteous fail'd,
or Want o'ertake his num'rous Race;
Becauſe Compaſſion fill'd his Heart,
And he did chearfully impart;
God made his Off-ſpring's Wealth increaſe.

15 With Caution ſhun each wicked Deed,
In Virtue's ways with Zeal proceed,
and ſo prolong your happy Days:
For God who Judgment loves, does ſtill
Preſerve his Saints ſecure from Ill,
while ſoon the wicked Race decays.

16 The Upright ſhall poſſeſs the Land,
His Portion ſhall for Ages ſtand;
his Mouth with Wiſdom is ſupply'd;
His Tongue by Rules of Judgment moves,
His Heart the Law of God approves,
therefore his Footſteps never ſlide.

PART IV.

17 In wait the watchful Sinner lies,
In vain the Righteous to ſurprize;
in vain his Ruin does decree;
God will not him defenceleſs leave,
To his Revenge expos'd, but ſave,
and when he's ſentenc'd, ſet him free.

18 Wait ſtill on God, keep his Command,
And thou exalted in the Land,
thy bleſt Poſſeſſion ne'er ſhall quit,
The Wicked ſoon deſtroy'd ſhall be,
And, at his diſmal Tragedy,
thou ſhalt a ſafe Spectator ſit.

19 The Wicked I in Pow'r have ſeen,
And like a Bay-Tree freſh and green,
that ſpreads its pleaſant Branches round:
But he was gone as ſwift as Thought,
And though in ev'ry place I ſought,
no ſign or track of him I found.

20 Obſerve the Perfect Man with Care,
And mark all ſuch as Upright are;
their rougheſt Days in Peace ſhall end:
While on the latter end of thoſe,
Who dare God's ſacred Will oppoſe,
a common Ruin ſhall attend.

21 God to the Juſt will Aid afford,
Their only Safeguard is the Lord,
their Strength in times of Need is He.
Becauſe on him they ſtill depend,
The Lord will timely Succour ſend,
and from the Wicked ſet them free.

PSALM XXXVIII.

1 THY chaſt'ning Wrath, O Lord, reſtrain, though

though I deſerve it all;
Nor let at once on me the Storm,
of thy Diſpleaſure fall.

2 In ev'ry wretched Part of me,
thy Arrows deep remain;
Thy heavy Hand's afflicting weight,
I can no more ſuſtain.

3 My Fleſh is one continued Wound,
thy Wrath ſo fiercely glows;
Betwixt my Puniſhment and Guilt,
my Bones have no repoſe.

4 My Sins that to a Deluge ſwell,
my ſinking Head o'erflow,
And for my feeble Strength to bear,
too vaſt a Burthen grow.

5 Stench and Corruption fill my Wounds,
my Folly's juſt Return,
With Trouble I am warp'd and bow'd,
and all day long I mourn.

6 A loath'd Diſeaſe afflicts my Loins,
infecting ev'ry part;
With Sickneſs worn, I groan and roar,
thro' Anguiſh of my Heart.

PART II.

7 But, Lord, before thy ſearching Eyes,
all my Deſires appear:
And ſure my Groans have been too loud,
not to have reach'd thine Ear.

8 My Heart's oppreſt, my Strength decay'd,
my Eyes depriv'd of Light:
Friends, Lovers, Kinſmen, gaze aloof,
on ſuch a diſmal Sight.

9 Mean while the Foes that ſeek my Life,
their Snares to take me ſet;
Vent Slanders, and contrive all Day,
to forge ſome new Deceit.

10 But I, as if both deaf and dumb,
nor heard, nor once reply'd:
Quite deaf and dumb, like one whoſe tongue,
with conſcious Guilt is ty'd.

11 For, Lord, to thee I do appeal,
my Innocence to clear;
Aſſu'rd that thou, the Righteous God;
my injur'd Cauſe wilt hear.

12 „ Hear me, ſaid I, leſt my proud Foes,
„ a ſpiteful Joy diſplay;
„ Inſulting if they ſee my Foot,
„ but once to go aſtray.

13 „ And, with continual Grief oppreſt,
to ſink I now begin:
To thee, O Lord, I will confeſs,
to thee bewail my Sin.

14 But whilſt I languiſh, my proud Foes,
their Strength and Vigour boaſt;
And they that hate me without Cauſe,
are grown a dreadful Hoſt.
15 Ev'n they, whom I oblig'd, return
my Kindneſs, with Deſpight;
And are my Enemies, becauſe
I chuſe the Path that's right.
16 Forſake me not, O Lord my God,
nor far from me depart;
Make haſte to my Relief, O Thou,
who my Salvation art.

PSALM XXXIX.

1 RESOLV'D to watch o'er all my Ways,
I kept my Tongue in awe;
I curb'd my haſty Words when I,
the Wicked proſp'rous ſaw.
Like one that's Dumb I ſilent ſtood,
and did my Tongue refrain,
From good Diſcourſe; but that reſtraint,
increas'd my inward Pain.
2 My Heart did glow with working Thoughts,
and no Repoſe cou'd take,
Till ſtrong Reflection fann'd the Fire,
and thus at length I ſpake.
Lord, let me know my term of Days,
how ſoon my Life will end;
The num'rous Train of Ills diſcloſe,
which this frail State, attend.
3 My life thou know'ſt is but a Span,
a Cypher ſums my Years;
And ev'ry Man in beſt Eſtate,
but Vanity appears.
Man, like a Shadow, vainly walks,
with fruitleſs Cares oppreſs'd;
He heaps up Wealth, but cannot tell
by whom 'twill be poſſeſs'd.

PART II.

4 Why then ſhould I on worthleſs Toys,
with anxious Care attend?
On thee alone, my ſtedfaſt Hope
ſhall ever, Lord, depend.
Forgive my Sins, nor let me ſcorn'd,
by fooliſh Sinners be;
For I was dumb, and murmur'd not,
becauſe 'twas done by Thee.
5 The dreadful Burthen of thy Wrath,
in Mercy ſoon remove;
Leſt my frail Fleſh, too weak to bear
the

the heavy Load, ſhould prove.
For when thou chaſt'neſt Man for Sin,
thou mak'ſt his Beauty fade,
(So vain a thing is he!) like Cloth
by fretting Moths decay'd.
6 Lord, hear my Cry, accept my Tears,
and liſten to my Pray'r;
Who ſojourn like a Stranger here,
as all my Fathers were.
O ſpare me yet a little time,
my waſted Strength reſtore;
Before I vaniſh quite from hence,
and ſhall be ſeen no more.

PSALM XL.

1 I Waited meekly for the Lord,
till he vouchaf'd a kind reply;
Who did his gracious Ear afford,
and heard from Heav'n my humble Cry:
2 He took me from the diſmal Pit,
when founder'd deep in miry Clay;
On ſolid Ground he plac'd my Feet,
and ſuffer'd not my Steps to ſtray.
3 The Wonders he for me has wrought,
ſhall fill my mouth with Songs of Praiſe;
And others to his Worſhip brought,
to hopes of like Deliv'rance raiſe.
4 For Bleſſings ſhall that Man reward,
who on th' Almighty Lord relies;
Who treats the Proud with Diſregard,
and hates the Hypocrite's Diſguiſe.
5 Who can the wond'rous Works recount,
which thou, O God, for us haſt wrought?
The Treaſures of thy Love, ſurmount
the Pow'r of numbers, ſpeech, and thought.
6 I've learn'd, that Thou haſt not deſir'd,
Off'rings and Sacrifice alone;
Nor Blood of guiltleſs Beaſts requir'd,
for Man's Tranſgreſſions to atone.
7 I therefore come — come to fulfil
the Oracles, thy Books impart:
'Tis my delight to do thy Will;
thy Law is written in my Heart.

PART II.

8 In full Aſſemblies I have told,
thy Truth and Righteouſneſs at large;
Nor did, thou know'ſt, my Lips with-hold,
from utt'ring what thou gav'ſt in charge.
9 Nor kept within my Breaſt confin'd,
thy Faithfulneſs and ſaving Grace,
But preach'd thy Love, for all deſign'd,

that all might that, and Truth embrace.

10 Then let thoſe Mercies I declar'd
to others, Lord, extend to me;
Thy loving Kindneſs, my Reward,
thy Truth, my ſafe Protection be.

11 For I with troubles am diſtreſt,
too numberleſs for me to bear;
Nor leſs with loads of Guilt oppreſt,
that plunge and ſink me to deſpair.

12 As ſoon, alas! may I recount
the Hairs, on this afflicted Head;
my vanquiſht Courage they ſurmount,
and fill my drooping Soul with Dread.

PART III.

13 But, Lord, to my Relief draw near,
for never was more preſſing Need!
In my Deliv'rance, Lord, appear,
and add to that Deliv'rance, Speed.

14 Confuſion on their Heads return,
who to deſtroy my Soul combine;
Let them defeated, bluſh and mourn,
enſnar'd in their own vile deſign.

15 Their Doom let Deſolation be,
with Shame their Malice be repaid,
Who mock'd my Confidence in Thee,
and ſport of my Affliction made.

16 While thoſe who humbly ſeek thy Face,
to joyful Triumphs ſhall be rais'd;
And all who prize thy ſaving Grace,
with me reſound, *The Lord be prais'd.*

17 Thus, wretched tho' I am and poor,
of me th' Almighty Lord takes care:
Thou, God, who only canſt reſtore,
to my relief with ſpeed repair.

PSALM XLI.

1 HAPPY the Man, whoſe tender Care,
relieves the poor diſtreſt;
When Troubles compaſs him around,
the Lord ſhall give him Reſt.

2 The Lord his Life, with Bleſſings crown'd,
in Safety ſhall prolong;
And diſappoint the Will of thoſe,
that ſeek to do him wrong.

3 If he in languiſhing eſtate,
oppreſt with Sickneſs lye;
The Lord will eaſy make his Bed,
and inward Strength ſupply.

4 Secure of This, to thee, my God,
I thus my Pray'r addreſs'd;
„ Lord, for thy Mercy, heal my Soul,
„ tho'

" tho' I have much tranſgreſs'd.

5 My cruel Foes, with ſland'rous words,
attempt to wound my Fame:
" When ſhall he die, (ſay they) and Men
" forget, his very Name?

6 Suppoſe they formal Viſits make,
'tis all but empty ſhow;
They gather Miſchief in their Hearts,
and vent it where they go.

PART II.

7 With private Whiſpers, ſuch as theſe,
to hurt me they deviſe,
" A ſore Diſeaſe afflicts him now,
" he's fall'n no more to riſe.

8 My own familiar Boſom-Friend,
on whom I moſt rely'd,
Has me, whoſe daily Gueſt he was,
with open Scorn defy'd.

9 But thou, my ſad and wretched State,
in Mercy, Lord, regard;
And raiſe me up, that all their Crimes
may meet their juſt Reward.

10 By this, I know, thy gracious Ear,
is open when I call;
Becauſe thou ſuff'reſt not my Foes,
to triumph in my Fall.

11 Thy tender care ſecures my Life,
from Danger and Diſgrace;
And thou vouchſaf'ſt to ſet me ſtill,
before thy glorious Face.

12 Let therefore *Iſr'el's* Lord and God,
from Age to Age be bleſs'd;
And all the People's glad Applauſe,
with loud *Amens* expreſs'd.

PSALM XLII. [*Tune Pſ.* 2.]

1 AS pants the Hart for cooling Streams,
when heated in the chace,
So longs my Soul, O God, for thee,
and thy refreſhing Grace.

2 For thee, my God, the living God,
my thirſty Soul doth pine;
O when ſhall I behold thy Face,
thou Majeſty Divine!

3 Tears are my conſtant Food, while thus,
inſulting Foes upbraid,
" Deluded Wretch, where's now thy God?
and where his promis'd Aid?

4 I ſigh, when-e'er my muſing Thoughts,
thoſe happy Days preſent,
When I with Troops of pious Friends

thy

thy Temple did frequent.

5 When I advanc'd with Songs of Praiſe,
my Solemn Vows to pay,
And led the joyful ſacred Throng
that kept the Feſtal Day.

6 Why reſtleſs, why caſt down, my Soul?
truſt God, who will employ
His Aid for thee; and change theſe Sighs,
to thankful Hymns of Joy.

PART II.

7 My Soul's caſt down, O God, but thinks
on thee, and *Sion* ſtill;
From *Jordan*'s Bank, from *Hermon*'s Heights,
and *Miſſar*'s humbler Hill.

8 One Trouble calls another on,
and gath'ring o'er my Head,
Fall ſpouting down, till round my Soul,
a roaring Sea is ſpread.

9 But when thy Preſence, Lord of Life,
has once diſpell'd this Storm,
To thee I'll Midnight-Anthems ſing,
and all my Vows perform.

10 God of my Strength, how long ſhall I,
like one forgotten mourn?
Forlorn, forſaken, and expos'd
to my Oppreſſor's Scorn.

11 My Heart is pierc'd, as with a Sword,
whilſt thus my Foes upbraid;
„ Vain Boaſter, where is now thy God?
„ and where his promis'd Aid?

12 Why reſtleſs, why caſt down, my Soul?
hope ſtill, and thou ſhalt ſing,
The Praiſe of him who is thy God,
thy Health's eternal Spring.

PSALM XLIII.

1 JUST Judge of Heav'n, againſt my Foes,
do thou aſſert my injur'd Right:
O ſet me free, my God, from thoſe
that in Deceit and Wrong delight.

2 Since thou art ſtill my only Stay,
Why leav'ſt thou me in deep Diſtreſs?
Why go I mourning all the Day,
whilſt me inſulting Foes oppreſs?

3 Let me with Light and Truth be bleſt,
be theſe my Guides, to lead the way,
Till on thy holy Hill I reſt,
and in thy ſacred Temple pray.

4 Then will I there freſh Altars raiſe
to God, who is my only Joy;
And well-tun'd Harps with Songs of Praiſe
ſhall

ſhall all my grateful Hours employ.

5 Why then caſt down, my Soul, and why
ſo much oppreſt with anxious Care?
On God, thy God, for Aid rely,
who will thy ruin'd State repair.

PSALM XLIV. [*Tune Pſ.* 3.]

1 O Lord, our Fathers oft have told,
in our attentive Ears,
Thy Wonders in their Days perform'd,
and elder Times than theirs:
2 How Thou, to plant them here, didſt drive
the Heathen, from this Land;
Diſpeopled by repeated Strokes,
of thy avenging Hand.
3 For, not their Courage nor their Sword,
to them Poſſeſſion gave;
Nor Strength, that from unequal Force,
their fainting Troops could ſave;
4 But thy Right-Hand, and pow'rful Arm,
whoſe ſuccour they implor'd,
Thy Preſence with the choſen Race,
who thy great Name ador'd.
5 As Thee, their God our Fathers own'd,
thou art our Sov'reign King;
O therefore, as thou didſt, to them,
to us, Deliv'rance bring.
6 Thro' thy victorious Name our Arms,
the proudeſt Foe ſhall quell,
And cruſh them with repeated Strokes,
as oft as they rebel.
7 I'll neither truſt my Bow nor Sword,
when I in Fight engage;
But Thee, who haſt our Foes ſubdu'd,
and ſham'd their ſpiteful Rage.
8 To Thee the Triumph we aſcribe,
from whom the Conqueſt came;
In God, we will rejoyce all Day,
and ever bleſs his Name.

PART II.

9 But Thou haſt caſt us off, and now,
moſt ſhamefully we yield;
For Thou no more vouchſaf'ſt to lead,
our Armies to the Field.
10 Since when, to ev'ry upſtart Foe,
we turn our Backs in Fight;
And with our Spoil their Malice feaſt,
who bear us ancient Spite.
11 To Slaughter doom'd, we fall like Sheep,
into their butchring Hands;
Or (what's more wretched yet) ſurvive,

diſperſt thro' Heathen Lands.

12 Thy People Thou haſt ſold for Slaves,
and ſet their Price ſo low,
That not thy Treaſure by the Sale,
but their Diſgrace may grow.

13 Reproach'd by all the Nations round,
the Heathen's By-Word grown,
Whoſe Scorn of us is both in Speech,
and mocking Geſtures ſhown.

14 Confuſion ſtrikes me blind, my Face
in conſcious ſhame, I hide;
While we are ſcoff'd, and God blaſphem'd,
by their licentious Pride.

PART III.

15 On us this Heap of Woes is fall'n,
all this we have endur'd;
Yet have not, Lord, renounc'd thy Name,
or Faith to thee abjur'd.

16 But in thy righteous Paths have kept,
our Hearts and Steps with Care;
Tho' thou haſt broken all our Strength,
and we almoſt deſpair.

17 Could we, forgetting thy great Name,
on other Gods rely,
And not the Searcher of all Hearts,
the treach'rous Crime deſcry?

18 Thou ſeeſt what Suff'rings for thy ſake,
we ev'ry Day ſuſtain;
All ſlaughter'd, or reſerv'd like Sheep,
appointed to be ſlain.

19 Awake, ariſe; let ſeeming Sleep,
no longer thee detain;
Nor let us, Lord, who ſue to Thee,
for ever ſue in vain.

20 O wherefore hideſt Thou thy Face
from our afflicted State?
Whoſe Souls and Bodies ſink to Earth,
with Griefs oppreſſive Weight.

21 Ariſe, O Lord, and timely Haſte,
to our Deliv'rance make;
Redeem us, Lord,—if not for our's,
yet, for thy Mercy's ſake.

PSALM XLV. [*Tune Pſ.* 21.]

1 WHILE I the King's loud Praiſe rehearſe,
endited by my Heart,
My Tongue is like the Pen of him.
that writes with ready Art.

2 How matchleſs is thy Form, O King!
thy Mouth with Grace o'erflows;

Becauſe freſh Bleſſings God on thee,
eternally beſtows.

3 Gird on thy Sword, moſt mighty Prince,
and clad in rich Array,
With glorious Ornaments of Pow'r,
Majeſtick Pomp diſplay.

4 Ride on in State, and ſtill protect
the Meek, the Juſt, and True;
Whilſt thy Right-Hand with ſwift Revenge,
does all thy Foes purſue.

5 How ſharp thy Weapons are to them,
that dare thy Pow'r deſpiſe,
Down, down they fall, while through their Heart,
the feather'd Arrow flies.

6 But thy firm Throne, O God, is fix'd,
for ever to endure;
Thy Scepter's Sway ſhall always laſt,
by Righteous Laws ſecure.

7 Becauſe thy Heart, by Juſtice led,
did upright Ways approve,
And hated ſtill the crooked Paths,
where wand'ring Sinners rove.

8 Therefore did God, thy God, on thee
the Oyl of Gladneſs, ſhed;
And has above thy Fellows round,
advanc'd thy lofty Head.

9 With Caſſia, Aloes and Myrrh,
thy Royal Robes abound;
Which from the ſtately Wardrobe brought,
ſpread grateful Odours round.

10 Among the honourable Train,
did Princely Virgins wait,
The Queen was plac'd at thy Right-Hand,
in golden Robes of State.

PART II.

11 But thou, O Royal Bride, give ear,
and to my Words attend;
Forget thy native Country now,
and ev'ry former Friend.

12 So ſhall thy Beauty charm the King,
nor ſhall his Love decay,
For He is now become thy Lord,
to Him due Rev'rence pay.

13 The *Tyrian* Matrons rich and proud,
ſhall humble Preſents make;
And all the wealthy Nations ſue,
thy Favour to partake.

14 The King's fair Daughter's fairer Soul,
all inward Graces fill;
Her Rayment is of pureſt Gold,

adorn'd with coſtly Skill.

15 She, in her nuptial Garment dreſs'd,
with Needles richly wrought,
Attended by her Virgin Train,
ſhall to the King be brought.

16 With all the State of ſolemn Joy,
the Triumph moves along,
Till with wide Gates the Royal Court,
receives the pompous Throng.

17 Thou, in thy Royal Father's Room,
muſt princely Sons expect;
Whom thou to diff'rent Realms may'ſt ſend,
to govern and protect:

18 Whilſt this my Song to future times
tranſmits thy glorious Name;
And makes the World, with one Conſent,
thy laſting Praiſe proclaim.

PSALM XLVI.

1 GOD is our Refuge in Diſtreſs,
A preſent Help when Dangers preſs;
In him undaunted we'll confide:
Tho' Earth were from her Centre toſt,
And Mountains in the Ocean loſt,
torn piece-meal by the roaring Tide.

2 A gentler Stream with Gladneſs ſtill,
The City of our Lord ſhall fill,
the Royal Seat of God moſt High:
God dwells in *Sion*, whoſe fair Tow'rs,
Shall mock th'Aſſaults of Earthly Pow'rs,
while his Almighty Aid is nigh.

3 In Tumults when the Heathen rag'd,
And Kingdoms, War againſt us wag'd,
He thunder'd and diſpers'd their Pow'rs:
The Lord of Hoſts conducts our Arms,
Our Tow'r of Refuge in Alarms,
our Fathers Guardian-God and ours.

4 Come, ſee the Wonders He hath wrought,
On Earth what Deſolation brought,
How He has calm'd the jarring World;
He broke the warlike Spear and Bow;
With them their thund'ring Chariots too,
into devouring Flames were hurl'd.

5 Submit to God's Almighty Sway,
For Him the Heathen ſhall obey,
and Earth her Sov'reign Lord confeſs.
The God of Hoſts conducts our Arms,
our Tow'r of Refuge in Alarms,
As to our Fathers in Diſtreſs.

PSALM XLVII.

1 O All ye People clap your hands,
And with triumphant Voices ſing;
No force the mighty Pow'r withſtands,
Of God, the univerſal King.

2 He ſhall oppoſing Nations quell,
and with Succeſs our Battles fight;
Shall fix the Place where we muſt dwell,
the Pride of *Jacob*, his Delight.

3 God is gone up, our Lord and King,
with Shouts of Joy, and Trumpets Sound;
To Him repeated Praiſes ſing,
and let the chearful Song go round.

4 Your utmoſt Skill in Praiſe be ſhown,
for Him who all the World commands;
Who ſits upon his Righteous Throne,
and ſpreads his Sway o'er Heathen Lands.

5 Our Chiefs and Tribes, that far from hence,
to ſerve the God of *Abr'am* came,
Found Him their conſtant ſure Defence,
How great and glorious is his Name!

PSALM XLVIII. [*Tune Pſ.* 4.]

1 THE Lord, the only God, is great,
and greatly to be prais'd,
In *Sion*, on whoſe happy Mount
his ſacred Throne is rais'd.

2 Her Tow'rs the Joy of all the Earth,
with beauteous Proſpect riſe:
On her North Side th' Almighty King's,
Imperial City lies.

3 God in her Palaces is known,
his Preſence is her Guard:
Confed'rate Kings withdrew their Siege,
and of Succeſs deſpair'd.

4 They view'd her Walls, admir'd and fled,
with Grief and Terror ſtruck,
Like Women whom the ſudden Pangs,
of Travel had o'ertook.

5 No wretched Crew of Mariners,
appear like them forlorn,
When Fleets, from *Tarſhiſh* wealthy Coaſts,
by Eaſtern Winds are torn.

6 In *Sion* we have ſeen perform'd,
a Work that was foretold;
In Pledge that God, for Times to come,
his City will uphold.

7 Not in our Fortreſſes and Walls,
did we, O God, confide,
But on the Temple fix'd our Hopes,

in which Thou doſt reſide.

8 According to thy Sov'reign Name,
thy Praiſe through Earth extends,
Thy pow'rful Arm, as Juſtice guides,
chaſtiſes or defends.

9 Let *Sion*'s Mount with Joy reſound,
her Daughters all be taught;
In Songs his Judgments to extol,
who this Deliv'rance wrought.

10 Compaſs her Walls in ſolemn Pomp,
your Eyes quite round her caſt,
Count all her Tow'rs, and ſee if there,
you find a Stone diſplac'd.

11 Her Forts and Palaces ſurvey,
obſerve their Order well;
That, with Aſſurance, to your Heirs,
this Wonder you may tell.

12 This God is ours, and will be ours,
whilſt we in Him confide;
Who, as He has preſerv'd us now,
till Death, will be our Guide.

PSALM XLIX. [*Tune Pſ.* 1.]

1 LET all the liſt'ning World attend,
and my Inſtructions hear;
Let High and Low, and Rich and Poor,
with joint Conſent give Ear:

2 My Mouth, with ſacred Wiſdom fill'd,
ſhall good Advice impart,
The ſound Reſult of prudent Thoughts,
digeſted in my Heart.

3 To Parables of weighty Senſe,
I will my Ear incline;
Whilſt to my tuneful Harp I ſing,
dark Words of deep Deſign.

4 Why ſhould my Courage fail in times,
of Danger and of Doubt?
When Sinners, that would me ſupplant,
have compaſs'd me about.

5 Thoſe Men that all their Hope and Truſt,
in Heaps of Treaſure place,
And boaſt and triumph when they ſee,
their ill-got Wealth increaſe;

6 Are yet unable from the Grave
their deareſt Friend to free;
Nor can by Force, nor Bribes reverſe,
th' Almighty Lord's Decree.

7 Their vain Endeavours they muſt quit,
the Price is held too high;
No Sums can purchaſe ſuch a Grant,
that Man ſhould never die.

8 Not

8 Not Wiſdom can the Wiſe exempt,
nor Fools their Folly ſave;
But both muſt periſh, and in Death,
their Wealth to others leave.

9 For tho' they think their ſtately Seats,
ſhall ne'er to Ruin fall;
But their Remembrance laſt, in Lands
which by their Names, they call:

10 Yet ſhall their Fame be ſoon forgot,
how great ſoe'er their State;
With Beaſts their Memory and they,
ſhall ſhare one common Fate.

PART II.

11 How great their Folly is who thus,
abſurd Concluſions make!
And yet their Children, unreclaim'd,
repeat the groſs Miſtake.

12 They all, like Sheep to Slaughter led,
the Prey of Death are made;
Their Beauty while the Juſt rejoice,
within the Grave ſhall fade.

13 But God will yet redeem my Soul,
and from the greedy Grave,
His greater Pow'r ſhall ſet me free,
and to Himſelf receive.

14 Then fear not thou when worldly Men,
in envy'd Wealth abound,
Nor tho' their proſp'rous Houſe increaſe,
with State and Honour crown'd.

15 For, when they're ſummon'd hence by Death,
they leave all this behind;
No Shadow of their former Pomp,
within the Grave they find:

16 And yet they thought their State was bleſt;
caught in the Flatt'rers Snare,
Who with their Vanity comply'd,
and prais'd their worldly Care.

17 In their Forefathers Steps they tread,
and when, like them, they die,
Their wretched Anceſtors and they,
in endleſs Darkneſs lie.

18 For Man how great ſoe'er his State,
unleſs he's truly wiſe,
As, like a ſenſual Beaſt, he lives,
ſo, like a Beaſt, he dies.

PSALM L.

1 THE Lord hath ſpoke, the mighty God,
Hath ſent his Summons all abroad,
From dawning Light till Day declines:

The

The lift'ning Earth his Voice hath heard,
And He from *Sion* hath appear'd,
Where Beauty in Perfection ſhines.
2 Our God ſhall come, and keep no more
Miſconſtru'd Silence, as before,
But waſting Flames before Him ſend:
Around, ſhall Tempeſts fiercely rage,
While He does Heav'n and Earth engage,
His juſt Tribunal to attend.
3 Aſſemble all my Saints to Me,
(Thus runs the great Divine Decree,)
That in my laſting Cov'nant live;
And Off'rings bring with conſtant Care,
(The Heav'ns his Juſtice ſhall declare,)
For God himſelf ſhall Sentence give.
4 Attend, my People; *Iſr'el*, hear;
Thy ſtrong Accuſer I'll appear;
Thy God, thy only God am I:
'Tis not of Off'rings I complain,
Which, daily in my Temple, ſlain,
My ſacred Altar did ſupply.
5 Will this alone Atonement make?
No Bullock from thy Stall I'll take,
Nor He-Goat from thy Fold accept:
The foreſt Beaſts that range alone,
the Cattel too are all my own,
that on a thouſand Hills are kept.
6 I know the Fowls, that build their Neſts
In craggy Rocks; and ſavage Beaſts,
That looſely haunt the open Fields.
If ſeiz'd with Hunger I could be,
I need not ſeek Relief from thee,
Since the World's mine, and all it yields.
7 Think'ſt thou that I have any need,
On ſlaughter'd Bulls and Goats to feed,
To eat their Fleſh and drink their Blood?
The Sacrifices I require,
Are Hearts which Love and Zeal inſpire,
and Vows with ſtricteſt Care made good.

PART II.

8 In time of Trouble call on Me,
And I will ſet thee ſafe and free;
And thou Returns of Praiſe ſhalt make:
But to the Wicked thus ſaith God,
How dar'ſt thou teach my Laws abroad,
Or in thy Mouth, my Cov'nant take?
9 For ſtubborn thou, confirm'd in Sin,
Haſt Proof againſt Inſtruction been,
And of my Word didſt lightly ſpeak:
When thou a ſubtle Thief didſt ſee,
Thou gladly didſt with him agree,

And with Adult'rers didſt partake.
10 Vile Slander is thy chief Delight;
Thy Tongue by Envy mov'd and Spight,
Deceitful Tales does hourly ſpread:
Thou doſt with hateful Scandals wound
Thy Brother, and with Lies confound,
The Offspring of thy Mother's Bed.
11 Theſe Things didſt thou, whom ſtill I ſtrove
To gain, with Silence and with Love;
Till thou didſt wickedly ſurmiſe,
That I was ſuch a one as thou;
But I'll reprove and ſhame thee now,
And ſet thy Sins before thine Eyes.
12 Mark this, ye wicked Fools, leſt I,
Let all my Bolts of Vengeance fly,
Whilſt none ſhall dare your Cauſe to own.
Who praiſes Me, due Honour gives,
And to the Man that juſtly lives,
My ſtrong Salvation ſhall be ſhown.

PSALM LI.

1 HAVE Mercy, Lord, on me,
as Thou wert ever kind;
Let, me, oppreſt with Loads of Guilt,
thy wonted Mercy find.
2 Waſh off my foul Offence,
and cleanſe me from my Sin;
For I confeſs my Crime, and ſee
how great my Guilt has been.
3 Againſt Thee, Lord, alone,
and only in thy ſight
Have I tranſgreſs'd, and tho' Condemn'd,
muſt own thy Judgment right.
4 In Guilt each part was form'd,
of all this ſinful Frame;
In Guilt I was conceiv'd, and born
the Heir, of Sin and Shame.
5 Yet Thou, whoſe ſearching Eye
does inward Truth, require,
In Secret didſt with Wiſdom's Laws,
my tender Soul inſpire.
6 With Hyſſop purge me, Lord,
and ſo I clean ſhall be:
I ſhall with Snow in Whiteneſs vie,
when purify'd by Thee.
7 Make me to hear with Joy,
thy kind forgiving Voice,
That ſo the Bones which Thou haſt broke,
may with freſh Strength rejoice.
8 Blot out my crying Sin,
nor me in Anger view;

Create in me a Heart that's clean,
an upright Mind renew.

PART II.

9 Withdraw not Thou thy Help,
nor caſt me from thy Sight;
Nor let thy Holy Spirit take,
its everlaſting Flight:
10 The Joy thy Favour gives,
let me again obtain;
And thy free Spirit's firm ſupport,
my fainting Soul ſuſtain.
11 So I thy Righteous Ways,
to Sinners will impart:
Whilſt my Advice ſhall wicked Men,
to thy juſt Laws convert.
12 My Guilt of Blood remove,
my Saviour, and my God;
And my glad Tongue ſhall loudly tell,
thy righteous Acts abroad.
13 Do Thou unlock my Lips,
with Sorrow clos'd and ſhame:
So ſhall my Mouth thy wondrous Praiſe,
to all the World proclaim.
14 Could Sacrifice atone,
whole Flocks and Herds ſhould die;
But on ſuch Off'rings Thou diſdain'ſt,
to caſt a gracious Eye:
15 A broken Spirit is,
by God, moſt highly priz'd;
By him, a broken contrite Heart,
ſhall never be deſpis'd.
16 Let *Sion* Favour find,
of thy Good-Will aſſur'd;
And thy own City flouriſh long,
by lofty Walls ſecur'd.
17 The Juſt ſhall then attend,
and pleaſing Tribute pay;
And Sacrifice of choiceſt kind,
upon thy Altar lay.

PSALM LII. [*Tune Pſ.* 10.]

1 IN vain, O Man of lawleſs Might,
thou boaſt'ſt thy ſelf in Ill;
Since God, the God in whom I truſt,
vouchſafes his Favour ſtill.
2 Thy wicked Tongue does ſland'ring Tales,
maliciouſly deviſe;
And ſharper than a Razor ſet,
it wounds with treach'rous Lies.
3 Thy Thoughts, are more on Ill than Good,
on Lies than Truth, employ'd,

Thy

Thy Tongue, delights in Words by which,
the Guiltleſs are deſtroy'd.

4 God, ſhall for ever blaſt thy Hopes,
and ſnatch thee ſoon away;
Nor in thy dwelling-place permit,
nor in the World, to ſtay.

5 The Juſt with pious Fear ſhall ſee,
the downfal, of thy Pride;
And at thy ſudden Ruin laugh,
and thus thy fall deride:

6 „ See there, the haughty Man that was,
„ who proudly God defy'd,
„ Who truſted in his Wealth, and ſtill
„ on wicked Arts, rely'd.

7 But I am like thoſe Olive-Plants,
that ſhade God's Temple round;
And hope with his indulgent Grace,
to be for ever crown'd.

8 So ſhall my Soul with Praiſe, O God,
extol thy wondrous Love;
And on thy Name with Patience wait;
for this thy Saints approve.

PSALM LIII. [*Tune Pſ.* 22.]

1 THe wicked Fools muſt ſure ſuppoſe,
that God is but a Name;
This groſs Miſtake their Practice ſhows,
ſince Virtue all diſclaim.

2 The Lord look'd down from Heaven's height,
the Sons of Men to view;
To ſee if any own'd his Might
or Truth or Juſtice knew.

3 But all, he ſaw, were backwards gone,
degen'rate grown and baſe;
None for Religion car'd, not One
of all the ſinful Race.

4 But are thoſe Workers of Deceit,
ſo dull and ſenſleſs grown,
That they like Bread my People eat,
and God's juſt Pow'r diſown?

5 Their cauſleſs Fears ſhall ſtrangely grow;
and they, deſpis'd of God,
Shall ſoon be foil'd; his Hand ſhall throw
their ſhatter'd Bones, abroad.

6 Would He his ſaving Pow'r employ,
to break our ſervile Band,
Loud Shouts of univerſal Joy,
ſhould eccho through the Land.

PSALM LIV. [*Tune Pſ.* 15.]

1 LOrd, ſave me, for thy glorious Name,

and in thy Strength appear,
To judge my Cauſe: accept my Pray'r,
and to my Words give Ear.

2 Mere Strangers, whom I never wrong'd,
to ruin me deſign'd;
And cruel Men that fear no God,
againſt my Soul combin'd.

3 But God, takes part with all my Friends:
and He's, the ſureſt Guard;
The God of Truth, ſhall give my Foes,
their Falſhoods due Reward.

4 While I my grateful Off'ring bring,
and Sacrifice with Joy;
And in his Praiſe my Time to come,
delightfully employ.

5 From dreadful Danger and Diſtreſs,
the Lord has ſet me free;
Through Him, ſhall I of all my Foes,
the juſt Deſtruction, ſee.

PSALM LV. [*Tune Pſ.* 12.]

1 GIVE ear, Thou Judge of all the Earth,
and liſten when I pray;
Nor from thy humble Suppliant turn,
thy glorious Face away.

2 Attend to this my ſad Complaint,
and hear my grievous Moans;
Whilſt I my mournful Caſe declare,
with artleſs Sighs and Groans.

3 Hark! how the Foe inſults aloud,
how fierce Oppreſſors rage!
Whoſe ſland'ring Tongues with wrathful Hate
againſt my Fame engage.

4 My Heart is rack'd with Pain, my Soul
with deadly Frights diſtreſs'd;
With Fear and Trembling compaſs'd round,
with Horror quite oppreſs'd.

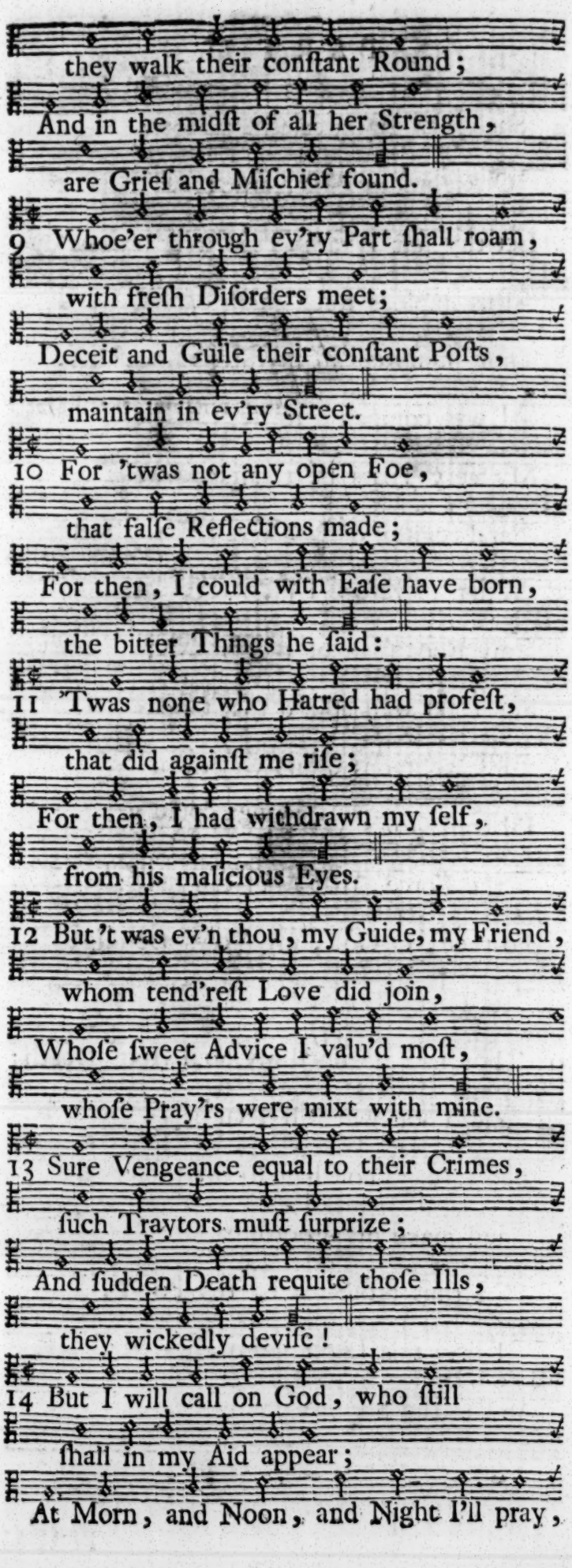
5 How often wiſh'd I then, that I
the Dove's ſwift Wings could get;
That I might take my ſpeedy Flight,
and ſeek a ſafe Retreat!

6 Then would I wander far from hence,
and in wild Deſarts ſtray,
Till all this furious Storm were ſpent,
this Tempeſt paſt away.

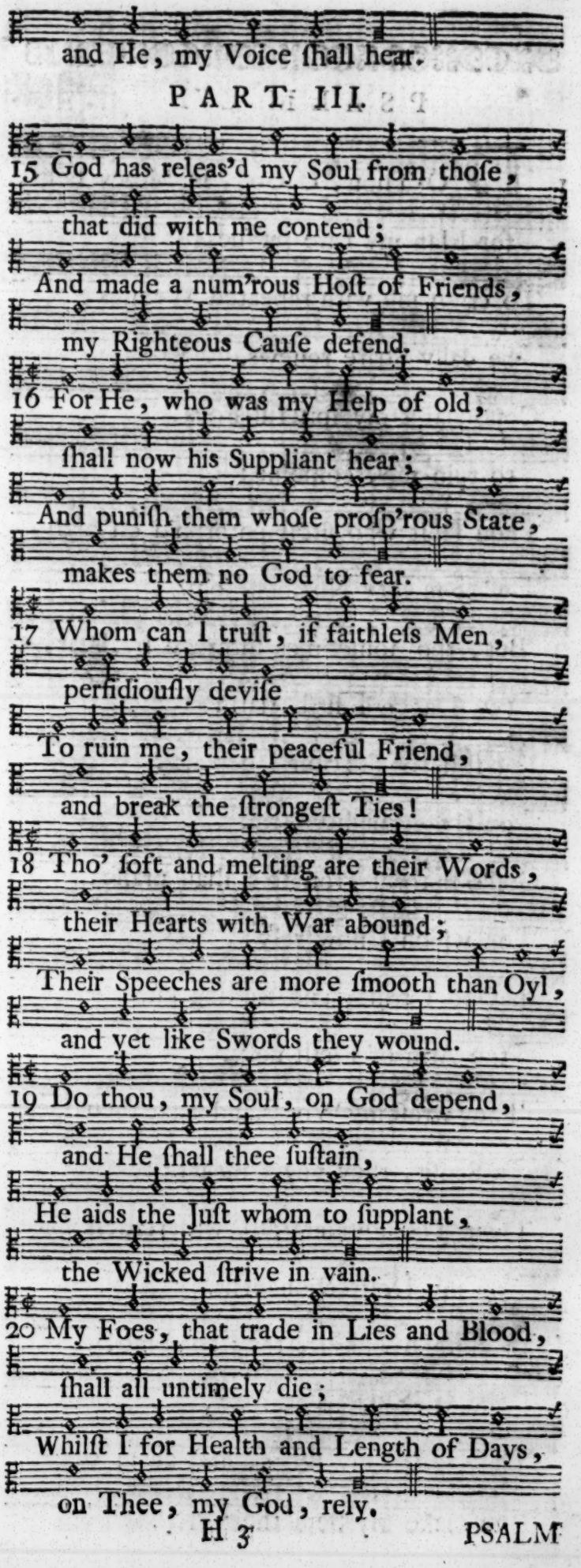
PART II.

7 Deſtroy, O Lord, their ill Deſigns,
their Counſels ſoon divide;
For, through the City my griev'd Eyes,
have Strife and Rapine ſpy'd.

8 By Day and Night on ev'ry Wall,
they


they walk their conſtant Round;
And in the midſt of all her Strength,
are Grief and Miſchief found.
9 Whoe'er through ev'ry Part ſhall roam,
with freſh Diſorders meet;
Deceit and Guile their conſtant Poſts,
maintain in ev'ry Street.
10 For 'twas not any open Foe,
that falſe Reflections made;
For then, I could with Eaſe have born,
the bitter Things he ſaid:
11 'Twas none who Hatred had profeſt,
that did againſt me riſe;
For then, I had withdrawn my ſelf,
from his malicious Eyes.
12 But 't was ev'n thou, my Guide, my Friend,
whom tend'reſt Love did join,
Whoſe ſweet Advice I valu'd moſt,
whoſe Pray'rs were mixt with mine.
13 Sure Vengeance equal to their Crimes,
ſuch Traytors muſt ſurprize;
And ſudden Death requite thoſe Ills,
they wickedly deviſe!
14 But I will call on God, who ſtill
ſhall in my Aid appear;
At Morn, and Noon, and Night I'll pray,
and He, my Voice ſhall hear.

PART III.


15 God has releas'd my Soul from thoſe,
that did with me contend;
And made a num'rous Hoſt of Friends,
my Righteous Cauſe defend.
16 For He, who was my Help of old,
ſhall now his Suppliant hear;
And puniſh them whoſe proſp'rous State,
makes them no God to fear.
17 Whom can I truſt, if faithleſs Men,
perfidiouſly deviſe
To ruin me, their peaceful Friend,
and break the ſtrongeſt Ties!
18 Tho' ſoft and melting are their Words,
their Hearts with War abound;
Their Speeches are more ſmooth than Oyl,
and yet like Swords they wound.
19 Do thou, my Soul, on God depend,
and He ſhall thee ſuſtain,
He aids the Juſt whom to ſupplant,
the Wicked ſtrive in vain.
20 My Foes, that trade in Lies and Blood,
ſhall all untimely die;
Whilſt I for Health and Length of Days,
on Thee, my God, rely.

PSALM LVI.

1 DO Thou, O God, in Mercy help,
for Man my Life purſues;
To cruſh me with repeated Wrongs,
he daily Strife renews.
Continually my ſpiteful Foes,
to ruin me, combine;
Thou ſeeſt who ſitt'ſt enthron'd on high,
what mighty Numbers join.
2 But, tho' ſometimes ſurpriz'd by Fear,
(on Danger's firſt Alarm)
Yet ſtill for Succour I depend,
on thy Almighty Arm.
God's faithful Promiſe I ſhall praiſe,
on which I now rely:
In God I truſt, and truſting him,
the Arm of Fleſh defy.
3 They wreſt my Words, and make them ſpeak
a Senſe, they never meant:
Their Thoughts are all, with reſtleſs Spite,
on my Deſtruction bent.
In cloſe Aſſemblies they combine,
and wicked Projects lay,
They watch my Steps, and lie in Wait,
to make my Soul their Prey.

PART II.

4 Shall ſuch Injuſtice ſtill eſcape?
O Righteous God, ariſe;
Let thy juſt Wrath, (too long provok'd)
this impious Race chaſtiſe.
Thou numbreſt all my Steps ſince firſt,
I was compell'd to flee:
My very Tears are treaſur'd up,
and regiſter'd by Thee.
5 When therefore I invoke thy Aid,
my Foes ſhall be o'erthrown;
For I am well aſſur'd that God,
my righteous Cauſe will own.
I'll truſt God's Word, and ſo deſpiſe
the Force, that Man can raiſe:
To thee, O God, my Vows are due,
to Thee I'll render Praiſe:
6 Thou haſt retriev'd my Soul from Death;
and Thou wilt ſtill ſecure
The Life, Thou haſt ſo oft preſerv'd,
and make my Footſteps ſure;
That thus protected by thy Pow'r,
I may this Light enjoy,
And in the Service of my God,
my length'ned Days employ.

PSALM LVII.

1 THY Mercy, Lord, to me extend,
on thy Protection I depend;
And to thy Wing for Shelter haſte,
Till this outragious Storm is paſt.
2 To thy Tribunal, Lord, I fly,
Thou Sov'reign Judge and God moſt high;
Who Wonders haſt for me begun,
And wilt not leave thy Work, undone.
3 From Heav'n, protect me by thine Arm,
And ſhame all thoſe who ſeek my Harm;
to my Relief thy Mercy ſend,
And Truth, on which my Hopes depend;
4 For I with ſavage Men converſe,
Like hungry Lions wild and fierce,
With Men whoſe Teeth are Spears, their Words
Invenom'd Darts, and two-edg'd Swords.
5 Be Thou, O God, exalted high;
And, as thy Glory fills the Sky,
So let it be on Earth diſplay'd,
Till Thou art, here, as, there, obey'd.
6 To take me, they their Net prepar'd,
And had almoſt my Soul enſnar'd,
But fell themſelves, by juſt Decree,
Into the Pit they made for me.
7 O God my Heart is fix'd, 'tis bent,
Its thankful Tribute to preſent,
And, with my Heart, my Voice I'll raiſe
To Thee, my God, in Songs of Praiſe.
8 Awake my Glory; Harp and Lute,
No longer let your Strings be mute;
And I, my tuneful Part to take,
Will with the early Dawn, awake.
9 Thy Praiſes, Lord, I will reſound,
To all the liſt'ning Nations round:
Thy Mercy, higheſt Heav'n tranſcends,
Thy Truth beyond the Clouds extends.
10 Be Thou, O God, exalted high;
And as thy Glory fills the Sky,
So let it be on Earth diſplaid,
Till thou art, here, as, there, obey'd.

PSALM LVIII.

1 SPEAK, O ye Judges of the Earth,
if juſt your Sentence be,
Or, muſt not Innocence appeal
to Heav'n, from your Decree?
2 Your wicked Hearts and Judgments are,
alike by Malice ſway'd:

Your

Your griping Hands by weighty Bribes,
to Violence betray'd.

3 To Virtue Strangers, from the Womb;
their infant Steps went wrong:
They prattled Slander, and in Lies
employ'd, their liſping Tongue.

4 No Serpent of parch'd *Africk*'s breed,
does ranker Poyſon bear;
The drowſy Adder will as ſoon,
unlock his ſullen Ear.

5 Unmov'd by good Advice, and deaf
as Adders, they remain;
From whom the skilful Charmer's Voice,
can no Attention gain.

6 Defeat, O God, their threat'ning Rage,
and timely break their Pow'r.
Diſarm theſe growing Lions Jaws,
e'er practis'd to devour.

7 Let now their Inſolence, at height,
like ebbing Tides be ſpent;
Their ſhiver'd Darts deceive their Aim,
when they their Bow have bent.

8 Like Snails let them diſſolve to Slime;
like haſty Births become,
Unworthy to behold the Sun,
and Dead within the Womb.

9 E'er Thorns can make the Fleſh-pots boil,
tempeſtuous Wrath ſhall come
From God, and ſnatch them hence, alive,
to their Eternal Doom.

10 The Righteous ſhall rejoice to ſee,
their Crimes ſuch Vengeance meet;
And Saints in Perſecutors Blood,
ſhall dip their harmleſs Feet.

11 Tranſgreſſors then with Grief ſhall ſee,
juſt Men Rewards obtain;
And own a God, whoſe Juſtice will
the guilty Earth, arraign.

PSALM LIX.

1 DELIVER me, O Lord my God,
From all my ſpiteful Foes;
In my Defence oppoſe thy Pow'r
to theirs, who me oppoſe.
Preſerve me from a wicked Race,
who make a Trade of Ill;
Protect me from remorſeleſs Men,
who ſeek my Blood to ſpill.

2 They lye in Wait, and mighty Pow'rs,
againſt my Life combine:
Implacable; yet, Lord, Thou know'ſt,
for

for no Offence of mine.

In Haſte they run about, and watch,
my guiltleſs Life to take:
Look down, O Lord, on my Diſtreſs,
and to my Help awake!

3 Thou, Lord of Hoſts and *Iſr'el*'s God,
their Heathen Rage ſuppreſs;
Relentleſs Vengeance take on thoſe,
who ſtubbornly tranſgreſs.

At Ev'ning to beſet my Houſe,
like growling Dogs they meet;
While others through the City range,
and ranſack ev'ry Street.

4 Their Throats, envenom'd Slander breathe,
their Tongues, are ſharpen'd Swords;
Who hears (ſay they) or hearing, dares
reprove, our lawleſs Words?

But from thy Throne Thou ſhalt, O Lord,
their baffled Plots deride;
And ſoon to Scorn and Shame expoſe,
their boaſted Heathen Pride.

PART II.

5 On Thee I wait, 'tis on thy Strength
for Succour, I depend;
'Tis Thou, O God, art my Defence,
who only canſt defend.

Thy Mercy, Lord, which has ſo oft
from Danger, ſet me free,
Shall crown my Wiſhes, and ſubdue
my haughty Foes, to me.

6 Deſtroy them not, O Lord, at once,
reſtrain thy vengeful Blow,
Leſt we, ungratefully, too ſoon
forget, their Overthrow.

Diſperſe them through the Nations round,
by thy avenging Pow'r;
Do Thou bring down their haughty Pride,
O Lord our Shield and Tow'r.

7 Now in the Height of all their Hopes,
their Arrogance chaſtiſe;
Whoſe Tongues have ſinn'd without reſtraint,
and Curſes join'd with Lies.

Nor ſhalt Thou, whilſt their Race endures,
thine Anger, Lord, ſuppreſs;
That diſtant Lands, by their juſt Doom,
may *Iſr'el's* God confeſs.

8 At Ev'ning let them ſtill perſiſt,
like growling Dogs, to meet;
Still wander all the City round,
and traverſe ev'ry Street.

Then, as for Malice now they do,
for Hunger, let them ſtray;

And yell their vain Complaints aloud,
defeated of their Prey.
9 Whilſt early I thy Mercy ſing,
thy wond'rous Pow'r confeſs;
For Thou haſt been my ſure Defence,
my Refuge in Diſtreſs.
To Thee with never ceaſing Praiſe,
O God my Strength, I'll ſing;
Thou art my God, the Rock from whence,
my Health and Safety, ſpring.

PSALM LX.

1 O God, who haſt our Troops diſperſt,
Forſaking thoſe who left Thee firſt;
As we thy juſt Diſpleaſure mourn,
To us in Mercy, Lord, return.
2 Our Strength, that firm as Earth did ſtand,
Is rent by thy avenging Hand;
O! heal the Breaches Thou haſt made,
We ſhake, we fall, without thy Aid!
3 Our folly's ſad Effects we feel,
For drunk with Diſcord's Cup we reel,
But now for them who Thee rever'd,
Thou haſt thy Truth's bright Banner rear'd,
4 Let thy Right-Hand thy Saints Protect;
Lord Hear the Pray'rs that we direct.
The Holy God has ſpoke: and I
O'er-joy'd, on his firm Word, rely.
5 To Thee, in Portions I'll divide
Fair *Sichem*'s Soil, *Samaria*'s Pride:
To *Sichem*, *Succoth* next I'll join,
And meaſure out her Vale by Line:
6 *Manaſſeh*, *Gilead*, both ſubſcribe
To my Commands; with *Ephraim*'s Tribe;
Ephraim, by Arms ſupports my Cauſe,
And *Judah* by religious Laws.
7 *Moab* my Slave and Drudge ſhall be,
Nor *Edom* from my Yoke get free;
Proud *Paleſtine*'s imperious State,
Shall humbly on our Triumph, wait.
8 But who ſhall quell theſe mighty Pow'rs,
And clear my Way to *Edom*'s Tow'rs?
Or through her guarded Frontiers, tread
The Path, that does to Conqueſt lead?
9 Ev'n Thou, O God, who haſt diſperſt
Our Troops, (for we forſook Thee firſt;)
Thoſe whom Thou didſt in Wrath forſake,
Aton'd, Thou wilt victorious make.
10 Do Thou our fainting Cauſe ſuſtain,
For human Succours are but vain.
Freſh Strength and Courage, God beſtows;

'Tis

'Tis He, treads down our proudeſt Foes.

Devote my proſp'rous Days, to pay
the Vows, of my Diſtreſs.

PSALM LXI.

1 LORD, hear my Cry, regard my Pray'r,
which I, oppreſt with Grief,
From Earth's remoteſt Parts, addreſs
to Thee, for kind Relief.

2 O lodge me ſafe beyond the Reach,
of perſecuting Pow'r;
Thou, who ſo oft from ſpiteful Foes,
haſt been my ſhelt'ring Tow'r.

3 So ſhall I in thy ſacred Courts,
ſecure from Danger lie:
Beneath the Covert of thy Wings,
all future Storms defy.

4 In ſign my Vows are heard, once more,
I o'er thy Choſen reign:
O bleſs, with long and proſp'rous Life,
the King, Thou didſt ordain.

5 Confirm his Throne, and make his Reign
accepted, in thy ſight;
And let thy Truth and Mercy both,
in his Defence, unite.

6 So ſhall I ever ſing thy Praiſe,
thy Name for ever bleſs;

PSALM LXII.

1 MY Soul for Help, on God, relies,
From him alone, my Safety flows:
My Rock, my Health, that Strength ſupplies
To bear the ſhock, of all my Foes.
How long will ye contrive my Fall;
Which will but haſten on your own?
You'll totter like a bending Wall,
Or Fence, of uncemented Stone.

2 To make my envy'd Honours leſs,
They ſtrive with Lies, their chief Delight;
For they, tho' with their Mouths they bleſs;
In private, curſe with inward Spite.
But thou, my Soul, on God rely;
On him alone thy Truſt repoſe;
My Rock and Health, will ſtrength ſupply,
To bear the Shock of all my Foes.

3 God, does his ſaving Health diſpenſe,
And flowing Bleſſings daily ſend;
He, is my Fortreſs and Defence,
On Him, my Soul ſhall ſtill depend.
In Him, ye People, always truſt,

Before his Throne pour out your Hearts,
For God the Merciful and Juſt,
His timely Aid to us imparts.

4 The Vulgar, fickle are and frail,
The Great, diſſemble and betray;
And laid in Truth's impartial Scale,
The lighteſt Things, will both, outweigh.
Then truſt not in oppreſſive Ways,
By Spoil and Rapine grow not vain;
Nor let your Hearts, if Wealth increaſe,
Be ſet too much, upon your Gain.

5 For God has oft his Will expreſs'd,
And I this Truth have fully known;
To be of boundleſs Pow'r poſſeſs'd,
Belongs of Right to God, alone.
Tho' Mercy is his darling Grace,
In which He chiefly takes delight;
Yet will He all the human Race,
According to their Works, requite.

PSALM LXIII.

1 O God, my gracious God, to Thee,
My Morning Pray'rs ſhall offer'd be;
For Thee my thirſty Soul does pant;
My fainting Fleſh implores thy Grace,
Within this dry and barren Place,
Where I refreſhing Waters want.

2 O! to my longing Eyes once more,
That View of glorious Pow'r reſtore,
Which thy majeſtick Houſe diſplays:
Becauſe to me, thy wondrous love,
Than Life it ſelf, does dearer prove,
My Lips ſhall always ſpeak thy Praiſe.

3 My Life, while I that Life enjoy,
In bleſſing God, I will employ,
With lifted Hands, adore his Name!
My Soul's Content, ſhall be as great
As theirs, who choiceſt Dainties eat,
While I with Joy his Praiſe proclaim.

4 When down I lie ſweet Sleep to find,
Thou, Lord, art preſent to my Mind:
And when I wake in dead of Night,
Becauſe thou ſtill doſt Succour bring,
Beneath the Shadow of thy Wing,
I reſt, with Safety and Delight.

5 My Soul, when Foes would me devour,
Cleaves faſt to Thee, whoſe matchleſs Pow'r
In her Support, is daily ſhown:
But, thoſe the Righteous Lord ſhall ſlay,
That my Deſtruction wiſh; and they,
That ſeek my Life, ſhall loſe their own.

6 They

6 They by untimely Ends ſhall die,
Their Fleſh a Prey to Foxes lie;
But God ſhall fill the King with Joy.
Who Thee Confeſs ſhall ſtill rejoyce,
Whilſt the falſe Tongue and lying Voice,
Thou, Lord, ſhalt ſilence and deſtroy.

PSALM LXIV. [*Tune Pſ.* 5.]

1 LOrd, hear the Voice of my Complaint,
to my Requeſt give Ear;
Preſerve my Life from cruel Foes,
and free my Soul from Fear.
2 O! hide me, with thy tend'reſt Care,
in ſome ſecure Retreat,
From Sinners, that againſt me riſe,
and all their Plots defeat.
3 See, how intent to work my Harm,
they whet their Tongues, like Swords,
And bend their Bows to ſhoot their Darts,
ſharp Lies and bitter Words!
4 Lurking in private, at the Juſt
they take their ſecret Aim;
And ſuddenly, at him they ſhoot,
quite void of Fear and Shame.
5 To carry on their ill Deſigns,
they mutually agree;
They ſpeak of laying private Snares,
and think that none ſhall ſee.
6 With utmoſt Diligence and Care,
their wicked Plots they lay;
The deep Deſigns of all their Hearts,
are only, to betray.
7 But God, to Anger juſtly mov'd,
his dreadful Bow ſhall bend,
And on his flying Arrows point,
ſhall ſwift Deſtruction ſend.
8 Thoſe Slanders which their Mouths did vent,
upon themſelves ſhall fall;
Their Crimes diſclos'd, ſhall make them be
deſpis'd, and ſhunn'd by all.
9 The World ſhall then God's Pow'r confeſs;
and Nations trembling ſtand,
Convinc'd, that 'tis the mighty Work
of his avenging Hand.
10 Whilſt righteous Men, whom God ſecures,
in Him ſhall gladly truſt;
And all the liſt'ning Earth ſhall hear,
loud Triumphs of the Juſt.

PSALM LXV.

1 FOR Thee, O God, our conſtant Praiſe

In *Sion* waits, thy choſen Seat;
Our promis'd Altars we will raiſe,
And there, our zealous Vows compleat.

2 O Thou, who to my humble Pray'r,
Didſt always bend thy liſt'ning Ear,
To Thee, ſhall all Mankind repair,
and at thy gracious Throne appear.

3 Our Sins (tho' numberleſs) in vain
To ſtop thy flowing Mercy, try;
Whilſt Thou o'erlook'ſt the guilty Stain,
And waſheſt out the Crimſon Die.

4 Bleſt is the Man, who near Thee plac'd,
Within thy ſacred Dwelling lives!
Whilſt we, at humbler Diſtance, taſte
The vaſt Delights, thy Temple gives.

5 By wond'rous Acts, O God, moſt juſt,
Have we thy gracious Anſwer found;
In Thee remoteſt Nations truſt,
And thoſe whom ſtormy Waves ſurround.

6 God by his Strength, ſets faſt the Hills,
And does his matchleſs Pow'r engage,
With which the Sea's loud Waves, He ſtills,
And angry Crouds, tumultuous Rage.

PART II.

7 Thou, Lord, doſt barb'rous Lands diſmay,
When they thy dreadful Tokens view:
With Joy, they ſee the Night and Day,
Each other's Track, by turns purſue.

8 From out thy unexhauſted Store,
Thy Rain relieves the thirſty Ground;
Makes Lands, that barren were before,
With Corn and uſeful Fruits, abound.

9 On riſing Ridges down it pours,
And ev'ry furrow'd Valley fills;
Thou mak'ſt them ſoft with gentle Show'rs,
In which, a bleſt Increaſe diſtills.

10 Thy Goodneſs does the circling Year,
With freſh Returns of Plenty, crown;
And where thy glorious Paths appear,
Thy fruitful Clouds drop Fatneſs, down.

11 They drop on barren Foreſts, chang'd
By them, to Paſtures freſh and green;
The Hills about in order rang'd,
In beauteous Robes of Joy, are ſeen.

12 Large Flocks, with fleecy Wool, adorn
The chearful Downs; the Vallies bring
A plenteous Crop, of full-eard' Corn,
And ſeem for Joy, to ſhout and ſing.

PSALM LXVI. [*Tune Pſ.* 19.]

1 LET all the Lands with Shouts of Joy,

to

to God, their Voices raiſe;
Sing Pſalms in Honour of his Name,
and ſpread his glorious Praiſe.

2 And let them ſay, how dreadful, Lord,
in all thy Works art Thou!
To thy great Pow'r thy ſtubborn Foes,
ſhall all be forc'd, to bow.

3 Thro' all the Earth the Nations round,
ſhall Thee their God, confeſs;
And with glad Hymns, their awful Dread
of thy great Name, expreſs.

4 O come, behold the Works of God,
and then with me you'll own,
That He, to all the Sons of Men,
has wond'rous Judgments ſhown.

5 He, made the Sea become dry Land,
thro' which our Fathers walk'd;
Whilſt, to each other of his Might,
with Joy, his People talk'd.

6 He, by his Pow'r, for ever rules;
his Eyes, the World ſurvey;
Let no preſumptuous Man rebel,
againſt his Sov'reign ſway.

7 O all ye Nations bleſs our God,
and loudly ſpeak his Praiſe;
Who keeps our Soul alive, and ſtill
confirms, our ſtedfaſt Ways.

8 For Thou haſt try'd us, Lord, as Fire
does try, the precious Ore;
Thou brought'ſt us into Straits, where we,
oppreſſing Burthens, bore.

9 Inſulting Foes did us, their Slaves,
thro' Fire and Water chaſe;
But yet at laſt Thou brought'ſt us forth,
into a wealthy Place.

PART II.

10 Burnt-off'rings to thy Houſe I'll bring,
and there my Vows will pay,
Which, I with ſolemn Zeal did make,
in Trouble's diſmal Day.

11 Then ſhall the richeſt Incenſe ſmoke,
the fatteſt Rams ſhall fall;
The choiceſt Goats from out the Fold,
and Bullocks from the Stall.

12 O come, all ye that fear the Lord,
attend with heedful Care;
Whilſt I, what God for me has done,
with grateful Joy declare.

13 As I before, his Aid implor'd,
ſo now, I praiſe his Name;
Who, if my Heart had harbour'd Sin,
would all my Pray'rs diſclaim.

14 But

14 But God to me, when e'er I cry'd,
his gracious Ear did bend;
And to the Voice of my Requeſt,
with conſtant Love attend.
15 Then bleſs'd for ever be my God,
who never; when I pray,
With-holds his Mercy from my Soul,
nor turns his Face away.

PSALM LXVII.

1 TO bleſs thy choſen Race,
in Mercy, Lord, incline;
And cauſe the Brightneſs of thy Face,
on all thy Saints to ſhine.
2 That ſo thy wond'rous Ways,
may thro' the World be known;
Whilſt diſtant Lands their Tribute pay,
and thy Salvation own.
3 Let diff'ring Nations join,
to celebrate thy Fame;
Let all the World, O Lord, combine
to praiſe, thy glorious Name.
4 O, let them ſhout and ſing,
with Joy and pious Mirth,
For Thou, the Righteous Judge and King,
ſhall govern all the Earth.
5 Let diff'ring Nations join,
to celebrate thy Fame;
Let all the World, O Lord, combine
to praiſe, thy glorious Name.
6 Then ſhall the teeming Ground,
a large Increaſe diſcloſe;
And we with Plenty ſhall be crow'nd,
which God, our God, beſtows.
7 Then God upon our Land,
ſhall conſtant Bleſſings ſhow'r;
And all the World in Awe ſhall ſtand,
of his reſiſtleſs Pow'r.

PSALM LXVIII.

1 LET God, the God of Battle riſe,
And ſcatter his preſumptuous Foes;
Let ſhameful Rout their Hoſts ſurprize,
who ſpitefully his Pow'r oppoſe.
2 As Smoak in Tempeſt's Rage is loſt,
Or Wax into the Furnace caſt;
So let their ſacrilegious Hoſt,
Before his wrathful Preſence waſte.
3 But let the Servants of his Will,
His Favour's gentle Beams enjoy;

Their

Their upright Hearts let Gladneſs fill,
And chearful Songs their Tongues, employ.
4 To Him, your Voice in Anthems raiſe,
Jehovah's aweful Name He bears;
In Him rejoice, extol his Praiſe,
Who rides upon high rowling Spheres.
5 Him, from his Empire of the Skies
To this low World, Compaſſion draws,
The Orphan's Claim to patronize,
And judge the injur'd Widows Cauſe.

PART II.

6 'Tis God, who, from a foreign Soil,
Reſtores poor Exiles to their Home;
Makes Captives free, and fruitleſs Toil,
Their proud Oppreſſors, righteous Doom.
7 'Twas ſo of old, when Thou didſt lead
In Perſon, Lord, our Armies forth,
Strange Terrors thro' the Deſart ſpread,
Convulſion ſhook th' aſtoniſh'd Earth.
8 The breaking Clouds did Rain diſtil,
And Heav'ns high Arches ſhook with Fear,
How then ſhould *Sinai*'s humble Hill,
Of *Iſr'el*'s God, the Preſence bear;
9 Thy Hand, at famiſht Earth's Complaint,
Reliev'd her from Celeſtial Stores;
And when thy Heritage was faint,
Aſſwag'd the Drought, with plenteous ſhow'rs.
10 Where Savages had rang'd before;
At Eaſe Thou mad'ſt our Tribes reſide;
And in the Deſart for the Poor,
Thy gen'rous Bounty did provide.
11 Thou gav'ſt the Word, we ſally'd forth,
And in that pow'rful Word, o'ercame;
While Virgin-Troops with Songs of Mirth,
In State, our Conqueſt, did proclaim.
12 Vaſt Armies, by ſuch Gen'rals led,
As yet, had ne'er receiv'd a Foil,
Forſook their Camp, with ſudden Dread,
And to our Women, left the Spoil.

PART III.

13 Tho' *Egypt*'s Drudges you have been,
Your Army's Wings, ſhall ſhine as bright
As Dove's, in golden Sunſhine ſeen,
Or ſilver'd o'er with paler Light.
14 'Twas ſo, when God's Almighty Hand,
O'er ſcatter'd Kings, the Conqueſt won;
Our Troops, drawn up on *Jordan*'s Strand,
High *Salmon*'s glitt'ring Snow, out-ſhone.
15 From thence to *Jordan*'s farther Coaſt,
And *Baſhan*'s Hill we did advance:

No more her Height ſhall *Baſhan* boaſt,
But that ſhe's God's Inheritance.
16 But wherefore (tho' the Honour's great)
Should this, O Mountains, ſwell your Pride?
For *Sion*, is his choſen Seat,
Where He for ever will reſide.
17 His Chariots numberleſs, his Pow'rs
Are heav'nly Hoſts, that wait his Will;
His Preſence now, fills *Sion*'s Tow'rs,
As once, it honour'd *Sinai*'s Hill.

PART IV.

18 Aſcending high, in Triumph Thou,
Captivity haſt Captive led;
And on thy People didſt beſtow,
The Spoil of Armies, once their Dread.
19 Ev'n Rebels, ſhall partake thy Grace,
And humble Proſelytes, repair
To worſhip at thy Dwelling-Place,
And all the World pay Homage, there.
20 For Benefits, each Day beſtow'd,
Be daily, his great Name ador'd;
Who is our Saviour and our God,
Of Life and Death, the Sov'reign Lord.
21 But Juſtice, for his harden'd Foes,
Proportion'd Vengeance, hath decreed,
To wound the Hoary Head of thoſe,
Who, in preſumptuous Crimes, proceed.
22 The Lord has thus, in Thunder, ſpoke;
„ As I ſubdu'd proud *Baſhan*'s King,
„ Once more, I'll break my People's Yoke,
„ And from the Deep, my Servants bring.
23 „ Their Feet, ſhall with a crimſon Flood
„ Of ſlaughter'd Foes, be cover'd o'er,
„ Nor Earth receive ſuch impious Blood,
„ But leave for Dogs, the unhallow'd Gore.

PART V.

24 When marching to thy bleſt Abode,
the wond'ring Multitude, ſurvey'd
The Pompous State of Thee, our God,
In Robes of Majeſty array'd.
25 Sweet ſinging *Levites* led the Van,
Loud Inſtruments, brought up the Rear;
Between both Troops, a Virgin-Train
With Voice and Timbrel, charm'd the Ear.
26 This was the Burden of their Song,
„ In full Aſſemblies bleſs the Lord,
„ All, who to *Iſr'el*'s Tribes belong,
„ The God of *Iſr'el*'s Praiſe record.
27 Nor little *Benjamin*, alone,
From neighb'ring Bounds did there attend,

Nor

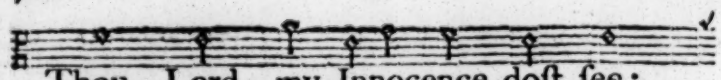
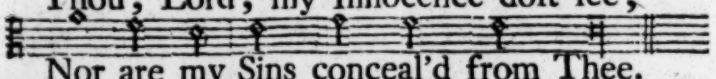
Nor only *Judah*'s nearer Throne,
Her Counſellors, in State did ſend;
28 But *Zebulon*'s remoter Seat,
And *Nephthali*'s more diſtant Coaſt,
(The grand Proceſſion to compleat)
Sent up their Tribes, a princely Hoſt.
29 Thus God, to Strength and Union brought
Our Tribes, at Strife, till that bleſt hour:
This work which Thou, O God, haſt wrought,
Confirm, with freſh Recruits of Pow'r.

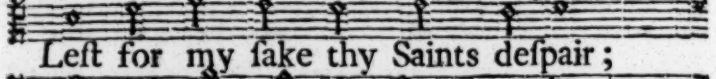
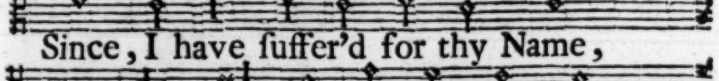
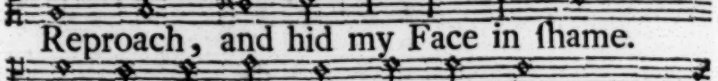
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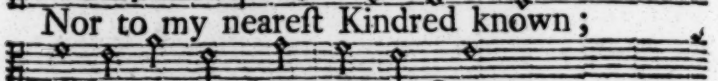
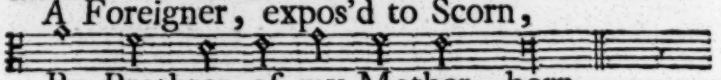
30 To viſit *Salem*, Lord, deſcend;
And *Sion* thy terreſtrial Throne;
Where Kings, with Preſents ſhall attend,
And Thee, with offer'd Crowns, atone.
31 Break down the Spearmens Ranks, who threat
Like pamper'd Herds of ſavage Might,
Their ſilver-armour'd Chiefs defeat,
Who in deſtructive War delight.
32 *Egypt* ſhall then, to God ſtretch forth
Her Hands, and *Africk* Homage bring:
The ſcatter'd Kingdoms of the Earth,
Their common Sov'reign's Praiſes, ſing.
33 Who mounted, on the loftieſt Sphere
Of ancient Heav'n, ſublimely rides;
From whence, his dreadful Voice we hear,
Like that of warring Winds and Tides.
34 Aſcribe ye Pow'r to God moſt High,
Of humble *Iſr'el* He takes Care;
Whoſe Strength from out the dusky Sky,
Darts ſhining Terrors through the Air.
35 How dreadful are the ſacred Courts,
Where God has fix'd his earthly Throne;
His Strength, his feeble Saints, ſupports;
To God give Praiſe, and Him alone.

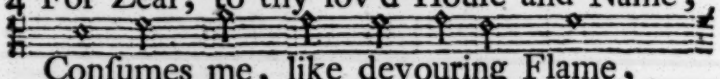
PSALM LXIX.

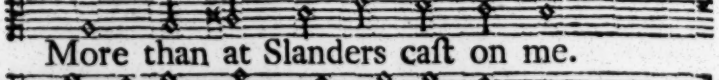
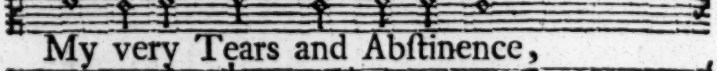
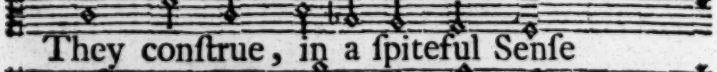
1 SAVE me, O God, from Waves that rowl,
And preſs to overwhelm my Soul.
With painful Steps in Mire I tread,
And Deluges o'erflow my Head.
With reſtleſs Cries my Spirits faint,
My Voice is hoarſe, with long Complaint;
My Sight decays, with tedious Pain,
Whilſt for my God I wait, in vain.
2 My Hairs, tho' num'rous, are but few,
Compar'd with Foes, that me purſue
With groundleſs Hate, grown now of Might
To execute, their lawleſs Spite.
They force me guiltleſs to reſign,
As Rapine, what by Right, was mine.

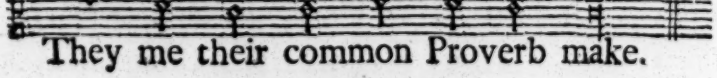
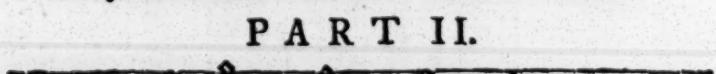

Thou, Lord, my Innocence doſt ſee;

Nor are my Sins conceal'd from Thee.

3 Lord God of Hoſts, take timely Care,

Leſt for my ſake thy Saints deſpair;

Since, I have ſuffer'd for thy Name,

Reproach, and hid my Face in ſhame.

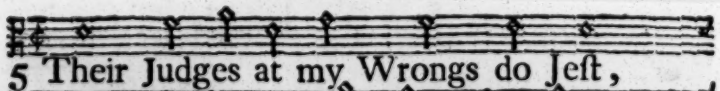
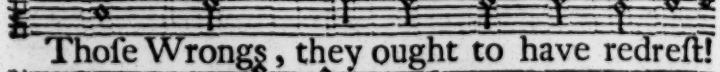
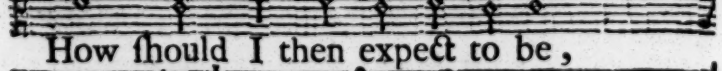
A Stranger, to my Country grown,

Nor to my neareſt Kindred known;

A Foreigner, expos'd to Scorn,

By Brethren of my Mother, born.

4 For Zeal, to thy lov'd Houſe and Name,

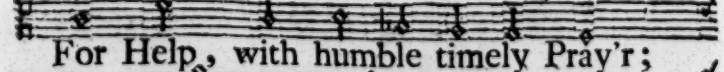
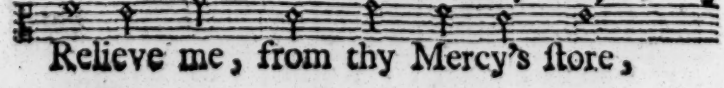
Conſumes me, like devouring Flame,

Concern'd at their Affronts to Thee,

More than at Slanders caſt on me.

My very Tears and Abſtinence,

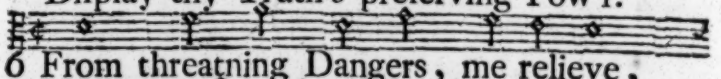
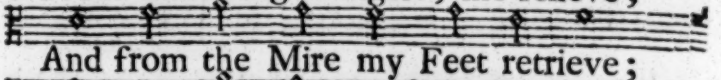
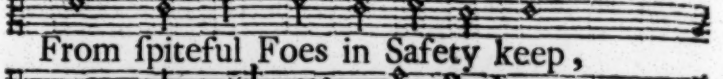
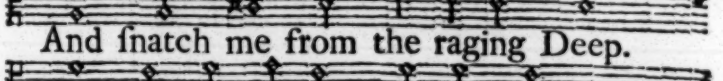
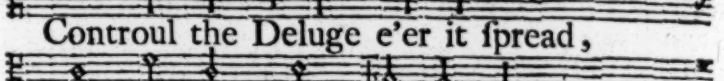
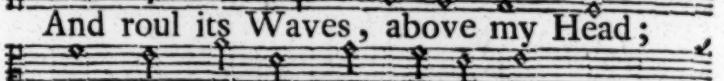
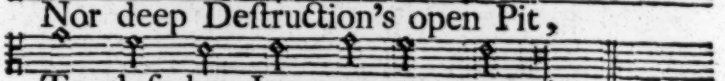
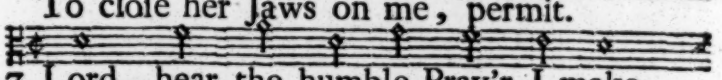
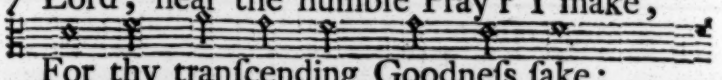
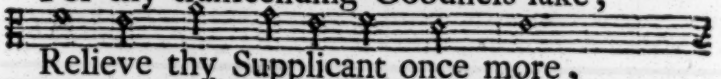
They conſtrue, in a ſpiteful Senſe

When cloath'd with Sackcloth for their ſake,

They me their common Proverb make.

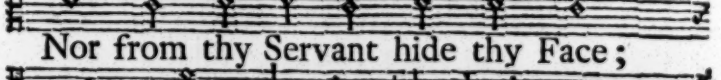
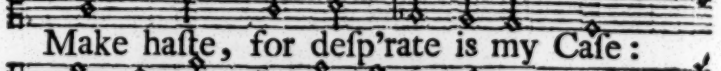
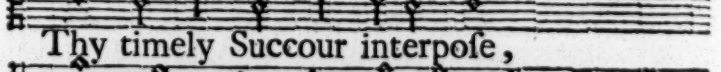
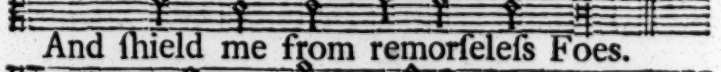
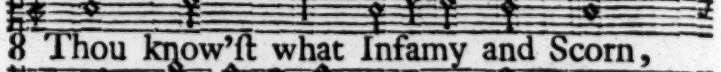
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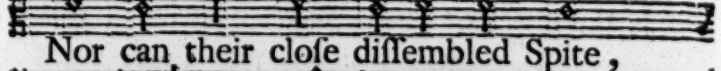

5 Their Judges at my Wrongs do Jeſt,

Thoſe Wrongs, they ought to have redreſt!

How ſhould I then expect to be,

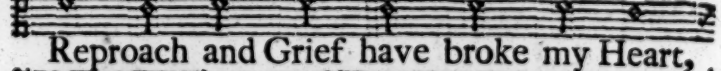
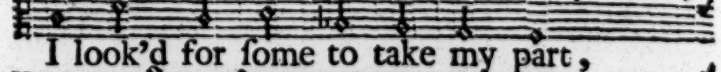
From Libels, of lewd Drunkards, free?

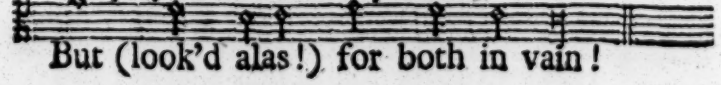
But, Lord, to Thee, I will repair

For Help, with humble timely Pray'r;

Relieve me, from thy Mercy's ſtore,

Diſplay thy Truth's preſerving Pow'r.

6 From threatning Dangers, me relieve,

And from the Mire my Feet retrieve;

From ſpiteful Foes in Safety keep,

And ſnatch me from the raging Deep.

Controul the Deluge e'er it ſpread,

And roul its Waves, above my Head;

Nor deep Deſtruction's open Pit,

To cloſe her Jaws on me, permit.

7 Lord, hear the humble Pray'r I make,

For thy tranſcending Goodneſs ſake;

Relieve thy Supplicant once more,

From thy abounding Mercy's ſtore.

Nor from thy Servant hide thy Face;

Make haſte, for deſp'rate is my Caſe:

Thy timely Succour interpoſe,

And ſhield me from remorſeleſs Foes.

8 Thou know'ſt what Infamy and Scorn,

I from my Enemies, have born;

Nor can their cloſe diſſembled Spite,

Or darkeſt Plots eſcape thy Sight.

Reproach and Grief have broke my Heart,

I look'd for ſome to take my part,

To pity or relieve my Pain;

But (look'd alas!) for both in vain!

PART III.

9 With Hunger pain'd, for Food I call,
Inſtead of Food they give me Gall;
And when with Thirſt my Spirits ſink,
They give me Vinegar to drink.
Their Table therefore, to their Health
Shall prove a Snare, a Trap, their Wealth:
Perpetual Darkneſs ſeize their Eyes,
And ſudden Blaſts their Hopes ſurpriſe.
10 On them, Thou ſhalt thy Fury pour,
Till thy fierce Wrath their Race devour;
And make their Houſe a diſmal Cell,
Where none will e'er vouchſafe to dwell.
For new Afflictions, they procur'd
For him, who had thy Stripes endur'd,
And made the Wounds thy Scourge had torn,
To bleed afreſh, with ſharper Scorn.
11 Sin ſhall to Sin their Steps betray,
Till they to Truth have loſt the Way.
From Life Thou ſhalt exclude their Soul,
Nor with the Juſt their Names enroll.
But me, howe'er diſtreſs'd and poor,
Thy ſtrong Salvation ſhall reſtore:
Thy Pow'r, with Songs I then proclaim,
And celebrate with Thanks thy Name.
12 Our God, ſhall this more highly prize
Than Herds or Flocks, in Sacrifice:
Which humble Saints with Joy ſhall ſee,
And hope for like redreſs with me.
For God regards the Poors Complaint,
Sets Pris'ners free from cloſe Reſtraint:
Let Heav'n, Earth, Sea, their Voices raiſe,
And all the World reſound his Praiſe.
13 For God will *Sion*'s Walls erect,
Fair *Judah*'s Cities will protect;
Till all her ſcatter'd Sons repair,
To undiſturb'd Poſſeſſion there.
This Bleſſing, they ſhall at their Death,
To their Religious Heirs, bequeath;
And they, to endleſs Ages more,
Of ſuch, as his bleſt Name adore.

PSALM LXX.

1 O Lord, to my Relief draw near,
For never was more preſſing Need;
For my Deliv'rance, Lord, appear,
And add, to that Deliv'rance, Speed.
2 Confuſion on their Heads return,
Who to deſtroy my Soul combine;
Let them, defeated, bluſh and mourn,
Inſnar'd in their own vile Deſign.

3 Their Doom, let Deſolation be,
With Shame, their Malice be repaid,
Who mock'd my Confidence in Thee,
And Sport of my Affliction made.

4 While thoſe, who humbly ſeek thy Face,
To joyful Triumphs ſhall be rais'd;
And all who prize thy ſaving Grace
With me ſhall ſing, *The Lord be prais'd.*

5 Thus wretched tho' I am, and poor,
The mighty Lord, of me takes care;
Thou God, who only can'ſt reſtore,
to my relief with ſpeed repair.

PSALM LXXI. [*Tune Pſ.* 15. 54.]

1 IN Thee, I put my ſtedfaſt Truſt,
defend me, Lord, from Shame,
Incline thine Ear, and ſave my Soul,
for righteous is thy Name.

2 Be Thou my ſtrong abiding Place,
to which I may reſort;
'Tis thy Decree that keeps me ſafe,
Thou art my Rock and Fort.

3 From cruel and ungodly Men,
protect and ſet me free,
For, from my earlieſt Youth till now,
my hope has been, in Thee.

4 Thy conſtant Care, did ſafely guard
my tender Infant-Days;
Thou took'ſt me from my Mother's Womb,
to ſing thy conſtant Praiſe.

5 While ſome on me with Wonder gaze,
thy Hand ſupports me ſtill;
Thy Honour therefore and thy Praiſe,
my Mouth ſhall always fill.

6 Reject not then thy Servant, Lord,
when I with Age decay;
Forſake me not, when, worn with Years,
my Vigour fades away.

7 My Foes, againſt my Fame and me,
with crafty Malice ſpeak,
Againſt my Soul they lay their Snares,
and mutual Counſel take.

8 His God, ſay they, forſakes him now,
on whom he did rely;
Purſue and take him, whilſt no hope
of timely Aid, is nigh.

9 But Thou, my God, withdraw not far,
for ſpeedy Help, I call;
To Shame and Ruin bring my Foes,
that ſeek to work my Fall.

10 But as for me, my ſtedfaſt Hope,

ſhall on thy Pow'r depend,
And I in grateful Songs of Praiſe,
my Time to come, will ſpend.

PART II.

11 Thy righteous Acts and ſaving Health,
my Mouth ſhall ſtill declare:
Unable yet to count them all,
tho' ſumm'd, with utmoſt Care.
12 While God vouchſafes me his Support,
I'll in his Strength go on;
All other Righteouſneſs diſclaim,
and mention his alone.
13 Thou, Lord, haſt taught me from my Youth,
to praiſe thy glorious Name;
And ever ſince, thy wond'rous Works
have been, my conſtant Theme.
14 Then now, forſake me not, when I
am grey, and feeble grown;
Till I to theſe, and future times,
thy Strength and Pow'r have ſhown.
15 How high thy Juſtice ſoars, O God!
how great and wond'rous are
The mighty Works, which Thou haſt done?
who may with Thee, compare?
16 Me, whom thy Hand has ſorely preſs'd,
thy Grace, ſhall yet relieve;
And, from the loweſt Depth of Woe,
with tender Care, retrieve.
17 Thro' Thee, my Time to come, ſhall be
with Pow'r and Greatneſs, crown'd,
And me, who diſmal Years have paſt,
thy Comforts, ſhall ſurround.
18 Then I with Pſaltery and Harp,
thy Truth, O Lord, will praiſe;
To Thee, the God of *Jacob*'s Race,
my Voice, in Anthems raiſe.
19 Then Joy ſhall fill my Mouth, and Song
employ, my chearful Voice;
My grateful Soul, by Thee redeem'd,
ſhall in thy Strength rejoice.
20 My Tongue, thy juſt and righteous Acts,
ſhall all the Day, proclaim;
Becauſe Thou did'ſt confound my Foes,
and brought'ſt them all to ſhame.

PSALM LXXII. [*Tune Pſ.* 58.]

1 LORD, let thy juſt Decrees, the King,
in all his Ways, direct;
And let his Son, throughout his Reign,
thy righteous Laws reſpect.

2 So ſhall he ſtill thy People judge,
with pure and upright Mind,
Whilſt all the helpleſs Poor, ſhall him
their juſt Protector, find.

3 Then Hills and Mountains, ſhall bring forth
the happy Fruits, of Peace;
Which, all the Land ſhall own to be,
the Work of Righteouſneſs:

4 Whilſt he, the poor and needy Race
ſhall rule, with gentle Sway;
And from their humble Necks, ſhall take
oppreſſive Yokes, away.

5 In ev'ry Heart thy awful Fear,
ſhall then be rooted faſt,
As long as Sun and Moon endure,
or time it ſelf ſhall laſt.

6 He, ſhall deſcend like Rain, that chears
the Meadows ſecond Birth,
Or like warm Show'rs, whoſe gentle Drops
refreſh, the thirſty Earth.

7 In his bleſt Days the Juſt and Good,
ſhall be with Favour crown'd;
The happy Land ſhall ev'ry where,
with endleſs Peace, abound.

8 His uncontroul'd Dominion, ſhall
from Sea to Sea extend;
Begin, at proud *Euphrates* Sreams,
at Nature's Limits, end.

PART II.

9 To him, the Savage Nations round
ſhall bow, their ſervile Heads;
His vanquiſht Foes ſhall lick the Duſt,
where he his Conqueſt ſpreads.

10 The Kings of *Tarſhiſh* and the Iſles,
ſhall coſtly Preſents bring;
From ſpicy *Sheba*, Gifts ſhall come,
and wealthy *Saba*'s King.

11 To him ſhall ev'ry King on Earth,
his humble Homage pay;
And diff'ring Nations gladly Join,
to own his Righteous Sway.

12 For he, ſhall ſet the Needy free,
when they for Succour cry,
Shall ſave the Helpleſs and the Poor,
and all their Wants ſupply.

13 His Providence, for needy Souls,
Shall due Supplies prepare;
And over their defenceleſs Lives,
ſhall watch, with tender Care.

14 He ſhall preſerve, and keep their Souls
from Fraud and Rapine, free,
And in his Sight, their guiltleſs Blood,

of

of mighty Price ſhall be.
15 Therefore, ſhall God his Life and Reign
to many Years extend,
Whilſt Eaſtern Princes Tribute pay,
and Golden Preſents ſend.
16 For him ſhall conſtant Pray'rs be made,
thro' all his proſp'rous Days:
His juſt Dominion ſhall afford
a laſting Theme of Praiſe.

PART III.

17 Of uſeful Grain, thro' all the Land,
great Plenty ſhall appear;
A Handful ſown on Mountain Tops,
a mighty Crop, ſhall bear:
18 Its Fruit, like Cedars ſhook by Winds,
a ratling Noiſe ſhall yield;
The City too ſhall thrive, and vie
for Plenty, with the Field.
19 The Mem'ry of his glorious Name,
thro' endleſs Years ſhall run;
His ſpotleſs Fame, ſhall ſhine as bright
and laſting, as the Sun.
20 In Him, the Nations of the World,
ſhall be compleatly bleſt,
And his unbounded Happineſs,
by ev'ry Tongue confeſt.
21 Then bleſs'd be God, the mighty Lord,
The God whom *Iſr'el* fears;
Who only wond'rous in his Works
beyond Compare appears.
22 Let Earth be with his Glory fill'd;
and ever bleſs his Name:
Whilſt to his Praiſe the liſt'ning World,
their glad Aſſent proclaim.

PSALM LXXIII.

1 AT length, by certain Proofs 'tis plain,
That God will to his Saints be kind;
That all whoſe Hearts are pure and clean,
Shall his protecting Favour find.
Till this ſuſtaining Truth I knew,
My ſtagg'ring Feet had almoſt fail'd;
I griev'd the Sinners Wealth to view,
And envy'd, when the Fools prevail'd.
2 They to the Grave in Peace deſcend,
And whilſt they live are heal and ſtrong;
No Plagues or Troubles them offend,
which oft to other Men belong.
With Pride, as with a Chain, they'r held,
And Rapine, ſeems their Robe of State;
Their Eyes ſtand out, with Fatneſs ſwell'd,

They grow, beyond their Wiſhes great.

3 With Hearts corrupt, and lofty Talk,
Oppreſſive Methods they defend;
Their Tongue, thro' all the Earth does walk,
Their Blaſphemies, to Heav'n aſcend.
And yet admiring Crowds are found,
who ſervile Viſits duly make,
Becauſe with Plenty they abound,
Of which their flatt'ring Slaves partake.
4 Their fond Opinions theſe purſue,
Till they with them profanely cry,
„ How ſhould the Lord our Actions view,
„ Can He perceive who dwells ſo high?
Behold the Wicked! theſe are they
who openly their Sins profeſs;
And yet their Wealth's increas'd each day,
And all their Actions meet Succeſs.
5 Then have I cleans'd my Heart, (ſaid I)
And waſh'd my Hands from Guilt, in vain,
If all the day oppreſs'd I lie,
And ev'ry morning ſuffer Pain.
Thus did I once to ſpeak intend,
But if ſuch Things I raſhly ſay,
Thy Children, Lord, I muſt offend,
And baſely ſhould their Cauſe betray.

PART II.

6 To fathom this, my Thoughts I bent,
but found the Caſe too hard for me;
Till to the houſe of God I went,
Then, I their End did plainly ſee.
How high ſoe'er advanc'd, they all
On ſlipp'ry Places, looſely ſtand;
Thence into Ruin headlong fall,
Caſt down, by thy avenging Hand.
7 How dreadful, and how quick, their Fate!
Deſpis'd by Thee, when they're deſtroy'd;
As waking Men, with Scorn do treat
The Fancies, that their Dreams employ'd.
Thus was my Heart with Grief oppreſt,
My Reins were rack'd with reſtleſs Pains,
So ſtupid was I, like a Beaſt,
Who no reflecting Thought retains.
8 Yet ſtill thy Preſence me ſupply'd,
And thy Right-Hand Aſſiſtance gave:
Thou firſt, ſhall with thy Counſel guide,
And then to Glory, me receive.
Whom Then in Heav'n, but Thee, alone,
Have I, whoſe Favour I require?
Throughout the ſpacious Earth, there's none
That I beſides Thee, can deſire.
9 My trembling Fleſh and aking Heart,

May

May often fail, to ſuccour me;
But God, ſhall inward ſtrength impart,
And my eternal Portion be.
For they, that far from Thee remove,
Shall into ſudden Ruin fall;
If, after other Gods they rove,
Thy Vengeance ſhall deſtroy them all.
10 But as for me, 'tis good and juſt,
That I ſhould ſtill to God repair;
In Him, I always put my Truſt,
And will his wond'rous Works declare.

PSALM LXXIV.

1 WHY haſt Thou caſt us off, O God?
wilt Thou no more return?
O! why againſt thy choſen Flock,
does thy fierce Anger burn?
2 Think on thy ancient Purchaſe, Lord,
the Land, that is thy own;
By Thee redeem'd, and *Sion*'s Mount,
where once the Glory ſhone.
3 O come, and view our ruin'd State,
how long our Troubles laſt!
See! how the Foe with wicked Rage,
has laid thy Temple waſte!
4 Thy Foes blaſpheme thy Name, where late,
thy zealous Servant, pray'd;
The Heathen, there, with haughty Pomp
their Banners, have diſplay'd.
5 Thoſe curious Carvings, which did once
advance, the Artiſt's Fame,
With Ax and Hammer they deſtroy,
like Works of vulgar Frame.
6 Thy holy Temple they have burnt;
and what eſcap'd the Flame,
Has been profan'd, and quite defac'd,
tho' ſacred to thy Name.
7 Thy Worſhip wholly to deſtroy,
maliciouſly they aim'd;
And all the ſacred Places burn'd,
where we thy Praiſe proclaim'd:
8 Yet of thy Preſence, Thou vouchſaf'ſt
no tender Signs to ſend;
We have no Prophet now, that knows,
when this ſad State ſhall end.

PART II.

9 But, Lord, how long wilt Thou permit,
th' inſulting Foe to boaſt?
Shall all the honour of thy Name,
for ever more, be loſt?
10 Why hold'ſt thou back thy ſtrong Right Hand,

and on thy patient breaſt,
When Vengeance calls to ſtretch it forth,
ſo calmly let'ſt it reſt?

11 Thou heretofore, with Kingly Pow'r,
in our Defence haſt fought;
For us, throughout the wond'ring World,
haſt great Salvation wrought.

12 'Twas Thou, O God, that didſt the Sea
by thy own Strength, divide;
Thou brak'ſt the watry Monſter's Head,
the Waves, o'erwhelm'd their Pride.

13 The greateſt, fierceſt of them all,
that ſeem'd the Deep to ſway;
Was by thy Pow'r deſtroy'd, and made
to ſavage Beaſts, a Prey.

14 Thou clav'ſt the ſolid Rock, and mad'ſt
The Waters largely flow;
Again, Thou mad'ſt thro' parted Streams,
thy wond'ring People go.

15 Thine, is the chearful Day, and thine,
the black Return of Night;
Thou, haſt prepar'd the glorious Sun,
and ev'ry feebler Light.

16 By Thee, the Borders of the Earth
in perfect Order ſtand;
The Summer's Warmth, and Winter's Cold,
attend on thy Command.

PART III.

17 Remember, Lord, how ſcornful Foes,
have daily urg'd our Shame;
And how the fooliſh People have
blaſphem'd, thy holy Name.

18 O! free thy mourning Turtle-dove,
by ſinful Crowds beſet;
Nor the Aſſembly of thy poor,
for evermore forget.

19 Thy ancient Cov'nant, Lord, regard,
and make thy Promiſe good;
For now, each Corner of the Land
is fill'd, with Men of Blood.

20 O, let not the Oppreſt return
With Sorrow cloath'd, and Shame;
But let the Helpleſs and the Poor,
for ever praiſe thy Name.

21 Ariſe, O God, in our behalf,
thy Cauſe and ours maintain;
Remember, how inſulting Fools,
each Day thy Name profane!

22 Make Thou the Boaſtings of thy Foes,
for evermore to ceaſe;
Whoſe Inſolence, if unchaſtiz'd,
will more and more, increaſe.

PSALM

PSALM LXXV. [*Tune Pſ.* 19. 66.]

1 TO Thee, O God, we render Praiſe,
to Thee, with Thanks repair;
For, that thy Name to us is nigh,
thy wond'rous Works, declare.
2 In *Iſr'el* when my Throne is fix'd,
with me ſhall Juſtice reign:
The Land with Diſcord ſhakes, but I
the ſinking Frame, ſuſtain.
3 Deluded Wretches I advis'd,
their Errors to redreſs,
And warn'd bold Sinners, that they ſhould
their ſwelling Pride, ſuppreſs.
4 Bear not your ſelves ſo high, as if
no Pow'r could yours reſtrain;
Submit your ſtubborn Necks, and learn
to ſpeak, with leſs Diſdain.
5 For that Promotion, which to gain,
your vain Ambition ſtrives,
From neither Eaſt, nor Weſt, nor yet
From Southern Climes, arrives.
6 For God, the great Diſpoſer is,
and Sov'reign Judge, alone,
Who caſts the Proud to Earth, and lifts
the Humble, to a Throne.
7 His Hand, holds forth a dreadful Cup,
with purple Wine 'tis crown'd;
The deadly Mixture, which his Wrath
deals out, to Nations round.
8 Of this his Saints ſometimes may taſte,
but wicked Men ſhall ſqueeze
The bitter Dregs, and be condemn'd
to drink, the very Lees.
9 His Prophet I, to all the World
this Meſſage, will relate;
The Juſtice then, of *Jacob*'s God,
my Song ſhall celebrate.
10 The Wicked's Pride I will reduce,
their Cruelty Diſarm;
Exalt the Juſt, and ſeat him high,
above the Reach of Harm.

PSALM LXXVI.

1 IN *Judah* the Almighty's known,
(Almighty there by Wonders ſhown)
His Name in *Jacob* does excel:
His Sanctuary in *Salem* ſtands,
The Majeſty that Heav'n commands
In *Sion* condeſcends to dwell.

2 He brake the Bow and Arrows there,
The Shield, the temper'd Sword and Spear,
There ſlain, the mighty Army lay;
Whence *Sion*'s Fame thro' Earth is ſpread,
Of greater Glory, greater Dread,
Than Hills, where Robbers lodge their Prey.

3 Their valiant Chiefs, who came for Spoil,
Themſelves met there a ſhameful Foil,
Securely down to ſleep they lay.
But wak'd no more; their ſtouteſt Band
Ne'er lifted, one reſiſting Hand
'Gainſt His, that did their Legions ſlay.

4 When *Jacob's* God began to frown,
Both Horſe and Charioteers, o'erthrown,
Together ſlept in endleſs Night:
When Thou, whom Earth and Heav'n revere,
Doſt once with wrathful Looks appear,
What mortal Pow'r can ſtand thy Sight?

5 Pronounc'd from Heav'n, Earth heard its Doom,
Grew huſht with Fear, when Thou didſt come,
The Meek with Juſtice to reſtore;
The Wrath of Man ſhall yield Thee Praiſe,
It's laſt Attempts, but ſerve to raiſe
the Triumphs, of Almighty Pow'r.

6 Vow to the Lord, ye Nations, bring
Vow'd Preſents, to th' Eternal King;
Thus to his Name due Rev'rence pay,
Who proudeſt Potentates can quell,
To earthly Kings more terrible,
Than to their trembling Subjects they.

PSALM LXXVII. [*Tune Pſ.* 17.]

1 TO God I cry'd, who to my Help
did graciouſly repair;
In Trouble's diſmal Day I ſought
my God with humble Pray'r.

2 All Night my feſt'ring Wound did run,
no Med'cine gave Relief;
My Soul, no Comfort would admit,
my Soul, indulg'd her Grief.

3 I thought on God, and Favours paſt,
but that increas'd my Pain;
I found my Spirit more oppreſt,
the more I did complain.

4 Thro' ev'ry Watch of tedious Night,
Thou keep'ſt my Eyes awake;
My Grief is ſwell'd to that Exceſs,
I ſigh, but cannot ſpeak.

5 I call to Mind the Days of Old,
with ſignal Mercy crown'd,
Thoſe famous Years of ancient Times,

for

for Miracles renown'd.

6 By Night, I recollect my Songs,
on former Triumphs made;
Then ſearch, conſult, and ask my Heart,
where's now thy wond'rous Aid?

7 Has God for ever caſt us off,
withdrawn his Favour quite?
Are both his Mercy and his Truth
retir'd, to endleſs Night?

8 Can his long practis'd Love forget,
it's wonted Aids to bring?
Has He, in wrath ſhut up, and ſeal'd
his Mercy's healing Spring?

9 I ſaid my Weakneſs hints theſe Fears,
but I'll my Fears disband;
Will yet remember the moſt High,
and Years of his Right-Hand.

10 I'll call to Mind his Works of old,
the Wonders of his Might;
On them, my Heart ſhall meditate,
my Tongue ſhall them recite.

PART II.

11 Safe lodg'd from human Search on high,
O God, thy Counſels are!
Who is ſo great a God as ours?
who can with Him compare?

12 Long ſince a God of Wonders, Thee
thy reſcu'd People, found;
Long ſince haſt Thou thy choſen Seed,
with ſtrong Deliv'rance crown'd.

13 When Thee, O God, the Waters ſaw,
the frighted Billows ſhrunk;
The troubled Depths themſelves for Fear,
beneath their Channels ſunk.

14 The Clouds pour'd down, while rending Skies,
did with their Noiſe conſpire;
Thy Arrows all abroad were ſent,
wing'd with avenging Fire.

15 Heav'n with thy Thunder's Voice was torn,
whilſt all the lower World,
With lightning blaz'd; Earth ſhook, and ſeem'd
from her Foundation hurl'd,

16 Thro' rolling Streams, Thou find'ſt thy way,
thy Paths in Waters lie;
Thy wond'rous Paſſage, where no Sight
thy Footſteps, can deſcry.

17 Thou led'ſt thy People, like a Flock,
ſafe thro' the Deſart Land,
By *Moſes*, their meek skilful Guide,
And *Aaron*'s, ſacred Hand.

PSALM LXXVIII. [*Tune Pſ.* 24.]

1 HEar, O my People, to my Law,
devout Attention lend;
Let the Inſtruction of my Mouth,
deep in your Hearts deſcend.
My Tongue, by Inſpiration taught,
ſhall Parables unfold,
Dark Oracles; but underſtood,
and own'd, for Truths of old.

2 Which we, from ſacred Regiſters
of ancient Times, have known,
And our Fore-fathers pious Care,
to us, has handed down.
We will not hide them from our Sons;
our Offspring, ſhall be taught
The Praiſes of the Lord, whoſe Strength
has Works of Wonder, wrought.

3 For *Jacob* He this Law ordain'd,
this League with *Iſr'el* made;
With Charge, to be from Age to Age,
from Race to Race, convey'd.
That Generations yet to come,
ſhould to their unborn Heirs,
Religiouſly tranſmit the ſame,
and they again, to theirs.

4 To teach them, that in God alone,
their Hope, ſecurely ſtands;
That they ſhould ne'er forget his Works,
but keep, his juſt Commands.
Leſt, like their Fathers, they might prove,
a ſtiff rebellious Race;
Falſe-hearted, fickle to their God,
unſtedfaſt in his Grace.

PART II.

5 Such were revolting *Ephraim*'s Sons,
who tho' to Warfare bred;
And skilful Archers arm'd with Bows,
from Field, ignobly, fled.
They falſifi'd their League with God,
his Orders diſobey'd;
Forgot his Works and Miracles,
before their Eyes diſplay'd.

6 Nor Wonders, which their Fathers ſaw,
did they in mind retain;
Prodigious Things in *Egypt* done,
and *Zoan*'s fertile Plain.
He, cut the Seas to let them paſs,
reſtrain'd the preſſing Flood;
While pil'd on Heaps, on either Side,
the ſolid Waters ſtood.

7 A wond'rous Pillar led them on,
compos'd of Shade and Light;
A ſhelt'ring Cloud it prov'd, by Day,
a leading Fire, by Night.
WhenDrought oppreſt them,where no Stream,
the Wilderneſs ſupply'd,
He cleft the Rock, whoſe flinty Breaſt
diſſolv'd, into a Tide.

8 Streams, from the ſolid Rock He brought,
which down, in Rivers fell,
That, trav'ling with their Camp, each day
renew'd, the Miracle.
Yet there, they ſinn'd againſt Him more,
provoking the moſt High;
In that ſame Deſart, where He did
their fainting Souls ſupply.

PART III.

9 They firſt incens'd Him in their Hearts,
that did his Pow'r diſtruſt;
And long'd for Meat, not urg'd by Want,
but to indulge, their Luſt.
Then utter'd their blaſpheming Doubts,
„ Can God, ſay they, prepare
„ A Table, in the Wilderneſs,
„ ſet out with various Fare?

10 „ He ſmote the flinty Rock, ('tis true)
„ and guſhing Streams enſu'd;
But can He, Corn and Fleſh provide,
for ſuch a Multitude?
The Lord, with Indignation heard:
From Heav'n, avenging Flame
On *Jacob* fell, conſuming Wrath,
on thankleſs *Iſr'el*, came.

11 Becauſe, their unbelieving Hearts,
in God would not confide;
Nor truſt his Care, who had from Heav'n,
their Wants ſo oft, ſupply'd.
Tho' He, had made his Clouds, diſcharge
Proviſions down, in Show'rs;
And, when Earth fail'd; reliev'd their Needs,
from his celeſtial Stores.

12 Tho', taſteful Manna was rain'd down,
their Hunger to relieve;
Tho', from the Stores of Heav'n, they did
ſuſtaining Corn, receive.
Thus, Man with Angels ſacred Food,
ungrateful Man, was fed;
Not ſparingly, for ſtill they found
a plenteous Table, ſpread.

PART IV.

13 From Heav'n, He made an Eaſt Wind blow,
then did the South command,
To rain down Fleſh like Duſt, and Fowls
like Seas unnumber'd Sand.
Within their Trenches, He let fall
the luſcious, eaſy Prey;
And all around their ſpreading Camp,
the ready Booty lay.

14 They fed, were fill'd, He gave them Leave,
their Appetites to feaſt;
Yet ſtill, their wanton Luſt crav'd on,
nor with their Hunger, ceas'd.
But, whilſt in their luxurious Mouths,
they did their Dainties chew,
The Wrath of God, ſmote down their Chiefs,
and *Iſr'els* Choſen ſlew.

15 Yet ſtill they ſinn'd, nor would afford
his Miracles Belief;
Therefore, thro' fruitleſs Travels, He
conſum'd their Lives, in Grief.
When ſome were ſlain, the reſt return'd
to God, with early Cry;
Own'd Him the Rock of their Defence,
their Saviour, God moſt High.

16 But, this was feign'd Submiſſion all,
their Heart, their Tongue bely'd;
Their Heart was ſtill perverſe, nor wou'd,
firm in his League abide.
Yet, full of Mercy, He forgave,
Nor did with Death chaſtiſe;
But turn'd his kindled Wrath aſide,
or would not let it riſe.

PART V.

17 For He remembred they were Fleſh,
that could not long remain;
A murm'ring Wind that's quickly paſt,
and ne'er returns again.
How oft, did they provoke Him there,
How oft, his Patience grieve,
In that ſame Deſart, where He did,
their fainting Souls, relieve?

18 They tempted Him, by turning back,
and wickedly repin'd;
When *Iſr'el*'s God, refus'd to be
by their Deſires, confin'd.
Nor call'd to mind the Hand and Day,
that their Redemption brought;
His Signs in *Egypt*, wond'rous works
in *Zoan*'s Valley, wrought.

19 He

19 He, turn'd their Rivers into Blood,
that Man and Beaſt forbore,
And rather choſe to die of Thirſt,
than drink, the putrid Gore.
He, ſent devouring Swarms of Flies,
hoarſe Frogs annoy'd their Soil;
Locuſts and Caterpillars, reap'd
the Harveſt, of their Toil.
20 Their Vines, with batt'ring Hail, were broke,
with Froſt, the Fig-Tree, dies;
Light'ning and Hail, made Flocks and Herbs
one gen'ral Sacrifice.
He, turn'd his Anger looſe, and ſet
no Time for it, to ceaſe;
And, with their plagues, bad Angels ſent,
their Torments to increaſe.

PART VI.

21 He, clear'd a Paſſage for his Wrath,
to ravage uncontroul'd;
The Murrain, on their Firſtlings ſeiz'd,
in ev'ry Field and Fold.
The deadly Peſt, from Beaſt to Man,
from Field to City, came;
It ſlew their Heirs, their eldeſt Hopes,
thro' all the Tents of *Ham*.
22 But his own Tribe; like folded Sheep,
He brought, from their Diſtreſs;
And them conducted, like a Flock,
throughout the Wilderneſs.
He led them on, and in their Way,
no Cauſe of Fear they found;
But march'd ſecurely, thro' thoſe Deeps
in which, their Foes, were drown'd.
23 Nor ceas'd his Care, till them He brought,
ſafe, to his promis'd Land,
And to his holy Mount, the Prize,
of his victorious Hand.
To them, the out-caſt Heathen's Land,
He did by Lot divide;
And in their Foes abandon'd Tents,
made *Iſr'el*'s Tribes, reſide.
24 Yet ſtill, they tempted, ſtill, provok'd
the Wrath of God, moſt High;
Nor would, to practiſe his Commands,
their ſtubborn Hearts, apply.
But in their faithleſs Father's Steps,
perverſly choſe to go;
They turn'd aſide, like Arrows ſhot,
from ſome deceitful Bow.
25 For Him, to Fury they provok'd,
with Altars ſet on high;
And with their graven Images

inflam'd, his Jealouſy.
When God heard this, on *Iſr'el*'s Tribes;
his Wrath and Hatred fell;
He quitted *Shilo*, and the Tents,
where, once, He choſe to dwell.

PART VII.

26 To vile Captivity, his Ark;
his Glory, to Diſdain;
His People, to the Sword He gave,
nor would his Wrath reſtrain.
Deſtructive Fire, their ableſt Youth,
untimely, did confound;
No Virgin was to Wedlock led,
with Nuptial Anthems crown'd.
27 In Fight, the Sacrificer fell,
the Prieſt, a Victim bled;
And Widows, who their Death ſhould mourn,
themſelves, of Grief, were dead.
Then, as a Giant, rowz'd from Sleep,
whom Wine had throughly warm'd,
Shouts out aloud; the Lord awak'd,
and his proud Foe alarm'd.
28 He, ſmote their Hoſt, that from the Field
a ſcatter'd Remnant came,
With Wounds imprinted on their Backs,
of everlaſting Shame.

The Lord rejected *Joſeph*'s Tents,
and *Ephraim*'s Tribe forſook;
But *Judah* choſe, and *Sion*'s Mount,
for his lov'd Dwelling, took.
29 His Temple, He erected there,
with Spires exalted high;
While deep and fixt, as that of Earth,
the ſtrong Foundations lie.
His faithful Servant *David* too,
He for his Choice did own,
And from the Sheep-Folds, him advanc'd
to ſit, on *Judah*'s Throne.
30 From tending on the teeming Ewes,
He, brought him forth, to feed
His own Inheritance, the Tribes
of *Iſr'el*'s choſen Seed.
Exalted thus, the Monarch prov'd
a faithful Shepherd, ſtill;
He fed them, with an upright Heart,
and guided them, with Skill.

PSALM LXXIX. [*Tune Pſ.* 22. 53.]

1 BEhold, O God, how Heathen Hoſts
have thy Poſſeſſion, ſeiz'd:
Thy ſacred Houſe, they have defil'd,

Thy

Thy holy City, raz'd.

2 The mangled Bodies of thy Saints,
abroad, unburied lay;
Their Fleſh expos'd to ſavage Beaſts,
and rav'nous Birds of Prey.

3 Quite thro' *Jerus'lem*, was their Blood,
like common Water, ſhed;
And none were left alive, to pay
laſt Duties, to the Dead.

4 The neighb'ring Lands, our ſmall Remains
with loud Reproaches, wound,
And we, a Laughing-ſtock are made
to all the Nations, round.

5 How long wilt Thou be angry, Lord,
muſt we, for ever, mourn?
Shall thy devouring jealous Rage
Like Fire, for ever burn?

6 On foreign Lands that know not Thee,
thy heavy Vengeance ſhow'r;
Thoſe ſinful Kingdoms let it cruſh,
that have not own'd thy Pow'r.

7 For their devouring Jaws, have prey'd
on *Jacob*'s choſen Race;
And to a barren Deſart turn'd,
their fruitful Dwelling-Place.

PART II.

8 O! think not on our former Sins,
but ſpeedily, prevent
The utter Ruin, of thy Saints,
almoſt, with Sorrow ſpent.

9 Thou, God of our Salvation, help,
and free our Souls from blame;
So ſhall our Pardon and Defence
exalt thy glorious Name.

10 Let Infidels, that ſcoffing ſay,
where is the God they boaſt?
In Vengeance, for thy ſlaughter'd Saints,
perceive Thee to their Coſt.

11 Lord hear the ſighing Pris'ner's Moan;
thy ſaving Pow'r extend;
Preſerve the Wretches, doom'd to die,
from that untimely End,

12 On them, who us oppreſs, let all
our Suff'rings, be repaid;
Make their Confuſion, ſev'n times more
than what, on us they laid.

13 So we, thy People, and thy Flock,
ſhall ever, praiſe thy Name;
And with glad Hearts, our grateful Thanks,
from Age to Age, proclaim.

PSALM LXXX.

1 O! *Isr'el*'s Shepherd, *Joseph*'s Guide,
Our Pray'rs to Thee, vouchsafe to hear;
Thou, that dost on the Cherubs ride,
Again, in solemn State appear.

2 Behold, how *Benjamin* expects,
With *Ephraim* and *Manasseh* join'd,
In our Deliv'rance, the Effects
Of thy resistless Strength, to find.

3 Do Thou convert us, Lord, do Thou,
the Lustre of thy Face, display;
And all the ills we suffer now,
Like scatter'd Clouds, shall pass away.

4 O! Thou, whom Heav'nly Hosts obey,
How long shall thy fierce Anger burn?
How long, thy suff'ring People pray,
And to their Pray'rs, have no Return?

5 When hungry, we are forc'd to drench
Our scanty Food, in Floods of Woe;
When dry, our raging Thirst we quench
With Streams of Tears, that largely flow.

6 For us, the Heathen Nations round,
As for a common Prey, contest;
Our Foes, with spiteful Joy abound,
And at our lost Condition, jest.

7 Do Thou convert us, Lord, do Thou,
The Lustre of thy Face, display;
And all the ills we suffer now,
Like scatter'd Clouds, shall pass away.

PART II.

8 Thou brought'st a Vine from *Egypt*'s Land,
And casting out the Heathen Race,
Didst plant it, with thy own Right Hand,
And firmly fix it, in their Place.

9 Before it, Thou, prepar'dst the Way,
And mad'st it take a lasting Root,
Which, blest with thy indulgent Ray,
O'er all the Land, did widely shoot.

10 The Hills were cover'd with its Shade,
Its goodly Boughs, did Cedars seem;
Its Branches, to the Sea were spread,
And reach'd, to proud *Euphrates* Stream.

11 Why then, hast Thou its Hedge o'erthrown,
Which Thou had'st made so firm and strong?
Whilst all its Grapes, defenceless grown,
Are pluck'd by those, that pass along.

12 See, how the bristling Forest Boar,
With dreadful Fury, lays it waste;
Hark, how the Savage Monsters roar,

And

And to their helpleſs Prey, make haſte.

PART III.

13 To Thee, O God of Hoſts, we pray;
Thy wonted Goodneſs, Lord, renew:
From Heav'n, thy Throne, this Vine ſurvey,
And her ſad State, with Pity view.
14 Behold the Vineyard, made by Thee,
Which thy Right-Hand did guard ſo long;
And keep that Branch, from Danger free,
which, for thy ſelf, Thou, mad'ſt ſo ſtrong.
15 To waſting Flames, 'tis made a Prey,
And all it's ſpreading Boughs cut down;
At thy Rebuke, they ſoon decay,
And periſh, at thy dreadful frown.
16 Crown Thou the King, with good Succeſs,
By thy Right-Hand ſecur'd from Wrong;
The Son of Man, in Mercy bleſs,
Whom, for thy ſelf, Thou mad'ſt ſo ſtrong.
17 So, ſhall we ſtill, continue free
From, whatſoe'er deſerves thy Blame;
And, if once more reviv'd by Thee,
Will always praiſe, thy holy Name.
18 Do Thou convert us, Lord, do Thou,
the Luſtre of thy Face, diſplay,
And all the ills we ſuffer now,
Like ſcatter'd Clouds, ſhall paſs away.

PSALM LXXXI. [*Tune Pſ.* 11.]

1 TO God, our never failing Strength,
with loud Applauſes ſing;
And jointly make a chearful Noiſe,
to *Jacob*'s awful King.
2 Compoſe a Hymn of Praiſe, and touch
your Inſtruments of Joy;
Let Pſalteries and pleaſant Harps;
your grateful Skill, employ.
3 Let Trumpets, at the great new Moon,
their joyful Voices raiſe,
To celebrate, th' appointed Time,
the ſolemn Day, of Praiſe.
4 For this, a Statute was of old,
which, *Jacob*'s God decreed
To be with pious Care, obſerv'd,
by *Iſr'el*'s choſen Seed.
5 This, He, for a Memorial fix'd,
when freed from *Egypt*'s Land,
Strange Nations barb'rous Speech we heard,
but, could not underſtand.
6 „ Your burthen'd Shoulders, I reliev'd,
(thus ſeems our God to ſay)
„ Your ſervile Hands, by Me were freed
from

from lab'ring, in the Clay.

7 Your Anceſtors, with Wrongs oppreſt,
to Me, for Aid, did call;
With Pity, I their Suff'rings ſaw,
and ſet them free from all.

8 They ſought from Me, and from the Clouds,
In Thunder, I reply'd;
At *Meribah*'s contentious Stream,
their Faith and Duty, try'd.

PART II.

9 While I my ſolemn Will declare,
my choſen People hear;
If thou, O *Iſr'el*, to my Words
wilt lend, thy liſt'ning Ear;

10 Then, ſhall no God beſides my ſelf,
within thy Coaſts, be found;
Nor ſhalt thou worſhip any God,
of all the Nations round.

11 The Lord thy God am I, who thee
brought forth, from *Egypt*'s Land;
'Tis I, that all thy juſt Deſires
ſupply, with lib'ral Hand.

12 But they, my choſen Race, refus'd
to hearken, to my Voice;
Nor would, rebellious *Iſr'el*'s Sons
make Me, their happy Choice.

13 So I provok'd, reſign'd them up,
to ev'ry Luſt, a Prey;
And, in their own perverſe Deſigns,
permitted them to ſtray.

14 O that my People wiſely would,
my juſt Commandments, heed!
And *Iſr'el*, in my Righteous Ways,
with pious Care, proceed!

15 Then, ſhould my heavy Judgments fall,
on all that them oppoſe;
And, my avenging Hand be turn'd
againſt, their num'rous Foes.

16 Their Enemies and mine, ſhould all
before my Foot-Stool, bend;
But as for them, their happy State
ſhould never know an End.

17 All Parts, with plenty ſhould abound;
with fineſt Wheat, their Field:
The barren Rocks, to pleaſe their Taſte,
ſhould richeſt Honey, yield.

PSALM LXXXII. [*Tune Pſ. 7.*]

1 GOD, in the great Aſſembly ſtands
where, his impartial Eye,
In State ſurveys the earthly Gods,

and

and does their Judgments try.

2 How dare you then, unjuſtly judge,
or be to Sinners kind?
Defend the Orphans and the Poor,
let ſuch, your Juſtice find.

3 Protect the humble helpleſs Man,
reduc'd to deep Diſtreſs,
And let not him, become a Prey
to ſuch, as would oppreſs.

4 They neither know, nor will they learn,
but blindly rove and ſtray;
Juſtice and Truth, the World's great Props;
Thro' all the Land decay.

5 Well then, may God, in anger ſay,
„ I've call'd you by my Name.
„ I've ſaid y'are Gods, and all ally'd
„ to the moſt High, in Fame.

6 „ But ne'ertheleſs, your unjuſt Deeds
„ to ſtrict Account, I'll call;
You all ſhall die, like common Men,
like other Tyrants, fall.

7 Ariſe, and thy juſt Judgments, Lord,
throughout the Earth diſplay;
And all the Nations of the World
ſhall own thy righteous Sway.

PSALM LXXXIII. [*Tune Pſ.* 10. 52.]

1 HOld not thy Peace, O Lord our God,
no longer ſilent be;
Nor with conſenting quiet Looks
our Ruin calmly ſee!

2 For lo! the Tumults of thy Foes,
o'er all the Land are ſpread;
And thoſe, who hate thy Saints, and Thee,
lift up their threatning Head.

3 Againſt thy zealous People, Lord,
they craftily combine;
And, to deſtroy thy choſen Saints,
have laid, their cloſe Deſign.

4 „ Come, let us cut them off, ſay they,
„ their Nation quite deface;
„ That no Remembrance may remain,
of *Iſr'el*'s hated Race.

5 Thus, they againſt thy People's Peace
conſult, with one Conſent;
And diff'ring Nations, jointly leagu'd,
their common Malice, vent.

6 The *Iſhm'elites*, that dwell in Tents,
with Warlike *Edom* join'd,
And *Moab*'s Sons; our Ruin vow,
with *Hagar*'s Race combin'd:

7 Proud *Ammon*'s Offspring, *Gebal* too,
with *Amalek* conſpire;
The Lords of *Paleſtine*, and all
the wealthy Sons, of *Tyre*:
8 All theſe, the ſtrong *Aſſyrian* King,
their firm Ally, have got;
Who, with a pow'rful Army, aids
th' inceſtuous Race, of *Lot*

PART II.

9 But, let ſuch Vengeance come to them,
as once, to *Midian* came;
To *Jabin* and proud *Siſera*,
at *Kiſhon*'s fatal Stream.
10 When, thy Right-Hand, their num'rous Hoſts
near *Endor*, did confound,
And left their Carcaſſes for Dung,
to feed the hungry Ground.
11 Let all their mighty Men, the Fate
of *Zeb* and *Oreb*, ſhare;
As *Zebah* and *Zalmunnah*, ſo,
let all their Princes, fare.
12 Who, with the ſame Deſign inſpir'd,
thus vainly boaſting ſpake,
„ In firm poſſeſſion, for our ſelves,
„ let us, God's Houſes take.
13 To Ruin let them haſte, like Wheels,
which downwards, ſwiftly move;
Like Chaff, before the Winds, let all
their ſcatter'd Forces, prove.
14 As Flames conſume dry Wood or Heath,
that on parch'd Mountains grows,
So, let thy fierce purſuing Wrath,
with Terror ſtrike thy Foes,
15 Lord, ſhroud their Faces with Diſgrace,
that they may own thy Name;
Or them confound, whoſe harden'd Hearts,
thy gentle Means, diſclaim.
16 So, ſhall the Wond'ring World confeſs
that Thou, who claim'ſt alone
Jehovah's Name, o'er all the Earth
haſt rais'd, thy lofty Throne.

PSALM LXXXIV. [*Tune Pſ.* 26.]

1 O God of Hoſts, the mighty Lord,
how lovely is the Place;
Where Thou, enthron'd in Glory, ſhew'ſt
the Brigtneſs, of thy Face!
2 My longing Soul, faints with Deſire,
to view thy bleſt Abode;
My panting Heart and Fleſh, cry out
for Thee, the living God.

3 The Birds, more happy far than I,
around thy Temple throng;
Securely, there they build, and there
ſecurely hatch, their Young.
4 O Lord of Hoſts, my King and God,
how highly bleſt are they,
Who in thy Temple always dwell,
and there, thy Praiſe diſplay!
5 Thrice happy they, whoſe Choice, has Thee
their ſure Protection, made;
Who long to tread the ſacred Ways,
that to thy Dwelling lead!
6 Who paſs thro' parch't and thirſty Vales,
yet no Refreſhment want;
Their Pools are fill'd with Rain, which Thou
at their Requeſt doſt grant.
7 Thus they proceed from Strength to Strength
and ſtill approach more near;
Till all on *Sion*'s holy Mount,
before their God appear.

PART II.

8 O Lord, the mighty God of Hoſts,
my juſt Requeſt regard;
Thou God of *Jacob*, let my Pray'r
be ſtill with Favour heard!
9 Behold, O God, for Thou alone
can'ſt timely Aid diſpenſe;
On thy anointed Servant look,
be Thou his ſtrong Defence:
10 For in thy Courts one ſingle Day,
'tis better to attend,
Than, Lord, in any Place beſides,
a thouſand Days to ſpend.
11 Much rather in God's Houſe, will I
the meaneſt Office take,
Than in the wealthy Tents of Sin,
my pompous Dwelling make.
12 For God who is our Sun and Shield,
will Grace and Glory give;
And no good Thing will he with-hold
from them that juſtly live.
13 Thou God, whom heav'nly Hoſts obey,
how highly bleſt is he,
Whoſe Hope and Truſt, ſecurely plac'd,
is ſtill repos'd on Thee!

PSALM LXXXV. [*Tune Pſ.* 13.]

1 LOrd, Thou haſt granted to thy Land,
the Favours we implor'd;
And faithful *Jacob*'s captive Race,
haſt graciouſly reſtor'd.

2 Thy People's Sin Thou haſt forgiv'n,
and all their Guilt defac'd;
Thou haſt not let thy Wrath flame on,
nor thy fierce Anger laſt.
3 O God our Saviour, all our Hearts
to thy Obedience turn;
That quencht with our repenting Tears,
thy Wrath no more may burn.
4 For why ſhould'ſt Thou be angry ſtill,
and Wrath ſo long retain?
Revive us, Lord, and let thy Saints
thy wonted Comfort gain.
5 Thy gracious Favour, Lord, diſplay,
which we have long implor'd;
And for thy wond'rous Mercies ſake,
thy wonted Aid afford.
6 God's Anſwer patiently I'll wait,
for He with glad Succeſs,
(If they no more to Folly turn)
his mourning Saints will bleſs.
7 To all that fear his holy Name,
his ſure Salvation's near;
And in its former happy State
our Nation ſhall appear.
8 For Mercy now with Truth is join'd;
and Righteouſneſs with Peace,
Like kind Companions abſent long,
with friendly Arms embrace.
9 Truth from the Earth ſhall ſpring, whilſt Heav'n
ſhall Streams of Juſtice pour;
And God, from whom all Goodneſs flows,
ſhall endleſs Plenty ſhow'r.
10 Before Him Righteouſneſs ſhall march,
and his juſt Paths prepare;
Whilſt we his holy Steps purſue,
with conſtant Zeal and Care.

PSALM LXXXVI. [*Tune Pſ.* 12. 55.]

1 TO my Complaint, O Lord my God,
thy gracious Ear incline;
Hear me, diſtreſt and deſtitute
of all Relief, but thine;
2 Do Thou, O God, preſerve my Soul,
that does thy Name adore:
Thy Servant keep, and him, whoſe Truſt
relies on Thee, reſtore.
3 To me, who daily Thee invoke,
thy Mercy, Lord extend,
Refreſh thy Servant's Soul, whoſe Hopes
on Thee alone depend.
4 Thou, Lord, art good, not only good,

but

but prompt to pardon too;
Of plenteous Mercy to all thoſe,
who for thy Mercy ſue.
5 To my repeated humble Pray'r,
O Lord, attentive be!
When Troubled, I on Thee will call,
for Thou wilt anſwer me.
6 Among the Gods there's none like Thee,
O Lord, alone divine!
To Thee, as much inferiour they,
as are their Works to thine.
7 Therefore their great Creator Thee,
the Nations ſhall adore;
Their long miſguided Pray'rs and Praiſe,
to thy bleſt Name reſtore.
8 All ſhall confeſs Thee great, and great
the Wonders Thou haſt done:
Confeſs Thee God, the God ſupreme;
confeſs Thee God alone.

PART II.

9 Teach me thy Way, O Lord, and I
from Truth ſhall ne'er depart;
In Rev'rence to thy ſacred Name,
devoutly fix my Heart.
10 Thee will I praiſe, O Lord my God,
praiſe Thee with Heart ſincere;
And to thy everlaſting Name,
eternal Trophies rear.
11 Thy boundleſs Mercy ſhewn to me,
tranſcends my Pow'r to tell;
For Thou haſt oft redeem'd my Soul,
from loweſt Depths of Hell.
12 O God, the Sons of Pride and Strife,
have my Deſtruction ſought,
Regardleſs of thy Pow'r, that oft
has my Deliv'rance wrought.
13 But Thou, thy conſtant Goodneſs didſt,
to my Aſſiſtance bring;
Of Patience, Mercy, and of Truth,
Thou everlaſting Spring!
14 O bounteous Lord, thy Grace and Strength,
to me thy Servant ſhow;
Thy kind Protection, Lord, on me
thine Handmaid's Son, beſtow.
15 Some Signal give, which my proud Foes
may ſee, with Shame and Rage,
When Thou, O Lord, for my Relief
and Comfort, doſt engage.

PSALM LXXXVII. [*Tune Pſ.* 37.]

1 GOD's Temple crowns the Holy Mount;

the Lord there condeſcends to dwell;
His *Sion*'s Gates, in his account,
our *Iſr'el*'s faireſt Tents excel.
Fame glorious things of Thee ſhall ſing,
O City of th' Almighty King!

2 I'll mention *Rahab* with due Praiſe,
in *Babylon*'s Applauſes join,
The Fame of *Æthiopia* raiſe,
with that of *Tyre* and *Paleſtine*;
And grant that ſome, amongſt them born,
their Age and Country did adorn.

3 But ſtill of *Sion* I'll averr,
that many ſuch from her proceed;
Th' Almighty ſhall eſtabliſh her,
His gen'ral Liſt ſhall ſhew, when read,
That ſuch a Perſon there was born,
and ſuch did ſuch an Age adorn.

4 He'll *Sion* find with Numbers fill'd
of ſuch, as merit high Renown;
For Hand and Voice Muſicians skill'd,
and (her tranſcending Fame to crown)
Of ſuch She ſhall Succeſſions bring,
like Waters from a living Spring.

PSALM LXXXVIII. [*Tune Pſ.* 43.]

1 TO Thee, my God and Saviour, I,
By Day and Night adreſs my Cry;
Vouchſafe my mournful Voice to hear,
To my Diſtreſs incline thine Ear.

2 For Seas of Trouble me invade,
My Soul draws nigh to Death's cold Shade;
Like one whoſe Strength and Hopes are fled,
They number me among the Dead.

3 Like thoſe who ſhrouded in the Grave,
From Thee no more Remembrance have;
Caſt off from thy ſuſtaining Care,
Down to the Confines of Deſpair.

4 Thy Wrath has hard upon me lain,
Afflicting me with reſtleſs Pain;
Me all thy Mountain Waves have preſt,
Too weak, alas, to bear the leaſt.

5 Remov'd from Friends, I ſigh alone,
In a loath'd Dungeon laid, where none
A Viſit will vouchſafe to me,
Confin'd, paſt Hopes of Liberty.

6 My Eyes from Weeping never ceaſe,
They waſte, but ſtill my Griefs increaſe;
Yet daily, Lord, to Thee I pray'd,
With out-ſtretcht Hands, invok'd thy Aid.

PART II.

7 Wilt Thou by Miracle revive
The Dead, whom Thou forſook'ſt Alive?

From

From Death reſtore thy praiſe to ſing,
Whom Thou from Priſon would'ſt not bring?
8 Shall the mute Grave thy Love confeſs?
A mould'ring Tomb thy Faithfulneſs?
Thy Truth and Pow'r Renown obtain,
Where Darkneſs and Oblivion reign?
9 To Thee, O Lord, I cry, forlorn,
My Pray'r prevents the early Morn,
Why haſt Thou, Lord, my Soul forſook,
Nor once vouchſaf'd a gracious Look?
10 Prevailing Sorrows bear me down,
Which from my Youth with me have grown,
Thy Terrors paſt diſtract my Mind,
And Fears of blacker Days behind.
11 Thy Wrath hath burſt upon my Head,
Thy Terrors fill my Soul with Dread;
Environ'd as with Waves combin'd,
And for a gen'ral Deluge join'd.
12 My Lovers, Friends, Familiars, all
Remov'd from Sight, and out of call;
To dark Oblivion all retir'd,
Dead, or ar leaſt to me expir'd.

PSALM LXXXIX. [*Tune Pſ.* 14. 29.]

1 THY Mercies, Lord, ſhall be my Song,
My Song on them ſhall ever dwell;
To Ages yet unborn my Tongue,
Thy never failing Truth ſhall tell.
2 I have affirm'd and ſtill maintain,
Thy Mercy ſhall for ever laſt;
Thy Truth, that does the Heav'ns ſuſtain,
Like them, ſhall ſtand for ever faſt.
3 Thus ſpak'ſt Thou, by thy Prophet's Voice,
„ With *David* I a League have made;
„ To him, my Servant and my Choice,
„ By ſolemn Oath this Grant convey'd;
4 „ While Earth, and Seas, and Skies endure
„ Thy Seed ſhall in my Sight remain;
„ To them thy Throne I will inſure,
„ They ſhall to endleſs Ages reign.
5 For ſuch ſtupendous Truth and Love,
Both Heav'n and Earth juſt Praiſes owe,
By Choirs of Angels ſung above,
And by aſſembled Saints below.
6 What Seraph of Celeſtial Birth,
To vie with *Iſr'el*'s God ſhall dare?
Or who among the God's of Earth,
With our Almighty Lord compare?
7 With Rev'rence and religious Dread,
His Saints ſhould to his Temple preſs;
His Fear thro' all their Hearts ſhould ſpread,

Who

Who his Almighty Name confeſs.

8 Lord God of Armies who can boaſt,
Of Strength or Pow'r, like thine renown'd?
Of ſuch a num'rous faithful Hoſt,
As that which does thy Throne ſurround?

PART II.

9 Thou doſt the lawleſs Sea controul,
And change the Proſpect of the Deep;
Thou mak'ſt the ſleeping Billows rowl,
Thou mak'ſt the rowling Billows ſleep.

10 Thou brak'ſt in pieces *Rahab*'s Pride,
And didſt oppreſſing Pow'r diſarm;
Thy ſcatter'd Foes have dearly try'd
The Force, of thy reſiſtleſs Arm.

11 In Thee, the ſov'reign Right remains
Of Earth and Heav'n; Thee, Lord alone,
The World and all that it contains,
Their Maker and Preſerver, own.

12 The Poles on which the Globe does reſt,
Were form'd by thy creating Voice;
Tabor and *Hermon*, Eaſt and Weſt;
In thy ſuſtaining Pow'r rejoyce.

13 Thy Arm is mighty, ſtrong thy Hand,
Yet, Lord, Thou doſt with Juſtice reign;
Poſſeſt of abſolute Command,
Thou Truth and Mercy doſt maintain.

14 Happy, thrice happy they, who hear
Thy ſacred Trumpet's joyful Sound;
Who may at Feſtivals appear,
With thy moſt glorious Preſence crown'd.

15 Thy Saints ſhall always be o'erjoy'd,
Who on thy ſacred Name rely;
And in thy Righteouſneſs employ'd,
Above their Foes be rais'd on high.

16 For in thy Strength they ſhall advance,
Whoſe Conqueſt from thy Favour ſpring.
The Lord of Hoſts is our Defence,
And *Iſr'el*'s God our *Iſr'el*'s King.

PART III.

17 Thus ſpak'ſt Thou by the Prophet's Voice,
„ A mighty Champion I will ſend,
„ From *Judah*'s Tribe, have I made Choice
„ Of one, who ſhall the reſt defend.

18 „ My Servant *David* I have found,
„ With holy Oil anointed him;
„ Him, ſhall the Hand ſupport that crown'd,
„ And guard, that gave the Diadem.

19 „ No Prince from him ſhall Tribute force,
„ No Son of Strife ſhall him annoy;
„ His ſpiteful Foes I will diſperſe,

„ And

„ And them before his Face deſtroy.

20 „ My Truth and Grace ſhall him ſuſtain;
„ His Armies, in well order'd Ranks,
„ Shall conquer, from the *Tyrian* Main
„ To *Tigris* and *Eupbrates* Banks.

21 „ Me, for his Father he ſhall take,
„ His God and Rock of Safety call;
„ Him, I my Firſt-born Son will make,
„ And earthly Kings his Subjects all.

22 „ To him, my Mercy I'll ſecure,
„ My Cov'nant make for ever faſt:
„ His Seed, for ever ſhall endure,
„ His Throne, till Heav'n diſſolves, ſhall laſt.

23 „ But if his Heirs my Law forſake;
„ And from my ſacred Precepts ſtray;
„ If they my righteous Statutes break,
„ Nor ſtrictly my Commands obey:

24 „ Their Sins I'll viſit with a Rod,
„ And for their Folly make them ſmart;
„ Yet will not ceaſe to be their God,
„ Nor from my Truth, like them, depart.

PART IV.

25 „ My Cov'nant I will ne'er revoke,
„ But in Remembrance faſt retain;
„ The Thing, that once my Lips have ſpoke
„ Shall in eternal Force, remain.

26 „ Once have I ſworn, but once for all,
„ And made my Holineſs the Tie,
„ That I my Grant will ne'er recall,
„ Nor to my Servant *David* lie.

27 „ Whoſe Throne and Race, the conſtant Sun,
„ Shall, like his Courſe, eſtabliſht ſee;
Of this my Oath, thou conſcious Moon,
„ In Heav'n, my faithful Witneſs be.

28 Such was thy gracious Promiſe, Lord,
But Thou haſt now our Tribes forſook,
Thy own anointed haſt abhorr'd,
And turn'd on him thy wrathful Look.

29 Thou ſeemeſt to have render'd void
The Cov'nant, with thy Servant made;
Thou haſt his Dignity deſtroy'd,
And in the Duſt his Honour laid.

30 Of ſtrong Holds Thou haſt him bereft,
And brought his Bulwarks to Decay;
His Frontier Coaſts defenceleſs left,
A publick Scorn, and common Prey.

PART V.

31 His Ruin does glad Triumphs yield,
To Foes advanc'd by Thee to Might;
Thou haſt his conqu'ring Sword unſteel'd,

His Valour turn'd to ſhameful Flight.

32 His Glory is to Darkneſs fled,
His Throne is levell'd with the Ground:
His Youth to wretched Bondage led,
with Shame o'erwhelm'd, and Sorrow drown'd.

33 How long ſhall we thy Abſence mourn!
Wilt Thou for ever, Lord, retire?
Shall thy conſuming Anger burn,
Till That and We at once expire?

34 Conſider, Lord, how ſhort a Space,
Thou doſt for mortal Life ordain;
No Method to prolong the Race,
But loading it with Grief and Pain?

35 What Man is he, that can controul
Death's ſtrict unalterable Doom?
Or reſcue from the Grave his Soul,
The Grave, that muſt Mankind entomb?

36 Lord, where's thy Love, thy boundleſs Grace,
The Oath, to which thy Truth did ſeal,
Conſign'd to *David* and his Race;
The Grant, which Time ſhould ne'er repeal?

37 See, how thy Servants treated are
With Infamy, Reproach and Spite;
Which in my ſilent Breaſt I bear,
From Nations of licentious Might.

38 How they, reproaching thy great Name,
Have made thy Servant's Hope their Jeſt:
Yet thy juſt Praiſes we'll proclaim,
And ever ſing, *The Lord be bleſt.*
The Lord be bleſt,
Amen Amen.
The Lord be bleſt,
A - - - men.

PSALM XC.

1 O Lord, the Saviour and Defence
of us, thy choſen Race,
From Age to Age, Thou ſtill haſt been
our ſure Abiding-place.

2 Before Thou brought'ſt the Mountains forth,
or th' Earth and World didſt frame;
Thou always wert the Mighty God,
and ever art the ſame.

3 Thou turneſt Man, O Lord, to Duſt,
of which he firſt was made;
And when Thou ſpeak'ſt the word, *Return*,
'tis inſtantly obey'd.

4 For in thy Sight a Thouſand Years,
are like a Day that's paſt,
Or like a Watch in dead of Night,
whoſe Hours unminded waſte.

5 Thou

5 Thou ſweep'ſt us off as with a Flood,
we vaniſh hence like Dreams;
At firſt we grow like Graſs, that feels
the Sun's reviving Beams.
6 But howſoever freſh and fair,
its morning Beauty ſhows;
'Tis all cut down and wither'd quite,
before the Ev'ning cloſe.
7 We by thine Anger are conſum'd,
and by thy Wrath diſmay'd;
Our publick Crimes and ſecret Sins,
before thy Sight are laid.
8 Beneath thy Anger's ſad Effects,
our drooping Days we ſpend:
Our unregarded Years break off,
like Tales that quickly end.
9 Our Term of Time is ſev'nty Years,
an Age that few ſurvive;
But if with more than common Strength,
to eighty we arrive;
10 Yet then, our boaſted Strength decays,
to Sorrow turn'd and Pain,
So ſoon the ſlender Thread is cut,
and we no more remain.

PART II.

11 But who thy Anger's dread Effects
does, as he ought, revere?
And yet thy Wrath does fall or riſe,
as more or leſs we fear.
12 So teach us, Lord, th' uncertain Sum,
of our ſhort Days to mind,
That to true Wiſdom all our Hearts,
may ever be inclin'd.
13 O to thy Servants, Lord, return,
and ſpeedily relent!
As we of our Miſdeeds, do Thou
of our juſt Doom, repent.
14 To ſatisfy and chear our Souls,
thy early Mercy ſend;
That we may all our Days to come,
in Joy and Comfort ſpend.
15 Let happy Times with large Amends,
dry up our former Tears;
Or equal at the leaſt the Term,
of our afflicted Years.
16 To all thy Servants, Lord, let this
thy wond'rous Work be known,
And to our Offspring yet unborn,
thy glorious Pow'r be ſhown.
17 Let thy bright Rays upon us ſhine,

give Thou our Work ſucceſs;
The glorious Work, we have in hand,
do Thou vouchſafe to bleſs.

PSALM XCI.

1 HE that has God his Guardian made,
Shall under the Almighty's Shade,
Secure and undiſturb'd abide.
Thus to my Soul, of Him I'll ſay,
He is my Fortreſs and my Stay,
My God in whom I will confide.
2 His tender Love and watchful Care,
Shall free thee from the Fowler's Snare
And from the noiſome Peſtilence:
He, over thee his Wings ſhall ſpread,
And cover thy unguarded Head;
His Truth ſhall be thy ſtrong Defence.
3 No Terrors that ſurprize by Night,
Shall thy undaunted Courage fright,
Nor deadly Shafts that fly by Day;
Nor Plague, of unknown Riſe, that kills
In Darkneſs, nor infectious Ills,
That in the hotteſt Seaſon ſlay.
4 A Thouſand at thy Side ſhall die,
At thy Right-hand ten Thouſand lie,
While thy firm Health untouch'd remains:
Thou only ſhalt look on, and ſee
The Wicked's diſmal Tragedy,
And count the Sinner's mournful Gains,
5 Becauſe with well-plac'd Confidence,
Thou mak'ſt the Lord thy ſure Defence,
And on the Higheſt doſt rely;
Therefore no Ill ſhall thee befall,
Nor to thy healthful Dwelling ſhall,
Any infectious Plague draw nigh.
6 For He, throughout thy happy Days,
To keep thee ſafe in all thy Ways,
Shall give his Angels ſtrict Commands,
And they, leſt thou ſhould'ſt chance to meet
With ſome rough Stone, to wound thy Feet,
Shall bear thee ſafely in their Hands.
7 Dragons and Aſps that thirſt for Blood,
And Lions roaring for their Food,
Beneath his conqu'ring Feet ſhall lie:
Becauſe he lov'd and honour'd me,
Therefore (ſays God) I'll ſet him free,
And fix his glorious Throne on high.
8 He'll call, I'll anſwer when he calls,
And reſcue him when Ill befalls;
Increaſe his Honour and his Wealth:
And when, with undiſturb'd Content,

His

His long and happy Life is ſpent,
His End I'll crown with ſaving Health.

PSALM XCII. [*Tune Pſ.* 9.]

1 HOW good and pleaſant muſt it be
to thank the Lord moſt high;
And, with repeated Hymns of praiſe,
his Name to magnifie.

2 With ev'ry Morning's early Dawn,
his Goodneſs to relate;
And of his conſtant Truth, each Night,
the glad Effects repeat.

3 To ten-ſtring'd Inſtruments we'll ſing,
with tuneful Pſalt'ries join'd;
And to the Harp with ſolemn Sounds,
for ſacred Uſe deſign'd.

4 For thro' thy wond'rous Works, O Lord,
Thou mak'ſt my Heart rejoice;
The Thoughts of them ſhall make me glad,
and ſhout with chearful Voice.

5 How wondrous are thy Works, O Lord!
how deep are thy Decrees!
Whoſe winding Tracts, in ſecret laid,
no ſtupid Sinner ſees.

6 He little thinks, when wicked Men,
like Graſs look freſh and gay,
How ſoon their ſhort-liv'd Splendor muſt,
for ever paſs away.

PART II.

7 But Thou, my God, art ſtill moſt High,
and all thy lofty Foes,
Who thought they might ſecurely ſin,
ſhall be o'erwhelm'd with Woes.

8 Whilſt Thou exalt'ſt my ſov'reign Pow'r,
and mak'ſt it largely ſpread;
And with refreſhing Oil anoint'ſt
my conſecrated Head.

9 I ſoon ſhall ſee my ſtubborn Foes,
to utter Ruin brought;
And hear the diſmal End of thoſe,
who have againſt me fought.

10 But righteous Men, like fruitful Palms,
ſhall make a glorious Show;
As Cedars that in *Lebanon*,
in ſtately Order grow.

11 Theſe, planted in the Houſe of God,
within His Courts ſhall thrive;
Their Vigour and their Luſtre both,
ſhall in old Age revive.

12 Thus will the Lord his Juſtice ſhew:
and God my ſtrong defence,

Shall due Rewards to all the World,
impartially diſpenſe.

PSALM XCIII.

1 With Glory clad, with Strength array'd
The Lord that o'er all Nature reigns,
The World's Foundations ſtrongly laid,
And the vaſt Fabrick ſtill ſuſtains.
2 How ſurely ſtabliſht is thy Throne!
Which ſhall no Change or Period ſee,
For Thou, O Lord, and Thou alone,
Art God, from all Eternity.
3 The Floods, O Lord, lift up their Voice,
And toſs the troubled Waves on high;
But God above can ſtill their Noiſe,
And make the angry Sea comply.
4 Thy Promiſe, Lord, is ever ſure;
And they that in thy Houſe would dwell,
That happy Station to ſecure,
Muſt ſtill in Holineſs excell.

PSALM XCIV.

1 O God, to whom Revenge belongs,
thy Vengeance now diſcloſe;
Ariſe, Thou Judge of all the Earth,
and cruſh thy haughty Foes.
2 How long, O Lord, ſhall ſinful Men,
their ſolemn Triumphs make?
How long their wicked Actions boaſt,
And inſolently ſpeak?
3 Not only they thy Saints oppreſs,
but unprovok'd, they ſpill
The Widow's and the Stranger's Blood,
and helpleſs Orphans kill.
4 „ And yet the Lord ſhall ne'er perceive,
(profanely thus they ſpeak)
„ Nor any Notice of our Deeds,
„ the God of *Jacob* take.
5 At length ye ſtupid Fools, your Wants
endeavour to diſcern,
In Folly, will you ſtill proceed,
and Wiſdom never learn?
6 Can He be deaf who form'd the Ear,
or blind who fram'd the Eye?
Shall Earth's great Judge not puniſh thoſe,
who his known Will defy?
7 He fathoms all the Thoughts of Men,
to Him their Hearts lie bare,
His Eye ſurveys them all, and ſees
how vain their Counſels are.

PART II.

8 Bleſt is the Man whom Thou, O Lord,
in kindneſs doſt chaſtiſe,
And by thy ſacred Rules to walk,
doſt lovingly adviſe.
9 This Man ſhall Reſt and Safety find,
in Seaſons of Diſtreſs;
Whilſt God prepares a Pit for thoſe,
that ſtubbornly tranſgreſs.
10 For God will never from his Saints,
his Favour wholly take;
His own Poſſeſſion and his Lot,
He will not quite forſake.
11 The World ſhall then confeſs Thee juſt,
in all that Thou haſt done;
And thoſe that chuſe thy upright Ways,
ſhall in thoſe Paths go on.
12 Who will appear in my Behalf,
when wicked Men invade?
Or who, when Sinners would oppreſs,
my righteous Cauſe ſhall plead?
13 Long ſince had I in Silence ſlept,
but that the Lord was near,
To ſtay me when I ſlip, when ſad,
my troubled Heart to chear.
14 Wilt Thou, who art a God moſt juſt,
their ſinful Throne ſuſtain,
Who make the Law a fair Pretence,
their wicked Ends to gain?
15 Againſt the Lives of Righteous Men,
they form their cloſe Deſign;
And Blood of Innocents to ſpill,
in ſolemn League combine.
16 But my Defence is firmly plac'd,
in God the Lord moſt high;
He is my Rock, to which I may
for Refuge always fly.
17 The Lord ſhall cauſe their ill Deſigns,
on their own Heads to fall;
He in their Sins ſhall cut them off,
our God ſhall ſlay them all.

PSALM XCV.

1 O Come, loud Anthems let us ſing,
Loud Thanks to our Almighty King;
For we our Voices high ſhould raiſe,
When our Salvation's Rock we praiſe.
2 Into his Preſence let us haſte,
To thank Him for his Favours Paſt;
To Him addreſs in joyful Songs,
The Praiſe that to his Name belongs

3 For God the Lord, enthron'd in State
Is, with unrival'd Glory, Great;
A King ſuperiour far to all,
Whom Gods the Heathen falſly call.
4 The Depths of Earth are in his Hand,
Her ſecret Wealth at his Command;
The Strength of Hills that threat the Skies,
Subjected to his Empire lies.
5 The rouling Ocean's vaſt Abyſs,
By the ſame Sov'reign Right is His;
'Tis mov'd by his Almighty Hand,
That form'd and fix'd the ſolid Land.
6 O Let us to His Courts repair,
And bow with Adoration there,
Down on our Knees devoutly all,
Before the Lord our Maker fall.
7 For He's our God, our Shepherd He,
His Flock and Paſture-Sheep are we;
If then you'll (like His Flock) draw near
To Day, if you His Voice will hear,
8 Let not your hard'ned Hearts, renew
Your Fathers Crimes and Judgments too;
Nor here provoke my Wrath, as they
In Deſart Plains of *Meribah*;
9 When thro' the Wilderneſs they mov'd,
And Me with freſh Temptations prov'd,
They ſtill, through Unbelief, rebell'd,
While they my wond'rous Works beheld.
10 They forty Years my patience griev'd,
Tho' daily I their Wants reliev'd,
Then, --'Tis a faithleſs Race, I ſaid,
Whoſe Heart from Me has always ſtray'd;
11 They ne'er will tread my righteous Path;
Therefore to them, in ſettled Wrath,
Since they deſpis'd my Reſt, I ſware
That they ſhould never enter there.

PSALM XCVI.

1 SIng to the Lord a new-made Song;
Let Earth, in one aſſembled Throng,
Her common Patron's Praiſe reſound.
Sing to the Lord and bleſs His Name,
From day to day His Praiſe proclaim,
Who us has with Salvation crown'd.
To Heathen Lands His Name rehearſe,
His Wonders to the Univerſe.
2 He's Great, and greatly to be prais'd,
In Majeſty and Glory rais'd
Above all other Deities:
For Pageantry and Idols all
Are they, whom Gods the Heathen call;

He

He only rules who made the Skies.
With Majeſty and Honour crown'd,
Beauty and Strength his Throne Surround:
3 Be therefore both to Him reſtor'd,
By you, who have falſe Gods ador'd,
Aſcribe due Honour to his Name.
Peace-off'rings on his Altar lay,
Before his Throne your Homage pay,
Which He, and He alone can claim.
To Worſhip at his ſacred Court,
Let all the trembling World reſort.
4 Proclaim aloud, *Jehovah* reigns,
Whoſe Pow'r the Univerſe ſuſtains,
And baniſht Juſtice will reſtore;
Let therefore Heav'n new Joys confeſs,
And heavn'ly Mirth let Earth expreſs,
Its loud Applauſe the Ocean roar,
Its mute Inhabitants rejoyce,
And for this Triumph find a Voice.
5 For Joy let fertile Valleys ſing,
The chearful Groves their Tribute bring;
The tuneful Quire of Birds awake,
The Lord's Approach to celebrate,
Who now ſets out with awful State,
His Circuit through the Earth to take.
From Heav'n to judge the World He's come,
With Juſtice to reward and doom.

PSALM XCVII. [*Tune Pſ.* 47.]

1 *Jehovah* reigns, let all the Earth,
In his juſt Government rejoyce;
Let all the Iſles with ſacred Mirth,
In his Applauſe unite their Voice.
2 Darkneſs and Clouds of awful Shade,
His dazling Glory ſhroud in State;
Juſtice and Truth his Guards are made,
And fixt, by his Pavillion wait.
3 Devouring Fire before his Face,
His Foes around with Vengeance ſtrook;
His Lightnings ſet the World on blaze,
Earth ſaw it, and with Terror ſhook.
4 The proudeſt Hills his Preſence felt,
Their Height nor Strength could Help afford;
The proudeſt Hills like Wax did melt,
In Preſence of th'Almighty Lord.
5 The Heav'ns, his Righteouſneſs to ſhow,
With Storms of Fire our Foes purſu'd;
And all the trembling World below,
Have his deſcending Glory view'd.
6 Confounded be their impious Hoſt,
Who make the Gods to whom they pray,

All who of pageant Idols boaſt;
To Him, ye Gods, your Worſhip pay.
7 Glad *Sion* of thy Triumph heard,
And *Judah*'s Daughters were o'er-joy'd;
Becauſe thy righteous Judgments, Lord,
Have Pagan-Pride and Pow'r deſtroy'd.
8 For Thou, O God, art ſeated high,
Above Earth's Potentates enthron'd,
Thou, Lord, unrivall'd in the Skie,
Supreme, by all the Gods art own'd.
9 You, who to ſerve the Lord aſpire,
Abhor what's ill, and Truth eſteem:
He'll keep his Servants Soul's entire,
And them from wicked Hands redeem.
10 For Seeds are ſown of glorious Light,
A future Harveſt for the Juſt;
And Gladneſs for the Heart that's right,
To recompence its pious Truſt.
11 Rejoyce, ye Righteous in the Lord;
Memorials of his Holineſs,
Deep in your faithful Breaſts record,
And with your thankful Tongues confeſs.

PSALM XCVIII. [*Tune Pſ.* 23.]

1 SIng to the Lord a new-made Song,
who wond'rous Things has done;
With his Right Hand and holy Arm,
the Conqueſt He has won.
2 The Lord, has through th' aſtoniſht World
diſplay'd, his ſaving Might,
And made his righteous Acts appear,
in all the Heathens Sight.
3 Of *Iſr'el*'s Houſe his Love and Truth,
have ever mindful been;
Wide Earth's remoteſt Parts, the Pow'r
of *Iſr'el's* God, have ſeen.
4 Let therefore Earth's Inhabitants,
their chearful Voices raiſe;
And all with univerſal Joy,
reſound their Maker's Praiſe.
5 With Harp and Hymns ſoft Melody,
into the Conſort bring,
The Trumpet and ſhrill Cornet's Sound,
before th' Almighty King.
6 Let the loud Ocean roar her Joy,
with all that Seas contain;
The Earth and her Inhabitants,
joyn Conſort with the Main.
7 With Joy let Riv'lets ſwell to Streams,
to ſpreading Torrents they;
And ecchoing Vales, from Hill to Hill,

re-

redoubling Shouts convey;
8 To welcome down the World's great Judge,
who does with Juſtice come,
And, with impartial Equity,
both to reward and doom.

PSALM XCIX.

1 JEhovah reigns, let therefore all
the guilty Nations quake;
On Cherub's Wings He ſits enthron'd:
Let Earth's Foundations ſhake.
2 On *Sion*'s Hill He keeps his Court,
his Palace makes her Tow'rs;
Yet thence his Sov'reignty extends,
ſupreme o'er earthly Powr's,
3 Let therefore All with Praiſe addreſs,
his great and dreadful Name;
And with his unreſiſted Might,
his Holineſs proclaim.
4 For Truth and Juſtice in his Reign,
of Strength and Pow'r take Place;
His Judgments, are with Righteouſneſs
diſpens'd, to *Jacob*'s Race.
5 Therefore exalt the Lord our God,
before his Footſtool fall;
And with his unreſiſted Might,
his Holineſs extol.
6 *Moſes* and *Aaron* thus of old,
among his Prieſts ador'd;
Amongſt his Prophets, *Samuel* thus,
his ſacred Name implor'd.
7 Diſtreſt, upon the Lord they call'd,
who ne'er their Suit deny'd;
But, as with Rev'rence they implor'd,
He graciouſly reply'd.
8 For, with their Camp, to guide their March,
the cloudy Pillar mov'd;
They kept his Laws, and to his Will,
obedient Servants prov'd.
9 He anſwer'd them, forgiving oft
his People, for their Sake,
And thoſe, who raſhly them oppos'd,
did ſad Examples make.
10 With Worſhip at his ſacred Courts,
exalt our God and Lord;
For He, who only Holy is,
alone, ſhall be ador'd.

PSALM C.

1 WIth one Conſent let all the Earth,

To God their chearful Voices raiſe,
Glad Homage pay with awful Mirth,
And ſing before him Songs of Praiſe.

2 Convinc'd that He is God alone,
From Whom, both we and all proceed;
We, whom He chuſes for his own,
The Flock, that He vouchſafes to feed.

3 O, enter then his Temple Gate,
Thence to his Courts devoutly preſs,
And ſtill your grateful Hymns repeat,
And ſtill his Name with Praiſes bleſs.

4 For He's the Lord ſupremely good,
His Mercy is for ever ſure;
His Truth, which always firmly ſtood,
To endleſs Ages ſhall endure.

PSALM CI. [*Tune Pſ.* 32.]

1 OF Mercy's never failing Spring,
And ſtedfaſt Judgment, I will ſing;
And ſince they both to Thee belong,
To Thee, O Lord, addreſs my Song.

2 When, Lord, Thou ſhalt with me reſide,
Wiſe Diſcipline my Reign ſhall guide;
With blameleſs Life, my ſelf I'll make
A Pattern, for my Court to take.

3 No ill Deſign will I purſue,
Nor thoſe my Fav'rites make, that do.
Who, to Reproof bear no Regard,
Him will I totally diſcard.

4 The private Slanderer ſhall be,
In publick Juſtice doom'd by me:
From haughty Looks I'll turn aſide,
And mortifie the Heart of Pride;

5 But Honeſty, call'd from her Cell,
In ſplendour at my Courts ſhall dwell:
Who Vertue's Practice make their Care,
ſhall have the firſt Preferments there.

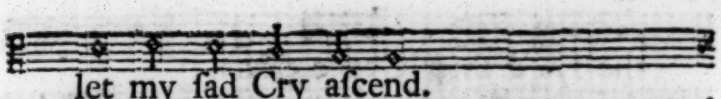
6 No Politicks ſhall recommend
His Countrey's Foe, to be my Friend:
None e'er ſhall to my Favour riſe,
By flat'ring, or malicious Lyes.

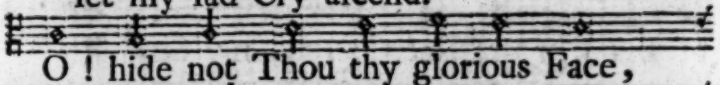
7 All thoſe who wicked Courſes take,
An early Sacrifice I'll make,
Cut off, deſtroy, till none remain,
God's holy City to profane.

PSALM CII. [*Tune Pſ.* 59.]

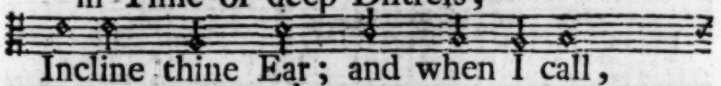
1 WHen I pour out my Soul in Pray'r,
do Thou, O Lord, attend;
To thy eternal Throne of Grace,

let

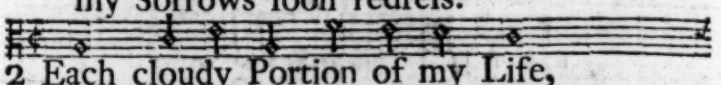

let my ſad Cry aſcend.

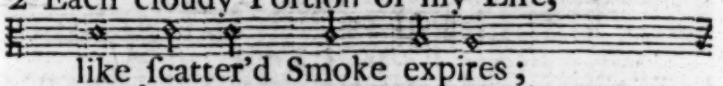

O! hide not Thou thy glorious Face,

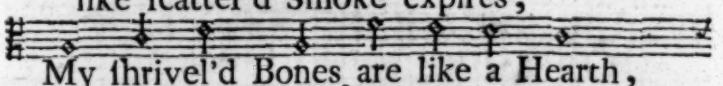

in Time of deep Diſtreſs,

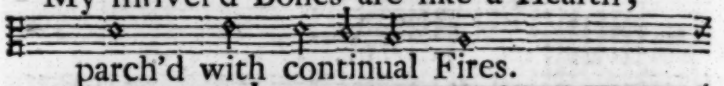

Incline thine Ear; and when I call,


my Sorrows ſoon redreſs.


2 Each cloudy Portion of my Life,

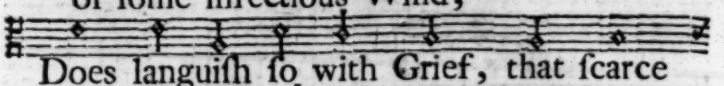

like ſcatter'd Smoke expires;

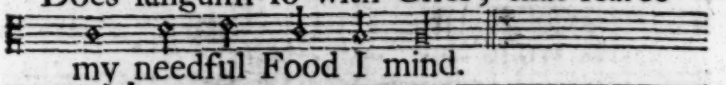

My ſhrivel'd Bones are like a Hearth,

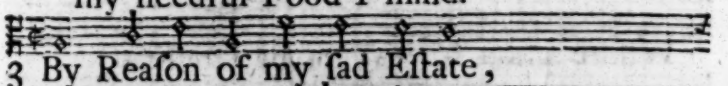

parch'd with continual Fires.


My Heart, like Graſs that feels the Blaſt,

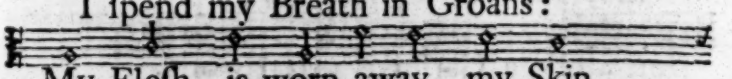

of ſome infectious Wind,

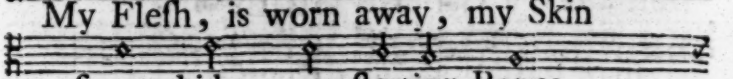

Does languiſh ſo with Grief, that ſcarce


my needful Food I mind.

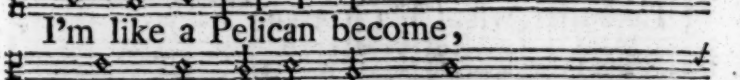

3 By Reaſon of my ſad Eſtate,


I ſpend my Breath in Groans:

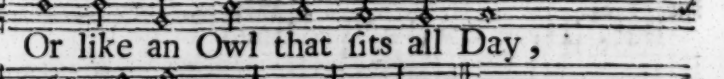

My Fleſh, is worn away, my Skin

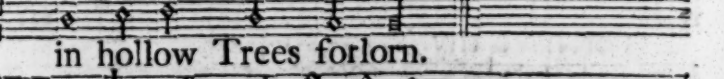

ſcarce hides, my ſtarting Bones.


I'm like a Pelican become,

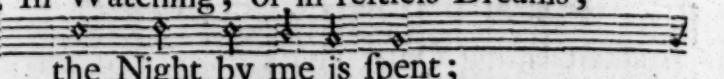

that does in Deſarts mourn:


Or like an Owl that ſits all Day,


in hollow Trees forlorn.


4 In Watching, or in reſtleſs Dreams,


the Night by me is ſpent;

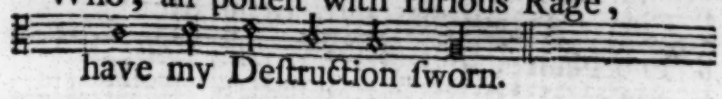

As by thoſe ſolitary Birds,


that loneſome Roofs frequent.

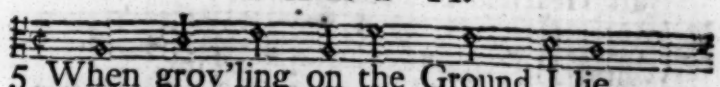

All Day, by railing Foes I'm made,

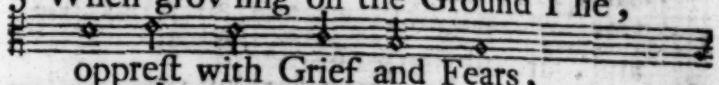

the Subject of their Scorn;

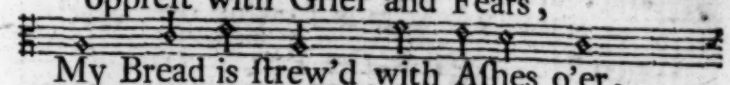

Who, all poſſeſt with furious Rage,

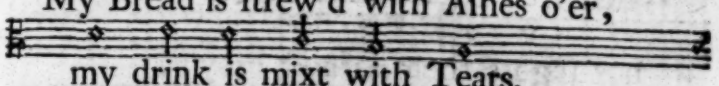

have my Deſtruction ſworn.

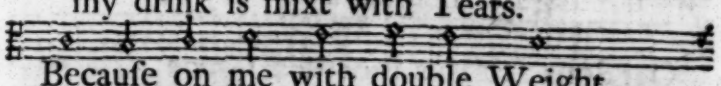
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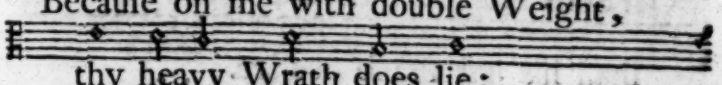

5 When grov'ling on the Ground I lie,

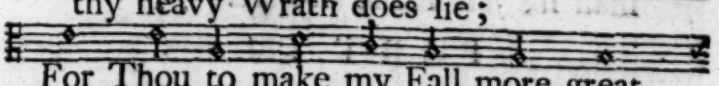

oppreſt with Grief and Fears,

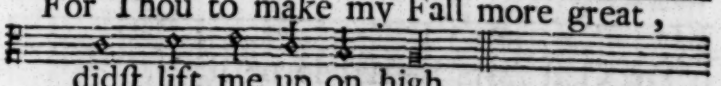

My Bread is ſtrew'd with Aſhes o'er,

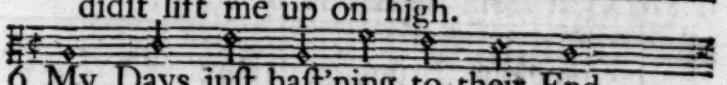

my drink is mixt with Tears.

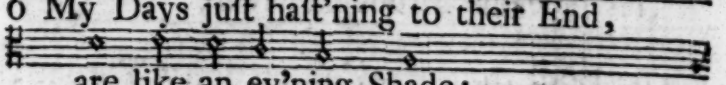

Becauſe on me with double Weight,

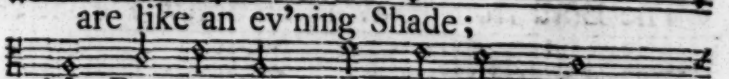

thy heavy Wrath does lie;

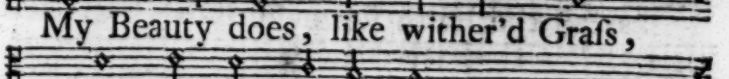

For Thou to make my Fall more great,


didſt lift me up on high.

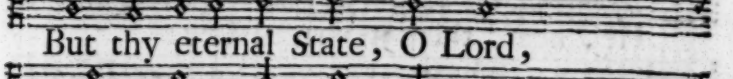

6 My Days juſt haſt'ning to their End,


are like an ev'ning Shade;

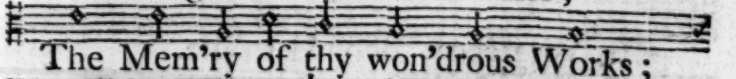

My Beauty does, like wither'd Graſs,

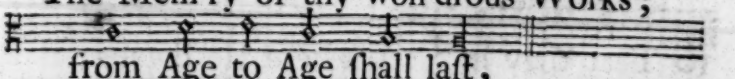

with waning Luſtre fade.

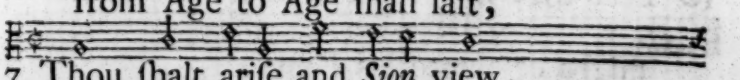

But thy eternal State, O Lord,

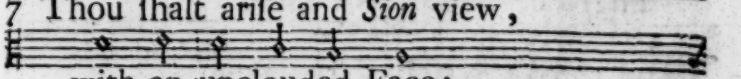

no Length of Time ſhall waſte;

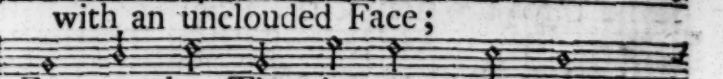

The Mem'ry of thy won'drous Works;

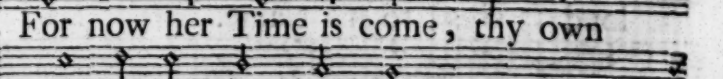

from Age to Age ſhall laſt,

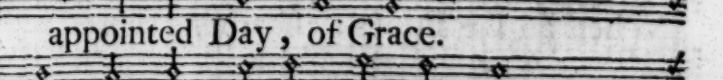

7 Thou ſhalt ariſe and *Sion* view,


with an unclouded Face;


For now her Time is come, thy own


appointed Day, of Grace.


Her ſcatter'd Ruins, by thy Saints


with Pity are ſurvey'd;

They grieve to ſee her lofty Spires,
in Duſt and Rubbiſh laid.
8 The Name, and Glory of the Lord,
all Heathen Kings ſhall fear;
When He, ſhall *Sion* build again,
and, in full State appear.
When He, regards the Poor's Requeſt,
nor ſlights their earneſt Pray'r,
Our Sons for this recorded Grace,
ſhall his juſt Praiſe declare.

PART III.

9 For God from his abode on high,
his gracious Beams diſplay'd;
The Lord from Heav'n, his lofty Throne,
has all the Earth ſurvey'd.
He, liſt'ned to the Captives Moans,
He, heard their mournful Cry;
And freed, by his reſiſtleſs Pow'r,
the Wretches, doom'd to die.
10 That they in *Sion*, where He dwells,
might celebrate his Fame,
And thro' the holy City, ſing
loud Praiſes, to his Name.
When all the Tribes, aſſembling there,
their ſolemn Vows addreſs,
And neighb'ring Lands, with glad Conſent,
the Lord their God confeſs.
11 But e'er my Race is run, my Strength
through his fierce Wrath decays;
He has, when all my Wiſhes bloom'd,
cut ſhort my hopeful Days.
Lord, end not Thou my Life, ſaid I,
when half is ſcarcely paſt;
Thy Years, from worldly Changes free,
to endleſs Ages laſt.
12 The ſtrong Foundations of the Earth,
of old by Thee were laid;
Thy Hands, the beauteous Arch of Heav'n,
with wond'rous Skill, have made,
Whilſt Thou for ever ſhalt endure,
they ſoon ſhall paſs away;
And, like a Garment often worn,
ſhall tarniſh and decay.
13 Like that, when Thou ordain'ſt their Change,
to thy Command they bend;
But, Thou continu'ſt ſtill the ſame;
nor have thy Years an End.
Thou to the Children of thy Saints,
ſhalt laſting Quiet give;
Whoſe happy Race, ſecurely fixt,
ſhall in thy Preſence live.

PSALM CIII. [*Tune Pſ.* 36.]

1 MY Soul, inſpir'd with ſacred Love,
God's holy Name for ever bleſs;
Of all his Favours mindful prove,
And ſtill thy grateful Thanks expreſs.
2 'Tis He, that all thy Sins forgives,
And after Sickneſs makes thee ſound;
From Danger, He, thy Life retrieves,
By Him, with Grace and Mercy crown'd.
3 He, with good Things my Mouth ſupplies,
My Vigour, Eagle-like renews;
He, when the guiltleſs Suff'rer cries,
His Foe, with juſt Revenge, purſues.
4 God, made of old his righteous Ways,
To *Moſes* and our Fathers known:
His Works, to his Eternal praiſe,
Were to the Sons of *Jacob* ſhown.
5 The Lord, abounds with tender Love,
And unexampled Acts of Grace,
His waken'd Wrath, does ſlowly move,
His willing Mercy, flows apace.
6 God, will not always harſhly chide,
But, with his Anger quickly part;
And, loves his Puniſhments to guide,
More by his Love, than our Deſert.
7 As high, as Heav'n its Arch extends,
Above this little Spot of Clay;
So much, his boundleſs Love tranſcends,
The ſmall Reſpects that we can pay.
8 As far, as 'tis from Eaſt to Weſt,
So far, has He our Sins remov'd;
Who, with a Father's tender Breaſt
Has ſuch as fear Him, always lov'd.

PART II.

9 For God, who all our Frame ſurveys,
Conſiders that we are but Clay;
How freſh ſo'er we ſeem, our Days
Like Graſs or Flow'rs, muſt fade away.
10 Whilſt they are nipt with ſudden Blaſt,
Nor can we find their former Place;
God's faithful Mercy, ever laſts,
To thoſe that fear Him, and their Race.
11 This ſhall attend on ſuch, as ſtill
Proceed, in his appointed Way;
And who, not only, know his Will,
But to it, juſt Obedience pay.
12 The Lord, the univerſal King,
In Heav'n, has fixt his lofty Throne;
To Him, ye Angels, Praiſes ſing,
In whoſe great Strength his Pow'r is ſhown.

13 Ye,

13 Ye, that his juſt Commands obey,
And hear, and do, his ſacred Will;
Ye Hoſts of his, this Tribute pay,
Who ſtill, what He ordains fulfil.
14 Let ev'ry Creature, jointly bleſs
The Mighty Lord: and thou, my Heart,
With grateful Joy thy Thanks expreſs;
And in this Conſort bear my Part.

PSALM CIV.

1 BLeſs God, my Soul; Thou, Lord, alone
Poſſeſſeſt Empire, without Bounds,
With Honour Thou art crown'd, thy Throne
Eternal Majeſty, ſurrounds.
With Light, Thou doſt thy ſelf enrobe,
And Glory, for a Garment take,
Heav'n's Curtains, ſtretch beyond the Globe,
Thy Canopy of State to make.
2 God, builds on liquid Air, and forms
His Palace-Chambers in the Skies;
The Clouds his Chariots are, and Storms
The ſwift-wing'd Steeds, with which He flies.
As bright as Flame, and ſwift as Wind,
His Miniſters Heav'ns Palace fill,
To have their ſundry Tasks aſſign'd;
All proud to ſerve their Sov'reigns Will.
3 Earth, on her Center fixt, He ſet,
Her Face with Waters over-ſpread;
Nor proudeſt Mountains dar'd, as yet,
To lift above the Waves their Head.
But, when thy awful Face appear'd,
Th' inſulting Waves diſpers'd, they fled,
When once thy Thunder's Voice they heard,
And by their Haſte confeſs'd their Dread.
4 Thence up by ſecret Tracts they creep,
And, guſhing from the Mountains Side,
Thro' Valleys travel to the Deep,
Appointed to receive their Tide.
There, haſt Thou fixt the Ocean's Bounds,
The threatning Surges to repel;
That they no more o'er-paſs their Mounds,
Nor to a ſecond Deluge ſwell.

PART II.

5 Yet thence in ſmaller Parties drawn,
The Sea recovers her loſt Hills,
And ſtarting Springs from ev'ry Lawn,
Surprize the Vales with plenteous Rills.
The Field's tame Beaſts are thither led,
Weary with Labour, faint with Drought,
And Aſſes wild on Mountains bred,
Have Senſe to find theſe Currents out.

6 Their

6 Their ſhady Trees, from ſcorching Beams,
Yield Shelter to the feather'd Throng;
They drink, and to the Bounteous Streams
Return, the Tribute of their Song.
His Rains from Heav'n, parcht Hills recruit,
That ſoon tranſmit the liquid Store;
Till Earth is burthen'd with her Fruit,
And Nature's Lap can hold no more.

7 Graſs for our Cattle to devour,
He Makes the Growth of ev'ry Field;
Herbs, for Man's Uſe of various Pow'r,
That either Food or Phyſick yield.
With cluſter'd Grapes He crowns the Vine,
To chear Man's Heart oppreſt with Cares,
Gives Oyl, that makes his Face to ſhine;
And Corn, that waſted Strength repairs.

PART III.

8 The Trees of God, without the Care,
Or Art of Man, with Sap are fed;
The Mountain Cedar looks as fair
As thoſe, in royal Gardens bred.
Safe, in the lofty Cedar's Arms,
The Wand'rers of the Air may reſt:
The hoſpitable Pine, from Harms
Protects the Stork, her pious Gueſt.

9 Wild Goats the craggy Rock aſcend,
It's tow'ring Heights their Fortreſs make,
Whoſe Cells in Labyrinths extend,
Where feebler Creatures refuge take.
The Moon's inconſtant Aſpect, ſhows
Th' appointed Seaſons of the Year;
Th' inſtructed Sun, his Duty knows,
His Hours to riſe, and diſappear.

10 Darkneſs He makes the Earth to ſhroud,
When Foreſt-Beaſts ſecurely ſtray;
Young Lyons roar their Wants aloud
To Providence, that ſends them Prey.
They range all Night, on Slaughter bent,
Till ſummon'd by the riſing Morn,
To skulk in Dens, with one Conſent,
The conſcious Ravagers return.

11 Forth to the Tillage of his Soil,
The Husbandman ſecurely goes,
Commencing with the Sun his Toil;
With him returns to his Repoſe.
How various, Lord, Thy Works are found!
For which thy Wiſdom we adore,
The Earth is With thy Treaſure crown'd,
Till Nature's Hand can graſp no more.

PART IV.

12 But ſtill, the vaſt unfathom'd Main,
Of Wonders, a new Scene Supplies,
Whoſe Depths, Inhabitants contain
Of ev'ry Form, and ev'ry Size.
Full-freighted ſhips from ev'ry Port,
There cut their unmoleſted Way;
Leviathan, whom there to ſport
Thou mad'ſt, has compaſs there to play.

13 Theſe various Troops of Sea and Land,
In Senſe of common Want agree;
All wait on thy diſpenſing Hand,
And have their daily Alms from Thee.
They gather what thy Stores diſperſe,
Without their Trouble to provide:
Thou op'ſt thy Hand, the Univerſe,
The craving World, is all ſupply'd.

14 Thou, for a Moment hid'ſt thy Face,
The num'rous Ranks of Creatures mourn;
Thou, tak'ſt their Breath, all Nature's Race
Forthwith to Mother Earth, return.
Again Thou ſend'ſt thy Spirit forth,
T' inſpire the Maſs with vital Seed;
Nature's reſtor'd, and Parent Earth
Smiles, on her new-created Breed.

15 Thus, through ſucceſſive Ages ſtands,
Firm fixt, thy Providential Care;
Pleas'd with the Work of thy own Hands,
Thou, doſt the Waſtes of Time repair.
One Look of thine, one wrathful Look,
Earth's panting Breaſt with Terror fills;
One Touch from Thee, with Clouds of Smoak,
In Darkneſs ſhrouds the Proudeſt Hills.

16 In praiſing God, while He prolongs
My Breath, I will that Breath employ;
And join Devotion to my Songs,
Sincere, as is in Him my Joy.
While Sinners from Earth's Face are hurl'd,
My Soul, praiſe thou his holy Name.
Till, with my Song, the liſt'ning World
Join conſort, and his Praiſe proclaim.

PSALM CV. [*Tune Pſ.* 8.]

1 O Render Thanks, and bleſs the Lord,
invoke his ſacred Name,
Acquaint the Nations with his Deeds,
his Matchleſs Deeds, proclaim.

2 Sing to his Praiſe, in lofty Hymns,
his wondrous Works rehearſe;
Make them the Theme of your Diſcourſe,
and

and Subject of your Verſe.

3 Rejoyce in his Almighty Name,
alone to be ador'd;
And let their Hearts o'erflow with Joy,
that humbly ſeek the Lord.

4 Seek ye the Lord, his ſaving Strength
devoutly ſtill implore;
And where He's ever preſent, ſeek
his Face, for evermore.

5 The Wonders that his Hands have wrought,
keep thankfully in Mind;
The righteous Statutes of his Mouth,
and Laws to us aſſign'd.

6 Know ye his Servant *Abra'm*'s Seed,
and *Jacob*'s choſen Race,
He's ſtill our God, his Judgments ſtill
throughout the Earth, take Place.

PART II.

7 His Cov'nant He hath kept in Mind,
for num'rous Ages paſt,
Which, yet for thouſand Ages more,
in equal Force ſhall laſt.

8 Firſt, ſign'd to *Abr'am*, next, by Oath
to *Iſaac*, made ſecure;
To *Jacob* and his Heirs, a Law
for ever to endure.

9 That *Can'an*'s Land ſhould be their Lot,
when yet but few they were;
But few in Number, and thoſe few,
all friendleſs Strangers there.

10 In Pilgrimage from Realm to Realm,
ſecurely they remov'd;
Whilſt proudeſt Monarchs for their Sakes,
ſeverely He reprov'd;

11 „ Theſe mine anointed are, ſaid He,
„ let none my Servants wrong,
„ Nor treat the pooreſt Prophet ill,
„ that does to Me belong.

12 A Dearth at laſt, by his Command,
did thro' the Land prevail;
Till Corn, the chief Support of Life,
Suſtaining Corn, did fail.

13 But his indulgent Providence,
had pious *Joſeph* ſent,
Sold into *Ægypt*, but, their Death
who ſold him, to prevent.

14 His Feet with heavy Chains were cruſh'd,
with Calumny his Fame;
Till God's appointed Time and Word,
to his Deliv'rance came.

15 The King his ſov'reign Orders ſent,
and reſcu'd him with ſpeed;

Whom private Malice had confin'd,
the People's Ruler freed.
16 His Court, Revenues, Realm, were all
ſubjected, to his Will;
His greateſt Princes to controul,
and teach his Stateſmen Skill.

PART III.

17 To *Egypt* then, invited Gueſts,
half-famiſh'd *Iſr'el* came;
And *Jacob* held, by Royal Grant,
the fertile Soil of *Ham*.
18 Th' Almighty there, with ſuch Increaſe
his People multiply'd.
Till, with their proud Oppreſſors, they
in Strength and Number, vy'd,
19 Their vaſt Increaſe, th' *Egyptians* Hearts
with jealous Anger fir'd,
Till, they his Servants to deſtroy
by treach'rous Arts, conſpir'd.
20 His Servant *Moſes* then He ſent,
his choſen *Aaron* too;
Empower'd with Signs and Miracles,
to prove their Miſſion true.
21 He call'd for Darkneſs, Darkneſs came,
Nature his Summons knew;
Each Stream and Lake, transform'd to Blood,
the wond'ring Fiſhes ſlew.
22 In putrid Floods throughout the Land,
the Peſt of Frogs was bred;
From noiſom Fens ſent up, to croak
at *Phar'oh*'s Board and Bed.
23 He gave the Sign, and Swarms of Flies
came down, in cloudy Hoſts;
Whilſt Earth's enliv'ned Duſt below
bred Lice, thro' all their Coaſts.
24 He ſent them batt'ring Hail for Rain,
and Fire for cooling Dew:
He ſmote their Vines, and Forreſt Plants,
and Garden's pride o'erthrew.
25 He ſpake the Word, and Locuſts came,
with Caterpillars joyn'd:
They prey'd upon the Poor Remains,
the Storm had left behind.
26 From Trees, to Herbage they deſcend,
no verdant thing they ſpare;
But, like the naked Fallow-Field,
leave all the Paſtures bare.
27 From Fields, to Villages and Towns,
commiſſion'd Vengeance flew;
One fatal Stroke, their eldeſt Hopes
and Strength of *Egypt*, ſlew.

PART IV.

28 He brought his Servants forth, enrich'd
with *Egypt*'s borrow'd Wealth;
And, what tranſcends all Treaſures elſe,
enrich'd, with vig'rous Health.
29 *Egypt* rejoyc'd, in Hopes to find
her Plagues with them remov'd;
Taught dearly now to fear worſe Ills,
by thoſe already prov'd.
30 Their ſhrouding Canopy by Day,
a journ'ing Cloud was ſpread;
A fiery Pillar all the Night,
their Deſart-Marches led.
31 They long'd for Fleſh; with Ev'ning Quails
He furniſh'd ev'ry Tent;
From Heav'ns own Granary, each Morn,
the Bread of Angels ſent.
32 He ſmote the Rock, whoſe flinty Breaſt
pour'd forth a guſhing Tide,
Whoſe following Stream, where'er they march'd
the Deſart's Drought ſupply'd,
33 For ſtill He did on *Abr'am*'s Faith,
and ancient League reflect;
He brought his People forth with Joy,
with Triumph, his Elect:
34 Quite rooting out their Heathen Foes,
from *Can'an*'s fertile Soil,
To them, in cheap Poſſeſſion gave
the Fruit, of other's Toil;
35 That they his Statutes might obſerve,
his ſacred Laws obey.
For Benefits ſo vaſt, let us
our Songs of Praiſe repay.

PSALM CVI. [*Tune Pſ.* 40.]

1 O Render thanks to God above,
The Fountain of eternal Love;
Whoſe Mercy, firm thro' Ages paſt
Has ſtood, and ſhall for ever laſt.
2 Who can his mighty Deeds expreſs,
Not only vaſt, but numberleſs?
What Mortal Eloquence can raiſe
His Tribute, of immortal Praiſe?
3 Happy are they, and only they,
Who from thy Judgments never ſtray;
Who know what's right, nor only ſo,
But always practiſe what thy know.
4 Extend to me that Favour, Lord,
Thou to thy Choſen doſt afford;
When Thou return'ſt to ſet them free,

Let thy Salvation viſit me.

5 O! may I Worthy proye to ſee
Thy Saints in full Proſperity!
That I the joyful Choir may joyn,
And count thy People's Triumph mine.

6 But ah! can we expect ſuch Grace,
Of Parents vile, the viler Race;
Who their Miſdeeds have acted o'er,
And with new Crimes increas'd the Score.

PART II.

7 Ungrateful, they no longer thought
On all his Works, in *Egypt* wrought;
The Red-Sea they no ſooner view'd,
But they their baſe Diſtruſt renew'd.

8 Yet He, to vindicate his Name,
Once more, to their Deliv'rance came;
To make his Sov'reign Pow'r be known,
That He is God, and He alone.

9 To right and left at his Command,
The parting Deep diſclos'd her Sand;
Where firm and dry the Paſſage lay,
As thro' ſome parch't and deſart Way.

10 Thus reſcu'd from their Foes they were,
Who cloſely preſs'd upon their Rear;
Whoſe Rage purſu'd them to thoſe Waves,
That prov'd the raſh Purſuers Graves.

11 The watry Mountains ſudden Fall,
O'erwhelms proud *Pharaoh*, Hoſt and all:
This Proof, did ſtupid *Iſrael* move
To own God's Truth, and praiſe his Love.

12 But ſoon theſe Wonders they forgot,
And for his Counſel waited not:
But luſting in the Wilderneſs,
Did Him with freſh Temptations preſs.

PART III.

13 Strong Food at their Requeſt He ſent,
But made their Sin their Puniſhment.
Yet ſtill his Saints they did oppoſe,
The Prieſt and Prophet, whom He choſe.

14 But Earth, the Quarrel to decide,
Her Vengeful Jaws extending wide,
Raſh *Dathan* to her Centre drew,
With proud *Abiram*'s factious Crew.

15 The reſt of thoſe, who did conſpire,
To kindle wild Sedition's Fire,
With all their impious Train, became
A Prey, to Heav'n's devouring Flame.

16 Near *Horeb*'s Mount, a Calf they made,
And to the molten Image pray'd;
Adoring what their Hands did frame,

They

They chang'd their Glory to their Shame.

17 Their God and Saviour they forgot,
And all his Works in *Egypt* wrought;
His Signs in *Ham*'s aſtoniſht Coaſt,
And where proud *Phar'oh*'s Troops were loſt.

18 Thus urg'd, his vengeful Hand He rear'd,
But *Moſes* in the Breach appear'd;
The Saint did for the Rebels pray,
And turn'd Heav'n's kindled Wrath away.

19 Yet they his pleaſant Land deſpis'd;
Nor his repeated Promiſe priz'd;
Nor did th' Almighty's Voice obey;
But when God ſaid, *Go up*, would ſtay.

20 This ſeal'd their Doom, without Redreſs,
To periſh in the Wilderneſs;
Or elſe to be by Heathen hands
O'erthrown, and ſcatter'd thro' the Lands.

PART IV.

21 Yet, unreclaim'd, this ſtubborn Race,
Baalpeor's Worſhip did embrace;
Became his impious Gueſts, and fed
On Sacrifices, to the Dead.

22 Thus they perſiſted, to provoke
God's Vengeance, to the final Stroke.
'Tis come:--the deadly Peſt is come,
To execute their gen'ral Doom.

23 But *Phine'as*, fir'd with holy Rage,
(th' Almighty's Vengeance to aſſwage)
Did, by two bold Offenders Fall,
Th'Atonement make, that ranſom'd *All*.

24 As him, a Heav'nly Zeal had mov'd,
So, Heav'n the zealous Act approv'd;
To him confirming, and his Race,
The Prieſthood, he ſo well did grace.

25 At *Meribah*, God's Wrath they mov'd;
Who, *Moſes* for their ſakes reprov'd;
Whoſe patient Soul they did provoke,
Till, raſhly the meek Prophet ſpoke.

26 Nor when poſſeſt of *Can'an*'s Land,
Did they perform their Lord's Command;
Nor his commiſſion'd Sword employ,
The guilty Nations to deſtroy.

27 Nor only ſpar'd the Pagan Crew,
But mingling, learnt their vices too;
And Worſhip to thoſe Idols paid,
Which, them to fatal Snares betray'd.

28 To Devils, they did ſacrifice
Their Children, with relentleſs Eyes,
Approach'd their Altars, thro' a Flood,
Of their own Sons and Daughters Blood.

29 No cheaper Victims, wou'd appeaſe
Can'an's remorſeleſs Deities;

No

No Blood, her Idols reconcile,
But that, which did the Land defile,

PART V.

30 Nor did theſe ſavage Cruelties
The harden'd Reprobates ſuffice;
For, after their Heart's Luſt they went,
And daily did new Crimes invent.
31 But Sins of ſuch infernal Hue,
Gods Wrath againſt his People drew;
Till He, their once indulgent Lord,
His own Inheritance abhorr'd.
32 He, them defenſeleſs did expoſe
To their inſulting Heathen Foes;
And made them on the Triumphs wait,
Of thoſe, who bore them greateſt Hate.
33 Nor thus his Indignation ceas'd;
Their Liſt of Tyrants He increas'd;
Till they who God's mild Sway declin'd,
Were made the Vaſſals of Mankind.
34 Yet, when diſtreſt, they did repent;
His Anger did as oft relent;
But freed, they did his Wrath provoke,
Renew'd their Sins, and He their Yoke.
35 Nor yet implacable He prov'd,
Nor heard their wretched Cries unmov'd;
But did to Mind his Promiſe bring,
And Mercy's inexhauſted Spring.
36 Compaſſion too He did impart,
Ev'n to their Foe's obdurate Heart,
And Pity, for their Suff'rings bred
In thoſe, who them to Bondage led.
37 Still ſave us, Lord, and *Iſr'el*'s Bands
Together bring, from Heathen Lands;
So to thy Name our Thanks we'll raiſe,
And ever triumph in thy Praiſe.
38 Let *Iſr'el*'s God be ever bleſt,
His Name eternally confeſt;
Let all his Saints with full Accord,
Sing loud *Amens.* —— *Praiſe ye the Lord.*
39 *Praiſe ye the Lord*, Sing loud,
Sing loud, *Praiſe ye the Lord*,
A - men.
A - men.
Sing loud,
Praiſe ye the Lord, Sing loud,
A - - - men
A - - - men.

PSALM CVII. [*Tune Pſ.* 47. 97.]

1 TO God, your grateful Voices raiſe,
Who

Who does your daily Patron prove,
And, let your never ceaſing Praiſe
Attend, on his eternal Love.

2 Let thoſe give Thanks, whom He from Bands
of Proud oppreſſing Foes, releas'd;
And brought them back from diſtant Lands,
From North, and South, and Weſt, and Eaſt,

3 Thro' lonely deſart Ways they went,
Nor could a peopled City find;
Till quite with Thirſt and Hunger ſpent,
Their fainting Soul within them pin'd.

4 Then ſoon, to God's indulgent Ear,
Did they their mournful Cry addreſs;
Who graciouſly vouchſaf'd to hear,
And freed them from their deep Diſtreſs.

5 From crooked Paths He led them forth,
And in the certain Way did guide,
To wealthy Towns of great Reſort,
Where all their Wants were full ſupply'd.

6 O! then that all the Earth with me,
Would God, for this his Goodneſs praiſe,
And, for the mighty Works which He,
Throughout the wond'ring World diſplays!

7 For He, from Heav'n, the ſad Eſtate
Of longing Souls, with Pity views;
To hungry Souls that pant for Meat,
His Goodneſs, daily Food renews.

PART II.

8 Some lie, with Darkneſs compas'd round,
In Death's uncomfortable Shade;
And with unweildy Fetters bound,
By preſſing Cares more heavy made.

9 Becauſe God's Counſel they defy'd,
And lightly priz'd his holy Word,
With theſe Afflictions they were try'd;
They fell, and none could Help afford.

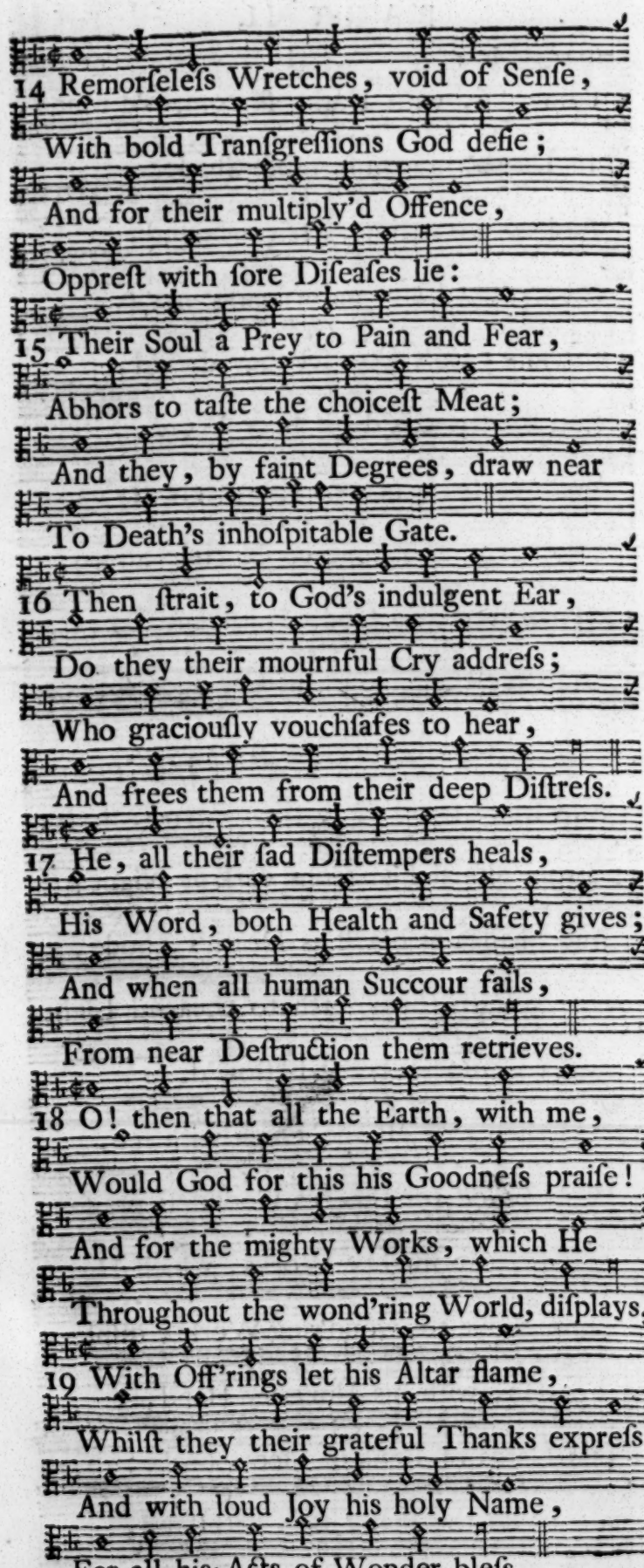
10 Then ſoon, to God's indulgent Ear,
Did they their mournful Cry addreſs;
Who graciouſly vouchſaf'd to hear,
And freed them from their deep Diſtreſs;

11 From diſmal Dungeons dark as Night,
And Shades as black as Death's Abode,
He brought them forth to chearful Light,
And welcome Liberty beſtow'd.

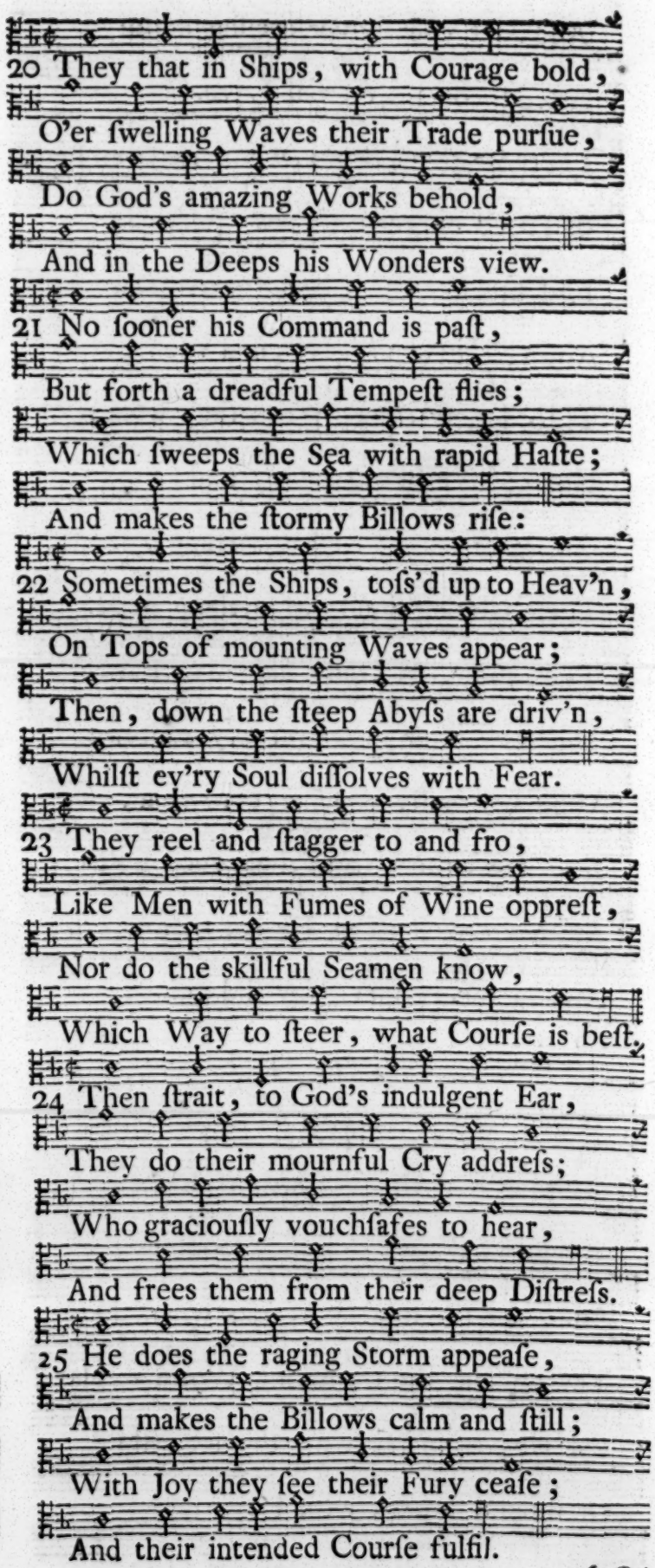
12 O! then that all the Earth with me,
Would God for this his Goodneſs praiſe;
And for the mighty Works, which He
Throughout the wond'ring World, diſplays.

13 For He, with his Almighty Hand,
The Gates of Braſs in Pieces broke;
Nor could the maſſy Bars withſtand,
Or temper'd Steel, reſiſt his Stroke.

PART III.



PART IV.



26 O!

26 O! then that all the Earth, with me,
Would God for this his Goodneſs praiſe!
And for the mighty works, which He
Throughout the wond'ring World, diſplays,
27 Let them, where all the Tribes reſort,
Advance to Heav'n his glorious Name,
And in the Elders Sov'reign Court,
With one Conſent, his Praiſe proclaim.

PART V.

28 A fruitful Land, where Streams abound,
God's juſt Revenge, if People ſin,
Will turn to dry and barren Ground,
To puniſh thoſe that dwell therein.
29 The parcht and deſart Heath, He makes
To flow with Streams, and ſpringing Wells;
Which, for his Lot the Hungry takes,
And in ſtrong Cities ſafely dwells.
30 He ſows the Field, the Vineyard plants,
Which gratefully his Toil repay;
Nor can, whilſt God his Bleſſing grants,
His fruitful Seed or Stock decay.
31 But when his Sins Heav'ns Wrath provoke,
His Health and Subſtance fade away;
He feels th' Oppreſſor's gauling Yoke,
And is of Grief the wretched Prey.
32 The Prince, who ſlights what God commands,
Expos'd to Scorn, muſt quit his Throne;
And over wild and deſart Lands,
Where no Path offers, ſtray alone.
33 Whilſt God, from all afflicting Cares,
Sets up the humble Man on high;
And makes, in time his num'rous Heirs,
With his increaſing Flocks to vie.
34 Then, Sinners ſhall have nought to ſay,
The Juſt a decent Joy ſhall ſhow;
The Wiſe, theſe ſtrange Events ſhall weigh,
And thence God's Goodneſs fully know.

PSALM CVIII. [*Tune Pſ.* 16.]

1 O God, my Heart is fully bent,
to magnifie thy Name;
My Tongue, with chearful Songs of Praiſe,
ſhall celebrate thy Fame.
2 Awake my Lute; nor thou, my Harp,
thy warbling Notes delay;
Whilſt I with early Hymns of Joy,
prevent the dawning Day.
3 To all the liſt'ning Tribes, O Lord;
thy Wonders I will tell,
And to thoſe Nations ſing thy Praiſe,
that round about us dwell:

4 Becauſe thy Mercy's boundleſs Height,
the higheſt Heav'n tranſcend's;
And far beyond th' aſpiring Clouds;
thy faithful Truth extends.
5 Be Thou, O God, exalted high,
above the ſtarry Frame;
And let the World, with one Conſent;
confeſs thy glorious Name.
6 That all thy choſen People Thee,
their Saviour may declare;
Let thy Right-Hand protect me ſtill;
and anſwer Thou my Pray'r.

PART II.

7 Since God himſelf hath ſaid the Word,
whoſe Promiſe cannot fail;
With Joy, I *Shechem* ſhall divide,
and meaſure *Succoth*'s Vale;
8 *Gilead* is mine, *Manaſſeh* too,
and *Ephraim* owns my Cauſe;
Their Strength, my regal Pow'r ſupports,
And *Judah* gives my Laws,
9 *Moab*, I'll make my ſervile Drudge,
on vanquiſht *Edom* tread;
And through the proud *Philiſtine* Lands,
my conqu'ring Banners ſpread.
10 By whoſe Support and Aid, ſhall I
their well-fenc'd City gain?
Who will my Troops ſecurely lead,
thro' *Edom*'s guarded Plain?
11 Lord, wilt not Thou aſſiſt our Arms,
which late Thou did'ſt forſake?
And wilt not Thou, of theſe our Hoſts,
once more the Guidance take?
12 O! to thy Servant in Diſtreſs,
thy ſpeedy Succour ſend:
For vain it is on human Aid,
for Safety to depend.
13 Then, valiant Acts ſhall we perform,
if Thou thy Pow'r diſcloſe;
For God it is, and God alone,
that treads down all our Foes.

PSALM CIX.

1 O God, whoſe former Mercies make,
my conſtant Praiſe thy Due,
Hold not thy Peace, but my ſad State,
with wonted Favour view.
For ſinful Men, with lying Lips,
deceitful Speeches frame,
And with their ſtudied Slanders ſeek
to wound my ſpotleſs Fame.

2 Their

2 Their reſtleſs Hatred prompts them ſtill,
malicious Lyes to ſpread;
And all againſt my Life combine,
by cauſeleſs Fury led.
Thoſe, whom with tend'reſt Love I us'd,
my chief Oppoſers are;
Whilſt I, of other Friends bereft,
reſort to Thee by Pray'r.

3 Since Miſchief, for the Good I did,
their ſtrange Reward does prove;
And Hatred's the Return they make,
for undiſſembled Love.
Their guilty Leader ſhall be made;
to ſome ill Man a Slave;
And when he's try'd, his mortal Foe
for his Accuſer have.

4 His Grief, when Sentence is pronounc'd,
ſhall meet a dreadful Fate;
Whilſt his rejected Pray'r but ſerves,
his Crimes to aggravate.
He, ſnatch'd by ſome untimely Fate,
ſha'n't live out half his Days;
Another, by divine Decree,
ſhall on his Office ſeize.

PART II.

5 His Seed ſhall Orphans be, his Wife
a Widow, plung'd in Grief;
His vagrant Children beg their Bread,
where none can give Relief.
His ill-got Riches ſhall be made,
to Uſurers a Prey;
The Fruit of all his Toil ſhall be
by Strangers, born away.

6 None ſhall be found, that to his Wants
their Mercy will extend,
Or, to his helpleſs Orphan-Seed,
the leaſt Aſſiſtance lend.
A ſwift Deſtruction ſoon ſhall ſeize,
on his unhappy Race;
And the next Age his hated Name,
ſhall utterly deface.

7 The Vengeance of his Father's Sins,
upon his Head ſhall fall;
God on his Mother's Crimes ſhall think,
and puniſh him for all.
All theſe in horrid Order rank'd,
before the Lord ſhall ſtand;
Till his fierce Anger, quite cuts off
their Mem'ry, from the Land.

PART III.

8 Becauſe he never Mercy ſhew'd,
but ſtill the Poor oppreſs'd;
And ſought to ſlay the helpleſs Man,
with heavy Woes diſtreſs'd.
Therefore the Curſe he lov'd to vent,
ſhall his own Portion prove;
And Bleſſing, which he ſtill abhorr'd,
ſhall far from him remove.
9 Since he in Curſing took ſuch Pride,
like Water it ſhall ſpread
Thro' all his Veins, and ſtick like Oyl,
with which his Bones are fed.
This, like a poyſon'd Robe, ſhall ſtill
his conſtant Cov'ring be,
Or an envenom'd Blot, from which
he never ſhall be free.
10 Thus ſhall the Lord reward all thoſe,
that ill to me deſign;
That with malicious falſe Reports,
againſt my Life combine.
But for thy glorious Name, O God,
do Thou deliver me;
And for thy glorious Mercy's ſake,
preſerve and ſet me free.
11 For I, to utmoſt Straits reduc'd,
am void of all Relief:
My Heart is wounded with Diſtreſs,
and quite pierc'd thro' with Grief.
I, like an Ev'ning Shade decline,
which vaniſhes apace;
Like Locuſt, up and down I'm tos'd,
and have no certain Place.

PART IV.

12 My Knees with Faſting are grown weak,
my Body lank and lean;
All that behold me ſhake their Heads,
and treat me with Diſdain.
But for thy Mercy's ſake, O Lord,
do Thou my Foes withſtand;
That all may ſee 'tis thine own Act,
the Work of thy Right-Hand.
13 Then let them curſe, ſo Thou but bleſs;
let Shame, the Portion be
Of all, that my Deſtruction ſeek,
while I rejoyce in Thee.
My Foe, ſhall with Diſgrace be cloath'd,
and, ſpite of all his Pride,
His own Confuſion, like a Cloak,
the guilty Wretch ſhall hide.
14 But I to God, in grateful Thanks,
my chearful Voice will raiſe;

And where the great Aſſembly meets,
ſet forth his noble Praiſe.
For Him, the Poor ſhall always find,
their ſure and conſtant Friend;
And He, ſhall from unrighteous Dooms,
their guiltleſs Souls defend.

PSALM CX. [*Tune Pſ.* 46.]

1 THE Lord, unto my Lord thus ſpake,
„ Still I thy Foes thy Footſtool make,
„ Sit Thou in State, at my Right-Hand;
„ Supreme in *Sion* Thou ſhalt be,
„ And all thy proud Oppoſers ſee
„ Subjected, to thy juſt Command.
2 „ Thee, in thy Pow'r's triumphant Day;
„ The willing Nations ſhall obey,
„ And, when thy riſing Beams they view,
„ Shall all (redeem'd from Error's Night)
„ Appear as numberleſs and bright,
„ As cryſtal Drops, of Morning Dew.
3 The Lord hath ſworn, nor ſworn in vain;
That, like *Melchizedech*'s, thy Reign
And Prieſthood, ſhall no Period know:
No proud Competitor, to ſit
At thy Right-Hand, will He permit;
But in his Wrath, crown'd Heads o'erthrow.
4 The ſentenc'd Heathen, He ſhall ſlay,
And fill with Carcaſſes his Way,
Till He, hath ſtruck Earth's Tyrants dead.
But in the high-way Brooks ſhall firſt,
Like a poor Pilgrim, ſlack his Thirſt,
And then in Triumph raiſe his Head.

PSALM CXI. [*Tune Pſ.* 65.]

1 PRaiſe ye the Lord, our God to praiſe,
My Soul her utmoſt Power raiſe,
With private Friends, and in the Throng
Of Saints; his Praiſe ſhall be my Song.
2 His Works, for Greatneſs tho' renown'd,
His wond'rous Works, With Eaſe are found
By thoſe, who ſeek for them aright,
And in the pious Search delight.
3 His Works are all of matchleſs Fame,
And univerſal Glory claim;
His Truth, confirm'd thro' Ages paſt,
Shall to eternal Ages laſt.
4 By Precepts He has us enjoyn'd,
To keep his wondrous Works in Mind;
And to Poſterity record,
That good and gracious is our Lord.
5 His Bounty, like a flowing Tide,
Has all his Servants Wants ſupply'd;

And

And He, will ever keep in Mind
His Cov'nant, with our Fathers, ſign'd.
6 At once aſtoniſh'd and o'erjoy'd.
They ſaw his matchleſs Pow'r employ'd;
Whereby the Heathen were ſuppreſs'd,
And we, their Heritage poſſeſs'd.
7 Juſt, are the Dealings of his Hands,
Immutable, are his Commands;
By Truth and Equity ſuſtain'd,
And for eternal Rules ordain'd.
8 He, ſet his Saints from Bondage free,
And then eſtabliſh'd his Decree,
For ever to remain the ſame;
Holy and Rev'rend is his Name.
9 Who Wiſdom's ſacred Prize would win,
Muſt with the Fear of God begin;
Immortal Praiſe, and heav'nly Skill
Have they, who know, and do his Will.

PSALM CXII.

HALLELUJAH HALLELUJAH.

1 THat Man is bleſt who ſtands in Awe
Of God, and loves his ſacred Law:
His Seed on Earth ſhall be renown'd,
And with ſucceſſive Honours crown'd.
2 His Houſe, the Seat of Wealth, ſhall be
An inexhauſted Treaſury;
His Juſtice, free from all Decay,
Shall Bleſſings to his Heirs convey.
3 The Soul that's fill'd with Virtue's Light,
Shine's brighteſt in Affliction's Night:
To pity the Diſtreſt inclin'd,
As well as juſt to all Mankind.
4 His lib'ral Favours he extends,
To ſome he gives, to others lends:
Yet what his Charity impairs,
He ſaves by Prudence in Affairs.
5 Beſet with threatning Dangers round,
Unmov'd, ſhall he maintain his Ground;
The ſweet Remembrance of the Juſt,
Shall flouriſh, when he ſleeps in Duſt.
6 Ill Tidings never can ſurprize
His Heart, that ſtill on God relies:
On Safety's Rock he ſits, and ſees
The Shipwrack, of his Enemies.
7 His Hands, while they his Alms beſtow'd,
His Glory's future Harveſt ſow'd,
Whence he ſhall reap Wealth, Fame, Renown,
A temp'ral and eternal Crown.
8 The Wicked ſhall his Triumph ſee,
And gnaſh their Teeth in Agony;

While

While their unrighteous Hopes decay,
And vaniſh with themſelves away.

Makes her, that barren was, to bear,
And joyfully her Fruit to rear,
O then extol his matchleſs Fame!

PSALM CXIII.

1 YE Saints and Servants of the Lord,
the Triumphs of his Name record,
His ſacred Name for ever bleſs.
Where e'er the circling Sun diſplays
His riſing Beams, or ſetting Rays,
due Praiſe to his great Name addreſs.
2 God, thro' the World extends his Sway;
The Regions of eternal Day,
but Shadows of his Glory are:
To Him, whoſe Majeſty excels,
Who made the Heav'n in which He dwells
let no created Pow'r compare.
3 Tho 'tis beneath his State, to view
In higheſt Heav'n, what Angels do,
yet He, to Earth vouchſafes his Care:
He, takes the Needy from his Cell,
Advancing him in Courts to dwell,
Companion, to the Greateſt there.
4 When childleſs Families deſpair,
He, ſends the Bleſſing of an Heir,
to reſcue their expiring Name;

PSALM CXIV.

1 WHen *Iſr'el*, by th' Almighty led,
(Enrich'd with their Oppreſſors Spoil)
From *Egypt* march'd; and *Jacob*'s Seed,
From Bondage in a foreign Soil.
Jehovah, for his Reſidence,
Choſe out imperial *Judah*'s Tent,
His Manſion Royal, and from thence,
Thro' *Iſr'el*'s Camp his Orders ſent.
2 The diſtant Sea with Terror ſaw,
And from th' Almighty's Preſence fled;
Old *Jordan*'s Streams, ſurpriz'd with Awe,
Retreated to their Fountain's Head.
The taller Mountains skipp'd, like Rams,
When Danger near the Fold they hear;
The Hills skipp'd after them, like Lambs
Affrighted, by their Leader's Fear.
3 O Sea, what made your Tide withdraw,
And naked leave your oozy Bed?
Why *Jordan*, againſt Nature's Law,
Recoild'ſt thou, to thy Fountain's Head?

Why Mountains, did you skip like Rams,
When Danger does approach the Fold?
Why after you the Hills, like Lambs,
When they their Leader's Flight behold?
4 Earth tremble on; well may'ſt thou fear,
Thy Lord and Maſter's Face to ſee;
When *Jacob*'s awful God draws near,
'Tis time, for Earth and Seas to flee.
To flee from God, who Nature's Law
Confirms and cancels, at his Will;
Who Springs, from flinty Rocks can draw,
And thirſty Vales, with Water fill.

PSALM CXV. [*Tune Pſ.* 35.]

1 LOrd, not to us, we claim no Share,
but to thy ſacred Name
Give Glory, for thy Mercy's ſake,
and Truth's eternal Fame,
2 Why ſhould the Heathen cry, Where's now
the God whom we adore?
Convince them that in Heav'n Thou art,
and uncontroul'd thy Pow'r.
3 Their Gods but Gold and Silver are,
the Works of mortal Hands:
With ſpeechleſs Mouth, and ſightleſs Eyes,
the molten Idol ſtands.
4 The Pageant has both Ears and Noſe,
but neither hears nor ſmells;
Its Hands and Feet nor feel nor move,
no Life within it dwells.
5 Such ſenſeleſs Stocks they are, that we
can nothing like them find,
But thoſe, who on their Help rely,
and them for Gods deſign'd.
6 O *Iſr'el*, make the Lord your Truſt,
Who is your Help and Shield;
Prieſts, Levites, truſt in Him alone,
who only Help can yield.
7 Let all, who truly fear the Lord,
on Him they fear rely;
Who them in Danger can defend,
and all their Wants ſupply.
8 Of us, He oft has mindful been,
and *Iſr'el*'s Houſe will bleſs;
Prieſts, Levites, Proſelytes, ev'n All,
who his great Name confeſs.
9 On you, and on your Heirs, He will
increaſe of Bleſſings bring;
Thrice happy you, who Fav'rites are
of this Almighty King.
10 Heav'ns higheſt Orb of Glory, He

his

his Empire's Seat design'd;
And gave this lower Globe of Earth,
a Portion to Mankind.
11 They who in Death and Silence sleep,
to Him no Praise afford:
But we will bless for evermore,
our ever-living Lord.

PSALM CXVI.

1 MY Soul, with grateful Thoughts of Love,
intirely is possest;
Because the Lord vouchsaf'd to hear
the Voice, of my Request.
Since He has now his Ear inclin'd,
I never will despair;
But still in all the Straits of Life,
to Him, address my Pray'r.
2 With deadly Sorrows compass'd round,
with Pains of Hell oppress,
When Troubles seiz'd my aking Heart,
and Anguish rack'd my Breast,
On God's Almighty Name I call'd,
and thus to Him I pray'd;
„ Lord, I beseech Thee, save my Soul,
with Sorrows quite dismay'd.
3 How just and merciful is God!
how gracious is the Lord!
Who saves the harmless, and to me
does timely Help afford.
Then free from pensive Cares, my Soul,
resume thy wonted Rest;
For God has wond'rously to thee,
his boundless Love express.

PART II.

4 When Death alarm'd me, He remov'd
my Danger and my Fears;
My Feet from Falling He secur'd,
and dry'd my Eyes from Tears.
Therefore my Life's remaining Years,
which God to me shall lend,
Will I, in Praises to his Name,
And in his Service spend.
5 In God I trusted, and of Him
in greatest Straits did boast;
(For in my Flight, all Hopes of Aid
from faithless Man, were lost:)
Then what Return to Him shall I,
for all his Goodness make?
I'll praise his Name, and with glad Zeal,
the Cup of Blessing take.
6 I'll pay my Vows amongst his Saints,

whoſe Blood, (howe'er deſpis'd
By wicked Men,) in God's Account,
is always highly priz'd.
By various Ties, O Lord, muſt I
to thy Dominion bow,
Thy humble Handmaid's Son before,
thy ranſom'd Captive now!
7 To Thee, I'll Off'rings bring of Praiſe;
and whilſt I bleſs thy Name,
The juſt Performance of my Vows,
to all thy Saints proclaim.
They, in *Jeruſalem* ſhall meet,
and in thy Houſe ſhall joyn,
To bleſs thy Name with one conſent;
and mix their Songs with mine.

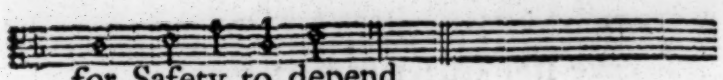
PSALM CXVII. [*Tune Pſ.* 21. 45.]

1 With chearful Notes let all the Earth,
to Heav'n their Voices raiſe;
Let all, inſpir'd with godly Mirth,
ſing ſolemn Hymns of Praiſe.
2 God's tender Mercy knows no bound,
his Truth ſhall ne'er decay;
Then let the willing Nations round,
their grateful Tribute pay.

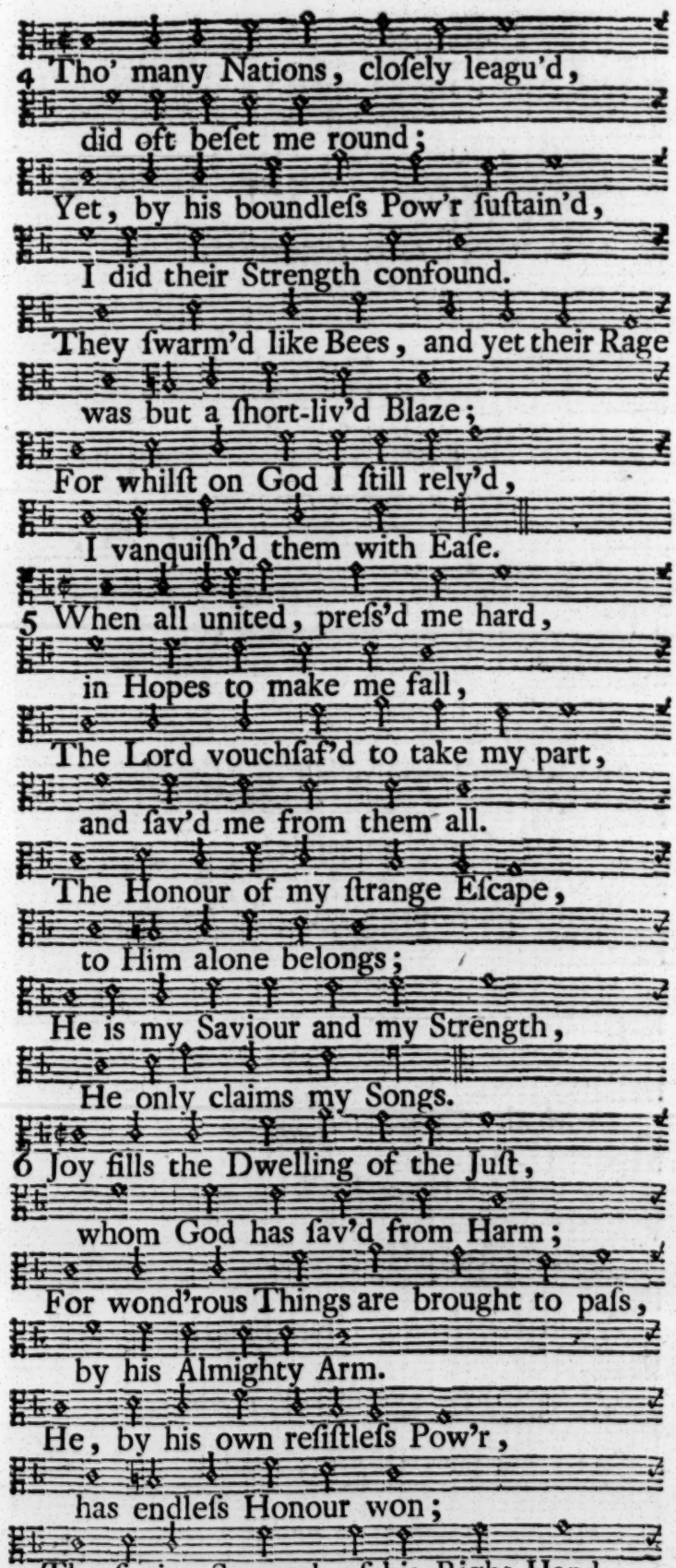
PSALM CXVIII.

1 O Praiſe the Lord, for He is good,
his Mercies ne'er decay:
That his kind Favours ever laſt,
let thankful *Iſr'el* ſay.
Their Senſe of his eternal Love,
let *Aaron's* Houſe expreſs;
And that it never fails, let all
that fear the Lord, confeſs.
2 To God, I made my humble Moan,
with Troubles quite oppreſt;
And He releas'd me from my Straits,
and granted my Requeſt.
Since therefore God does on my ſide,
ſo graciouſly appear;
Why ſhould the vain Attempts of Men,
poſſeſs my Soul with Fear?
3 Since God, with thoſe that aid my Cauſe,
vouchſafes my part to take;
To all my Foes, I need not doubt,
a juſt Return to make.
For better 'tis to truſt in God,
and have the Lord our Friend,
Than on the greateſt human Pow'r,

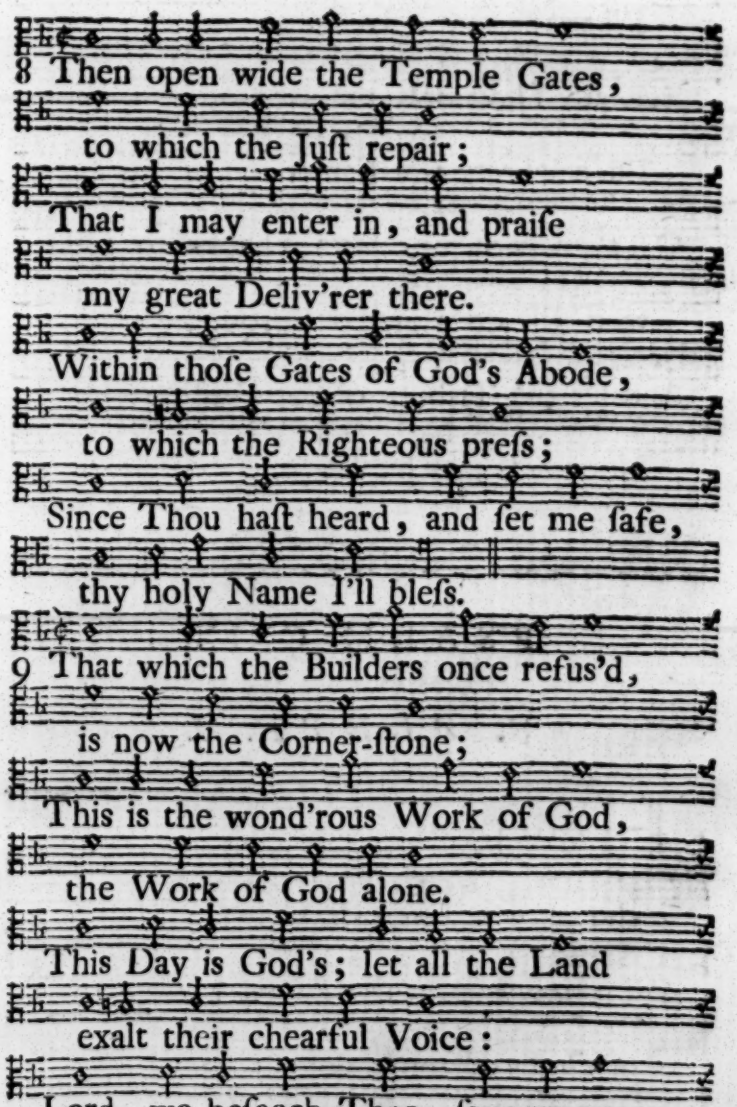
for


for Safety to depend.

PART II.


4 Tho' many Nations, cloſely leagu'd,
did oft beſet me round;
Yet, by his boundleſs Pow'r ſuſtain'd,
I did their Strength confound.
They ſwarm'd like Bees, and yet their Rage
was but a ſhort-liv'd Blaze;
For whilſt on God I ſtill rely'd,
I vanquiſh'd them with Eaſe.
5 When all united, preſs'd me hard,
in Hopes to make me fall,
The Lord vouchſaf'd to take my part,
and ſav'd me from them all.
The Honour of my ſtrange Eſcape,
to Him alone belongs;
He is my Saviour and my Strength,
He only claims my Songs.
6 Joy fills the Dwelling of the Juſt,
whom God has ſav'd from Harm;
For wond'rous Things are brought to paſs,
by his Almighty Arm.
He, by his own reſiſtleſs Pow'r,
has endleſs Honour won;
The ſaving Strength of his Right-Hand,
amazing Works has done.
7 God, will not ſuffer me to fall,
but ſtill prolongs my Days;
That by declaring all his Works,
I may advance his Praiſe.
When God had ſorely me chaſtiz'd,
till quite of Hopes bereav'd,
His Mercy, from the Gates of Death,
my fainting Life reprived.

PART III.


8 Then open wide the Temple Gates,
to which the Juſt repair;
That I may enter in, and praiſe
my great Deliv'rer there.
Within thoſe Gates of God's Abode,
to which the Righteous preſs;
Since Thou haſt heard, and ſet me ſafe,
thy holy Name I'll bleſs.
9 That which the Builders once refus'd,
is now the Corner-ſtone;
This is the wond'rous Work of God,
the Work of God alone.
This Day is God's; let all the Land
exalt their chearful Voice:
Lord, we beſeech Thee, ſave us now,

and make us ſtill rejoyce.

10 Him, that approaches in God's Name,
let all th' Aſſembly bleſs;
„ We that belong to God's own Houſe,
„ have wiſh'd you good Succeſs.
God is the Lord, thro' whom we all,
both Light and Comfort find;
Faſt to the Altar's Horn with Cords,
the choſen Victim bind.

11 Thou art my Lord, O God, and ſtill
I'll praiſe thy holy Name;
Becauſe Thou only art my God,
I'll celebrate thy Fame.
O! then with me, give Thanks to God,
who ſtill does gracious prove;
And let the Tribute of our Praiſe
be endleſs, as his Love.

PSALM CXIX.

ℵ. *ALEPH. I.*

1 HOW bleſt are they who always keep,
the pure and perfect Way!
Who never from the ſacred Paths,
of God's Commandments ſtray!
How bleſt! who to his righteous Laws,
have ſtill Obedient been!
And have with fervent humble Zeal,
his Favour ſought to win!

2 Such Men, their utmoſt Caution uſe,
to ſhun each wicked Deed;
But in the Path which He directs,
with Conſtant Care proceed.
Thou ſtrictly haſt enjoyn'd us, Lord,
to learn thy ſacred Will,
And all our Diligence employ,
thy Statutes to fulfil.

3 O! then that thy moſt holy Will,
might o'er my Ways preſide!
And I the Courſe of all my Life,
by thy Direction guide!
Then with Aſſurance ſhould I walk,
from all Confuſion free;
Convinc'd with Joy, that all my Ways
with thy Commands agree.

4 My upright Heart ſhall my glad Mouth,
with chearful Praiſes fill;
When by thy righteous Judgments taught,
I ſhall have learnt thy Will.
So to thy ſacred Laws, ſhall I
all due Obſervance pay;
O! then forſake me not, my God,

Nor

Nor caſt me quite away.

ב. *BETH. II.*

5 How ſhall the Young preſerve their Ways,
from all Pollution free?
By making ſtill their Courſe of Life,
with thy Commands agree.
With hearty Zeal for Thee I ſeek,
to Thee for Succour pray;
O! ſuffer not my careleſs Steps,
from thy right Paths to ſtray.
6 Safe in my Heart, and cloſely hid,
thy Word, my Treaſure, lies;
To ſuccour me with timely Aid,
when ſinful Thoughts ariſe.
Secur'd by that, my grateful Soul
ſhall ever bleſs thy Name:
O! teach me then, by thy juſt Laws,
my future Life to frame.
7 My Lips unlock'd by pious Zeal,
to others have declar'd,
How well the Judgments of thy Mouth,
deſerve our beſt Regard.
Whilſt in the Way of thy Commands,
more ſolid Joy I found,
Than had I been with vaſt Increaſe,
of envy'd Riches crown'd.
8 Therefore thy juſt and upright Laws,
ſhall always fill my Mind;
And thoſe found Rules, which Thou preſcrib'ſt,
all due Reſpect ſhall find.
To keep thy Statutes undefac'd,
ſhall be my conſtant Joy;
The ſtrict Remembrance of thy Word,
ſhall all my Thoughts employ.

ג. *GIMEL. III.*

9 Be gracious to thy Servant, Lord,
do Thou my Life defend:
That I, according to thy Word,
my future Time may ſpend.
Enlighten both my Eyes and Mind,
that ſo I may diſcern
The wond'rous Things, which they behold,
who thy juſt Precepts learn.
10 Tho' like a Stranger in the Land,
from Place to Place I ſtray,
Thy righteous Judgments from my Sight,
remove not Thou away.
My fainting Soul is almoſt pin'd,
with earneſt Longing ſpent;
Whilſt always on the eager Search

of

of thy juſt Will, intent.

11 Thy ſharp Rebuke ſhall cruſh the Proud,
whom ſtill thy Curſe purſues;
Since they to walk in thy right Ways,
preſumptuouſly refuſe.
But far from me, do Thou, O Lord,
Contempt and Shame remove;
For I thy ſacred Laws affect,
with undiſſembled Love.

12 Tho' Princes oft in Council met,
againſt thy Servant ſpake;
Yet I, thy Statutes to obſerve,
my conſtant Buſ'neſs make.
For thy Commands, have always been
my Comfort and Delight;
By them I learn, with prudent Care,
to guide my Steps aright.

ד. *DALETH. IV.*

13 My Soul, oppreſt with deadly Care,
cloſe to the Earth does cleave;
Revive me, Lord, and let me now
thy promis'd Aid receive.
To Thee I ſtill declar'd my Ways,
who didſt incline thine Ear:
O! teach me then, my future Life,
by thy juſt Laws to ſteer.

14 If Thou wilt make me know thy Laws,
and by their Guidance walk,
The wond'rous Works, which Thou haſt done,
ſhall be my conſtant Talk.
But ſee, my Soul within me ſinks!
preſs'd down with weighty Care;
Do Thou, according to thy Word,
my waſted Strength repair.

15 Far, far, from me be all falſe Ways,
and lying Arts remov'd;
But kindly grant, I ſtill may keep
the Path, by Thee approv'd.
Thy faithful Ways; Thou God of Truth,
my happy Choice I made;
Thy Judgments, as my Rule of Life,
before me always laid.

16 My Care has been to make my Life,
with thy Commands agree;
O! then preſerve thy Servant, Lord,
from Shame and Ruin free.
So, in the Way of thy Commands,
ſhall I with Pleaſure run,
And with a Heart, enlarg'd with Joy,
ſucceſsfully go on.

ה. HE. V.

17 Inſtruct me in thy Statutes, Lord,
thy righteous Paths diſplay;
And I from them, through all my Life,
will never go aſtray.
If Thou true Wiſdom from above,
wilt graciouſly impart,
To keep thy perfect Laws, I will
devote my zealous Heart.
18 Direct me in the ſacred Ways;
to which thy Precepts lead;
Becauſe my chief Delight has been,
thy righteous Paths to tread.
Do Thou to thy moſt juſt Commands,
incline my willing Heart;
Let no Deſire of worldly Wealth,
from Thee, my Thoughts divert.
19 From thoſe vain Objects turn my Eyes,
which this falſe World diſplays;
But give me lively Pow'r and Strength,
to keep thy righteous Ways.
Confirm the Promiſe which Thou mad'ſt
and give thy Servant Aid,
Who to tranſgreſs thy ſacred Laws,
is awfully afraid.
20 The foul Diſgrace I juſtly fear,
in Mercy, Lord, remove;
For all the Judgments Thou ordain'ſt,
are full of Grace and Love.
Thou know'ſt how, after thy Commands,
my longing Heart does pant;
O! then make Haſte to raiſe me up,
and promis'd Succour grant.

ו. VAU. VI.

21 Thy conſtant Bleſſing, Lord, beſtow,
to cheer my drooping Heart;
To me, according to thy Word,
thy ſaving Health impart.
So ſhall I, when my Foes upbraid,
this ready Anſwer make;
„ In God I truſt, who never will
„ his faithful Promiſe break.
22 Then let not quite the Word of Truth,
be from my Mouth remov'd;
Since ſtill my Ground of ſtedfaſt Hope,
thy juſt Decrees have prov'd.
So I, to keep thy righteous Laws,
will all my Study bend;
From Age to Age, my Time to come,
in their Obſervance ſpend.

23 E'er long I truſt to walk at large,
from all Incumbrance free;
Since I reſolve to make my Life,
with thy Commands agree.
Thy Laws ſhall be my conſtant Talk,
and Princes ſhall attend,
Whilſt I the Juſtice of thy Ways,
with Confidence defend.
24 My longing Heart and raviſh'd Soul:
ſhall both o'erflow with Joy;
When in thy lov'd Commandments I,
my happy Hours employ.
Then will I to thy juſt Decrees,
lift up my willing Hands;
My Care and Buſ'neſs then ſhall be,
to ſtudy thy Commands.

ז. ZAIN. VII.

25 According to thy promis'd Grace,
thy Favour, Lord, extend;
Make good to me thy Word, on which
thy Servant's Hopes depend.
That only Comfort in Diſtreſs;
did all my Griefs controul;
Thy Word, when Troubles hemm'd me round,
reviv'd my fainting Soul.
26 Inſulting Foes did proudly mock,
and all my Hopes deride;
Yet from thy Law, not all their Scoffs
could make me turn aſide.
Thy Judgments then, of ancient Date,
I quickly call'd to Mind;
'Till, raviſh'd with ſuch Thoughts, my Soul
did ſpeedy Comfort find.
27 Sometimes I ſtand amaz'd, like one
with deadly Horror ſtruck,
To think how all my ſinful Foes,
have thy juſt Laws forſook.
But I, thy Statutes and Decrees,
my chearful Anthems made;
Whilſt thro' ſtrange Lands and Deſarts wild,
I like a Pilgrim ſtray'd.
28 Thy Name, that chear'd my Heart by Day,
has fill'd my Thoughts by Night;
I then reſolv'd by thy juſt Laws,
to guide my Steps aright.
That Peace of Mind, which has my Soul
in deep Diſtreſs ſuſtain'd.
By ſtrict Obedience to thy Will,
I happily obtain'd.

ח. CHETH.

ח. CHETH. VIII.

29 O Lord, my God, my Portion Thou
and ſure Poſſeſſion art:
Thy Words I ſtedfaſtly reſolve,
to treaſure in my Heart.
With all the Strength of warm Deſires,
I did thy Grace implore;
Diſcloſe, according to thy Word,
thy Mercy's boundleſs Store.
30 With due Reflection and ſtrict Care,
on all my Ways I thought;
And ſo, reclaim'd to thy juſt Paths,
my wand'ring Steps I brought.
I loſt no Time, but made great Haſte,
reſolv'd without Delay,
To watch, that I might never more,
from thy Commandments ſtray.
31 Tho' num'rous Troops of ſinful Men
to rob me have combin'd;
Yet, I thy pure and righteous Laws,
have ever kept in Mind.
In Dead of Night I will ariſe,
to ſing thy ſolemn Praiſe;
Convinc'd, how much I always ought
to love thy righteous Ways.
32 To ſuch as fear thy holy Name,
my ſelf I cloſely joyn;
To all who their obedient Wills,
to thy Commands reſign.
O'er all the Earth thy Mercy, Lord,
abundantly is ſhed;
O! make me then exactly learn,
thy ſacred Paths to tread.

ט. TETH. IX.

33 With me, thy Servant, Thou haſt dealt
moſt graciouſly, O Lord;
Repeated Benefits beſtow'd,
according to thy Word.
Teach me the ſacred Skill, by which
right Judgment is attain'd;
Who in Belief of thy Commands,
have ſtedfaſtly remain'd.
34 Before Affliction ſtopt my Courſe,
my Footſteps went aſtray;
But I have ſince been diſciplin'd,
thy Precepts to obey.
Thou art, O Lord, ſupreamly good,
and all Thou doſt is ſo;
On me thy Statutes to diſcern,
thy ſaving Skill beſtow.

35 The Proud have forg'd malicious Lyes,
my ſpotleſs Fame to ſtain,
But my fix'd Heart, without Reſerve,
thy Precepts ſhall retain.
While pamper'd they, with proſp'rous ills,
in ſenſual Pleaſures live,
My Soul can reliſh no Delight,
but what thy Precepts give.
36 'Tis good for me, that I have felt
Affliction's chaſt'ning Rod,
That I might duly learn, and keep
the Statutes, of my God.
The Law that from thy Mouth proceeds,
of more Eſteem I hold,
Than untouch'd Mines, than thouſand Mines
of Silver and of Gold.

ℸ. JOD. X.

37 To me, who am the Workmanſhip,
of thy Almighty Hands,
The Heav'nly Underſtanding give,
to learn thy juſt Commands.
Thy Preſervation to thy Saints,
ſtrong Comfort will afford;
To ſee Succeſs attend my Hopes,
who truſted in thy Word.

38 That right thy Judgments are, I now,
by ſure Experience ſee;
And that in Faithfulneſs, O Lord,
Thou haſt afflicted me.
O! let thy tender Mercy, now
afford me, needful Aid;
According to thy Promiſe, Lord,
to me, thy Servant, made.
39 To me, thy ſaving Grace reſtore,
that I again may live;
Whoſe Soul can reliſh no Delight,
but what thy Precepts give.
Defeat the Proud, who, unprovok'd,
to ruin me have ſought,
Who only on thy ſacred Laws,
employ my harmleſs Thought.
40 Let thoſe that fear thy Name, eſpouſe
my Cauſe, and thoſe alone,
Who have by ſtrict and pious Search,
thy ſacred Precepts known.
In thy bleſt Statutes let my Heart,
continue always ſound,
That Guilt and Shame, the Sinners Lot,
may never me confound.

ב. CAPH. XI.

41 My Soul with long Expectance, faints
to ſee, thy ſaving Grace;
Yet ſtill on thy unerring Word,
my Confidence I place.
My very Eyes conſume and fail,
with waiting for thy Word;
O! when wilt Thou thy kind Relief
and promis'd Aid afford?
42 My Skin like ſhrivel'd Parchment ſhows,
that long in Smoke is ſet
Yet no Affliction me can force,
thy Statutes to forget.
How many days muſt I endure,
of Sorrow and Diſtreſs?
When wilt Thou Judgment execute
on them, who me oppreſs?
43 The Proud have digg'd a Pit for me,
that have no other Foes;
But ſuch as are averſe to Thee,
and thy juſt Laws oppoſe.
With ſacred Truth's eternal Laws,
all thy Commands agree;
Men perſecute me without Cauſe,
Thou, Lord, my Helper be.
44 With cloſe Deſigns againſt my Life,
they had almoſt prevail'd;
But in Obedience to thy Will,
my Duty never fail'd.
Thy wonted Kindneſs, Lord, reſtore,
my drooping Heart to cheer:
That by thy righteous Statutes I,
my Life's whole Courſe may ſteer.

ל. LAMED. XII.

45 For ever, and for ever, Lord,
unchang'd Thou doſt remain;
Thy Word, eſtabliſh'd in the Heav'ns,
does all their Orbs ſuſtain.
Thro' circling Ages, Lord, thy Truth
immoveable ſhall ſtand,
As doth the Earth, which Thou uphold'ſt
by thy Almighty Hand.
46 All Things in Courſe by Thee ordain'd,
ev'n to this day fulfil;
They are thy faithful Subjects all,
and Servants of thy will.
Unleſs thy ſacred Law, had been
my Comfort and Delight,
I muſt have fainted, and expir'd
in dark Affliction's Night.

47 Thy Precepts therefore from my Thoughts,
shall never, Lord, depart;
For Thou, by them, haſt to new Life
reſtor'd, my dying Heart.
As I am thine, entirely thine,
protect me, Lord, from Harm;
Who have thy Precepts ſought to know;
and carefully perform.

48 The Wicked have their Ambuſh laid,
my guiltleſs Life to take;
But in the midſt of Danger I,
thy Word my Study make.
I've ſeen an End of what we call,
Perfection here below;
But thy Commandments, like Thy ſelf,
no Change or Period know.

ב. *MEM. XIII.*

49 The Love that to thy Laws I bear,
no Language can diſplay;
They with freſh Wonders entertain,
my raviſh'd Thoughts all day.
Thro' thy Commands I wiſer grow,
than all my ſubtil Foes;
For thy ſure Word does me direct,
and all my Ways diſpoſe.

50 From me, my former Teachers now,
may abler Counſel take;
Becauſe thy ſacred Precepts I,
my conſtant Study make.
In Underſtanding, I excel
the Sages of our Days;
Becauſe by thy unerring Rules,
I order all my Ways.

51 My Feet with Care I have refrain'd,
from every ſinful Way;
That to thy ſacred Word I might,
entire Obedience pay.
I have not from thy Judgments ſtray'd,
by vain Deſires miſled;
For, Lord, Thou haſt inſtructed me,
thy righteous Paths to tread.

52 How ſweet are all thy Words to me;
O! what divine Repaſt!
How much more grateful to my Soul,
than Honey to my Taſte!
Taught by thy ſacred Precepts, I
with heav'nly Skill am bleſt,
Thro' which, the treach'rous Ways of Sin,
I utterly deteſt.

ג. NUN. XIX.

53 Thy Word, is to my Feet a Lamp,
the Way of Truth to ſhow;
A Watch-light, to point out the Path,
in which I ought to go.
I ſware, (and from my ſolemn Oath
will never ſtart aſide;)
That in thy righteous Judgments, I
will ſtedfaſtly abide.

54 Since I with Griefs am ſo oppreſs'd,
that I can bear no more;
According to thy Word, do Thou,
my fainting Soul reſtore.
Let ſtill my Sacrifice of praiſe,
with Thee Acceptance find;
And in thy righteous Judgments, Lord,
inſtruct my willing Mind.

55 Tho' ghaſtly Dangers me ſurround,
my Soul they cannot aw,
Nor, with continual Terrors keep
from thinking, on thy Law.
My wicked and invet'rate Foes,
for me their Snares have laid;
Yet I have kept the upright Path,
nor from thy Precepts ſtray'd.

56 Thy Teſtimonies, I have made
my Heritage and Choice;
For they, when other Comforts fail,
my drooping Heart rejoice.
My Heart with early Zeal began,
thy Statutes to obey;
And till my Courſe of Life is done,
ſhall keep thy upright Way.

ס. SAMECH. XV.

57 Deceitful Thoughts and Practices,
I utterly deteſt;
But to thy Law Affection bear,
too great to be expreſt.
My Hiding-Place, my Refuge-Tow'r
and Shield art Thou, O Lord;
I firmly anchor all my Hopes,
on thy unerring Word.

58 Hence ye that trade in Wickedneſs,
approach not my Abode;
For firmly I reſolve to keep,
the Precepts of my God.
According to thy gracious Word,
from Danger ſet me free,
Nor make me of thoſe Hopes aſham'd,
that I repoſe on Thee.

59 Up-

59 Uphold me, ſo ſhall I be ſafe,
and reſcu'd from Diſtreſs;
To thy Decrees continually,
my juſt Reſpects addreſs.
The wicked, Thou haſt trod to earth,
who from thy Statutes ſtray'd;
Their vile Deceit, the juſt Reward
of their own Falſhood, made.

60 The wicked from thy holy Land
Thou doſt, like Droſs, remove;
I therefore with ſuch Juſtice charm'd,
thy Teſtimonies love;
Yet with that Love they make me dread,
leſt I ſhould ſo offend,
When on Tranſgreſſors, I behold
thy Judgments thus deſcend.

y. AIN. XVI.

61 Judgment and Juſtice I have lov'd;
O! therefore, Lord, engage
In my Defence, nor give me up
to my Oppreſſors Rage.
Do Thou be Surety, Lord, for me,
and ſo ſhall this Diſtreſs
Prove good for me; nor ſhall the Proud,
my guiltleſs Soul oppreſs.

62 My Eyes alas! begin to fail,
in long expectance held,
Till thy Salvation they behold,
and righteous Word fulfill'd.
To me, thy Servant, in Diſtreſs,
thy wonted Grace diſplay;
And Diſcipline my willing Heart,
thy Statutes to obey.

63 On me, devoted to thy Fear,
thy ſacred Skill beſtow,
That of thy Teſtimonies, I
the full Extent may know.
'Tis Time, high Time for Thee, O Lord,
thy Vengeance to employ,
When Men with open Violence,
thy ſacred Laws deſtroy.

64 Yet their Contempt of thy Commands,
but makes their Value riſe,
In my Eſteem, who pureſt Gold
compar'd with them, deſpiſe.
Thy Precepts therefore I account,
in all Reſpects divine,
They teach me to diſcern the right,
and all falſe Ways decline.

℈. PE. XVII.

65 The Wonders which thy Laws contain,
no Words can repreſent,
Therefore to learn and practiſe them,
my zealous Heart is bent.
The very Entrance to thy Word,
celeſtial Light diſplays;
And Knowledge of true Happineſs,
to ſimple Minds conveys.
66 With eager Hopes I waiting ſtood,
and fainted with Deſire,
That of thy wiſe Commands, I might
the ſacred Skill acquire.
With Favour, Lord, Look down on me,
who thy Relief implore;
As Thou art wont to viſit thoſe,
who thy bleſt Name adore.
67 Directed by thy heav'nly Word,
let all my Footſteps be;
Nor Wickedneſs of any kind,
Dominion have o'er me.
Releaſe, entirely ſet me free,
from perſecuting Hands;
That, unmoleſted, I may learn
and practiſe, thy Commands.
68 On me, devoted to thy Fear,
Lord, make thy Face to ſhine;
Thy Statutes, both to know and keep,
my Heart with Zeal incline.
My Eyes to weeping Fountains turn,
whence briny Rivers flow,
To ſee Mankind againſt thy Laws,
in bold Defiance go.

℥. TSADI. XVIII.

69 Thou art the righteous Judge, in whom
wrong'd Innocence may truſt;
And, like thy ſelf, thy Judgment, Lord,
in all Reſpects are juſt.
Moſt juſt and true thoſe Statutes were,
which Thou didſt firſt decree;
And all with Faithfulneſs perform'd,
ſucceeding Times ſhall ſee.
70 With Zeal my Fleſh conſumes away,
my Soul with Anguiſh frets,
To ſee my Foes, contemn at once
thy Promiſes, and Threats.
Yet each neglected Word of thine,
(howe'er by them deſpis'd,)
Is pure, and for eternal Truth
by me, thy Servant, priz'd.

71 Brought, for thy Sake, to low Eſtate,
Contempt from All I find;
Yet no Affronts, or Wrongs, can drive
thy Precepts from my Mind.
Thy Righteouſneſs ſhall then endure,
when Time it ſelf is paſt;
Thy Law is Truth it ſelf, that Truth,
which ſhall for ever laſt.

72 Tho' Trouble, Anguiſh, Doubts and Dread,
to compaſs me unite,
Beſet with Danger, ſtill I make
Thy Precepts, my Delight.
Eternal and unerring Rules,
thy Teſtimonies give:
Teach me the Wiſdom, that will make
my Soul, for ever live.

ק. *KOPH. XIX.*

73 With my whole Heart to God I call'd,
Lord hear my earneſt Cry;
And I thy Statutes to perform,
will all my Care apply.
Again more fervently I pray'd,
O! ſave me, that I may
Thy Teſtimonies throughly know,
and ſtedfaſtly obey.

74 My earlier Pray'r, the dawning Day
prevented, while I cry'd
To him, on whoſe engaging Word
my Hope alone rely'd.
With Zeal, have I awak'd before
the midnight-Watch was ſet,
That I of thy myſterious Word,
might perfect Knowledge get.

75 Lord, hear my ſupplicating Voice,
and wonted Favour ſhew;
O! quicken me, and ſo approve
thy Judgments ever true.
My perſecuting Foes advance,
and hourly nearer draw;
What Treatment can I hope from them,
who violate thy Law?

76 Tho' they draw nigh, my Comfort is,
Thou, Lord, art yet more near;
Thou, whoſe Commands are righteous all,
thy Promiſes ſincere.
Concerning thy Divine Decrees
my Soul has known of old,
That they were true, and ſhall their Truth,
to endles Ages hold.

ר. RESCH. XX.

77 Conſider my Affliction, Lord,
and me from Bondage draw;
Think on thy Servant in Diſtreſs,
who ne'er forgets thy Law.
Plead Thou my Cauſe, to that and me
thy timely Aid afford;
With Beams of Mercy quicken me,
according to thy Word.

78 From hard'ned Sinners Thou remov'ſt,
Salvation far away;
'Tis juſt Thou ſhould'ſt withdraw from them,
who from thy Statutes ſtray.
Since great thy tender Mercies are,
to all who Thee adore;
According to thy Judgments, Lord,
my fainting Hopes reſtore.

79 A num'rous Hoſt of ſpiteful Foes,
againſt my Life combine;
But all too few to force my Soul,
thy Statutes to decline.
Thoſe bold Tranſgreſſors I beheld,
and was with Grief oppreſs'd,
To ſee with what audacious Pride,
thy Cov'nant they tranſgreſs'd.

80 Yet while they ſlight, conſider, Lord,
how I thy Precepts love;
O! therefore quicken me, with Beams
of Mercy, from above.
As from the Birth of Time, thy Truth
has held through Ages paſt,
So ſhall thy righteous Judgments, firm,
to endleſs Ages laſt.

ש. SCHIN. XXI.

81 Tho' mighty Tyrants, without Cauſe,
conſpire my Blood to ſhed,
Thy ſacred Word has Pow'r alone,
to fill my Heart with Dread.
And yet that Word my joyful Breaſt,
with heav'nly Rapture warms,
Nor Conqueſt, nor the Spoils of War,
have ſuch tranſporting Charms.

82 Perfidious Practices and Lies,
I utterly deteſt;
But to thy Laws affection bear,
too vaſt, to be expreſt.
Sev'n times a day, with grateful Voice,
thy Praiſes I reſound;
Becauſe I find thy Judgments all,
with Truth and Juſtice crown'd.

83 Secure, ſubſtantial Peace have they,
who truly love thy Law;
No ſmiling Miſchief them can tempt,
Nor frowning Danger aw.
For thy Salvation I have hop'd,
and, tho' ſo long delay'd,
With chearful Zeal and ſtricteſt Care,
all thy Commands obey'd.
84 Thy Teſtimonies I have kept,
and conſtantly obey'd;
Becauſe the Love I bore to them,
thy Service eaſie made.
From ſtrict Obſervance of thy Laws,
I never yet withdrew,
Convinc'd that my moſt ſecret Ways,
are open to thy View,

ת. TAU. XXII.

85 To my Requeſt and earneſt Cry
attend, O gracious Lord;
Inſpire my Heart with heavn'ly Skill,
according to thy Word.
Let my repeated Pray'r at laſt,
before thy Throne appear;
According to thy plighted Word,
for my Relief draw near.

86 Then ſhall my grateful Lips, return
the Tribute, of their Praiſe,
When Thou thy Counſels haſt reveal'd,
and taught me thy juſt Ways.
My Tongue the Praiſes of thy Word,
ſhall thankfully reſound,
Becauſe thy Promiſes are all,
with Truth and Juſtice crown'd.
87 Let thy Almighty Arm appear,
and bring me timely Aid;
For I the Laws Thou haſt ordain'd,
my Heart's free Choice have made.
My Soul has waited long, to ſee
thy ſaving Grace reſtor'd;
Nor Comfort knew, but what thy Laws,
thy *Heav'nly* Laws, afford.
88 Prolong my Life, that I may ſing
my great Reſtorer's Praiſe;
Whoſe Juſtice from the depth of Woes,
my fainting Soul ſhall raiſe.
Like ſome loſt Sheep I've ſtray'd, till I
deſpair, my Ways to find;
Thou therefore, Lord, thy Servant ſeek,
who keeps thy Laws in mind.

PSALM CXX.

1 IN deep Diſtreſs, I oft have cry'd
To God, who never yet deny'd
To reſcue me, oppreſt with Wrongs.
Once more, O Lord, Deliv'rance ſend,
From lying Lips my Soul defend,
And from the Rage of ſland'ring Tongues.
2 What little Profit can accrue,
And yet what heavy Wrath is due,
O thou perfidious Tongue! to thee?
Thy Sting upon thy ſelf ſhall turn;
Of laſting Flames that fiercely burn,
The conſtant Fuel thou ſhalt be.
3 But O! how wretched is my Doom,
Who am a Sojourner become,
In barren *Meſech*'s deſart Soil!
With *Kedar*'s Wicked Tents inclos'd,
To lawleſs Savages expos'd,
Who live on nought but Theft and Spoil.
4 My hapleſs Dwelling is with thoſe,
Who Peace and Amity oppoſe,
And Pleaſure take in others Harms.
Sweet *Peace*, is all I court and ſeek;
But when to them of *Peace* I ſpeak,
They ſtrait cry out, *To Arms*, *To Arms*.

PSALM CXXI. [*Tune Pſ.* 20.]

1 TO *Sion*'s Hill I lift my Eyes,
From thence expecting Aid;
From *Sion*'s Hill and *Sion*'s God,
who Heav'n and Earth has made.
2 Then thou, my Soul, in Safety reſt,
thy Guardian will not ſleep;
His watchful Care that *Iſr'el* guards,
will *Iſr'el*'s Monarch keep.
3 Shelter'd beneath th' Almighty's Wings,
thou ſhalt ſecurely reſt,
Where neither Sun nor Moon ſhall thee,
by Day or Night moleſt.
4 From common Accidents of Life,
his Care ſhall guard thee ſtill:
From the blind Strokes of Chance, and Foes
that lie in Wait to kill.
5 At home, abroad, in Peace, in War,
thy God ſhall thee defend;
Conduct thee thro' Life's Pilgrimage,
ſafe to thy Journey's end.

PSALM CXXII. [*Tune Pſ.* 24. 78.]

1 O! 'Twas a joyful Sound, to hear

our Tribes devoutly ſay,
Up *Iſr'el*, to the Temple haſte,
and keep your Feſtal Day.
At *Salem*'s Courts we muſt appear,
with our aſſembled Pow'rs,
In ſtrong and beauteous Order rang'd,
like her united Tow'rs.

2 'Tis thither, by Divine Command,
the Tribes of God repair,
Before his Ark to celebrate
his Name, with Praiſe and Pray'r.
Tribunals ſtand erected there,
where Equity takes place;
There ſtand the Courts, and Palaces
of Royal *David*'s Race.

3 O, pray we then for *Salem*'s Peace,
for they ſhall proſp'rous be,
(Thou holy City of our God!)
who bear true Love to thee.
May Peace within thy ſacred Walls,
a conſtant Gueſt be found,
With Plenty and Proſperity,
thy Palaces be crown'd.

4 For my dear Brethren's ſake, and Friends,
no leſs than Brethren dear,
I'll pray—May Peace in *Salem*'s Tow'rs
a conſtant Gueſt appear.
But moſt of all I'll ſeek thy Good,
and ever wiſh thee well,
For *Sion* and the Temple's ſake,
where God vouchſafes to dwell.

PSALM CXXIII. [*Tune Pſ.* 57.]

1 ON Thee, who dwell'ſt above the Skies,
For Mercy wait my longing Eyes;
As Servants watch their Maſters Hand,
And Maids their Miſtreſſes Commands.

2 O! then have Mercy on us, Lord,
Thy gracious Aid to us afford,
To us whom cruel Foes oppreſs,
Grown rich and proud by our Diſtreſs.

PSALM CXXIV. [*Tune Pſ.* 27.]

1 HAD not the Lord (may *Iſr'el* ſay)
been pleas'd to Interpoſe;
Had He not then eſpous'd our Cauſe,
when Men againſt us roſe:

2 Their Wrath had ſwallow'd us alive,
and rag'd without Controul;
Their Spite and Pride's united Floods,
had quite o'erwhelm'd our Soul.

3 But

3 But prais'd be our eternal Lord,
who reſcu'd us that Day,
Nor to their ſavage Jaws, gave up
our threatned Lives, a Prey.
4 Our Soul, is like a Bird eſcap'd
from out the Fowler's Net;
The Snare is broke, their Hopes are croſs'd,
and we at Freedom ſet.
5 Secure in his Almighty Name,
our Confidence remains,
Who, as He made both Heav'n and Earth,
of both, ſole Monarch reigns.

PSALM CXXV. [*Tune Pſ.* 30.]

1 WHO place on *Sion*'s God their Truſt,
like *Sion*'s Rock ſhall ſtand;
Like her immoveable be fixt,
by his Almighty Hand.
2 Look how the Hills on ev'ry ſide,
Jeruſalem incloſe,
So ſtands the Lord around his Saints,
to guard them from their Foes.
3 The Wicked may afflict the Juſt,
but ne'er too long oppreſs;
Nor force him by Deſpair, to ſeek
baſe Means, for his Redreſs.
4 Be good, O righteous God, to thoſe
who righteous Deeds affect;
The Heart that Innocence retains,
let Innocence protect.
5 All thoſe who walk in crooked Paths,
the Lord will ſoon deſtroy;
Cut off th'Unjuſt, but Crown the Saints
with laſting Peace and Joy.

PSALM CXXVI. [*Tune Pſ.* 41.]

1 WHen *Sion*'s God, her Sons recall'd
from long Captivity,
It ſeem'd at firſt, a pleaſing Dream
of what, we wiſh'd to ſee.
2 But ſoon in unaccuſtom'd Mirth,
we did our Voice employ,
And ſung our great Reſtorer's Praiſe,
in thankful Hymns of Joy.
3 Our Heathen Foes repining ſtood,
yet were compell'd to own,
That great and wond'rous was the Work,
our God for us had done.
4 'Twas *great*, ſay they; 'twas *wond'rous* great,
much more ſhould we confeſs;
The Lord has done great Things, whereof
we

we reap the glad Succeſs.

5 To us bring back the Remnant, Lord,
of *Iſr'el*'s captive Bands;
More welcome than refreſhing Show'rs,
to parch'd and thirſty Lands.

6 That we, whoſe Work commenc'd in Tears,
may ſee our Labours thrive,
Till finiſh'd with Succeſs, to make
our drooping Hearts revive.

7 Tho' he deſpond that ſows his Grain,
yet doubtleſs he ſhall come,
To bind his full-ear'd Sheaves, and bring
the joyful Harveſt home.

PSALM CXXVII.

1 WE build with fruitleſs Coſt, unleſs
the Lord the Pile ſuſtain;
Unleſs the Lord the City keep,
the Watchman wakes in vain.
In vain we riſe before the Day,
and late to Reſt repair,
Allow no Reſpite to our Toil,
and eat the Bread of Care:

2 Supplies of Life, with Eaſe to them,
He on his Saints beſtows;
He crowns their Labour with Succeſs,
their Nights with ſound Repoſe.
Children, thoſe Comforts of our Life,
are preſents from the Lord;
He gives a num'rous Race of Heirs,
As Piety's Reward.

3 As Arrows in a Giant's Hand,
when marching forth to War,
Ev'n ſo the Sons of ſprightly Youth,
their Parents Safeguard are.
Happy the Man whoſe Quiver's fill'd,
with theſe prevailing Arms;
He needs not fear to meet his Foe,
at Law, or War's Alarms.

PSALM CXXVIII.

1 THE Man is bleſt who fears the Lord;
nor only Worſhip pays,
But keeps his Steps confin'd with Care,
to his appointed Ways.

2 He ſhall upon the ſweet Returns,
of his own Labour feed;
Without Dependance live, and ſee
his Wiſhes all ſucceed.

3 His Wife, like a fair fertile Vine,
Her lovely Fruit ſhall bring;

His

His Children, like young Olive-plants,
about his Table ſpring.
4 Who fears the Lord, ſhall proſper thus;
him *Sion*'s God ſhall bleſs;
And grant him all his Days, to ſee
Jeruſalem's Succeſs.
5 He ſhall live on, 'till Heirs from him
deſcend, with vaſt Increaſe;
Much bleſt in his own proſp'rous State,
and more in *Iſr'el*'s Peace.

PSALM CXXIX.

1 FRom my Youth up, may *Iſr'el* ſay,
they oft have me aſſail'd,
Reduc'd me oft to heavy Straits,
but never quite prevail'd.
2 They oft have plow'd my patient Back,
with Furrows deep and long;
But our juſt God has broke their Chains,
and reſcu'd us from Wrong.
3 Defeat, Confuſion, ſhameful Rout,
be ſtill the Doom of thoſe,
Their righteous Doom, who *Sion* hate,
and *Sion*'s God oppoſe.
4 Like Corn upon our Houſes Tops,
untimely let them fade,
Which too much Heat, and want of Root,
has blaſted in the Blade:
5 Which in his Arms no Reaper takes,
but unregarded leaves;
Nor Binder thinks it worth his pains,
to fold it into Sheaves.
6 No Traveller that paſſes by,
vouchſafes a Minute's Stop,
To give it one kind Look, or crave
Heav'n's Bleſſing on the Crop.

PSALM CXXX.

1 FRom loweſt Depths of Woe,
to God I ſent my Cry;
Lord, hear my ſupplicating Voice,
and graciouſly reply.
2 Should'ſt Thou ſeverely judge,
who can the Tryal bear?
But Thou forgiv'ſt, leſt we deſpond,
and quite renounce thy Fear.
3 My Soul with Patience waits
for Thee, the living Lord;
My Hopes are on thy Promiſe built,
thy never-failing Word.
4 My longing Eyes Look out,

for thy enliv'ning Ray,
More duly than the Morning Watch,
to ſpy the dawning Day.
5 Let *Iſr'el* truſt in God;
no Bounds his Mercy knows;
The plenteous Source and Spring, from whence
Eternal Succour flows.
6 Whoſe friendly Streams to us,
Supplies in Want convey;
A healing Spring, a Spring to cleanſe,
and waſh our Guilt away.

PSALM CXXXI. [*Tune Pſ.* 61.]

1 O Lord, I am not proud of Heart,
nor caſt a ſcornful Eye;
Nor my aſpiring Thoughts employ
in things, for me too high.
2 With Infant-Innocence, Thou know'ſt,
I have my ſelf demean'd;
Compos'd to Quiet, like a Babe;
that from the Breaſt is wean'd.
3 Like me, let *Iſr'el* hope in God,
his Aid alone implore;
Both now and ever truſt in him,
who lives for evermore.

PSALM CXXXII. [*Tune Pſ.* 118.]

1 LET *David*; Lord, a conſtant Place,
in thy Remembrance find;
Let all the Sorrows he endur'd,
be ever in thy Mind.
Remember what a ſolemn Oath,
to Thee, his Lord, he ſwore;
How to the Mighty God he vow'd,
whom *Jacob*'s Sons adore.
2 I will not go into mine Houſe,
nor to my Bed aſcend;
No ſoft Repoſe ſhall cloſe my Eyes,
nor Sleep my Eye-lids bend;
Till for the Lord's deſig'nd Abode,
I mark the deſtin'd Ground;
Till I a decent Place of Reſt,
for *Jacob*'s God have found.
3 Th' appointed Place, with Shouts of Joy,
at *Ephrata* we found,
And made the Woods and neighb'ring Fields,
our glad Applauſe reſound.
O! with due Rev'rence let us then,
to his Abode repair;
And proſtrate at his Foot-ſtool fall'n,
pour out our humble Pray'r.

4 Ariſe

4 Ariſe, O Lord, and now poſſeſs,
thy conſtant Place of Reſt;
Be that, not only with thy Ark,
but with thy Preſence bleſt.
Cloath Thou thy Prieſts with Righteouſneſs,
make Thou thy Saints rejoice;
And for thy Servant *David*'s ſake,
hear thine Anointed's Voice.

PART II.

5 God ſware to *David* in his Truth,
(nor ſhall his Oath be vain,
One of thy Off-ſpring after thee,
upon thy Throne ſhall reign:
And if thy ſeed my Cov'nant keep,
and to my Laws ſubmit,
Their Children too, upon thy Throne
for evermore ſhall ſit.
6 For *Sion* does, in God's Eſteem,
all other Seats excel;
His place of everlaſting Reſt,
where He deſires to dwell.
Her Store, ſays He, I will increaſe,
her Poor with Plenty bleſs;
Her Saints ſhall ſhout for Joy, her Prieſts
my ſaving Health confeſs.

7 There *David*'s Pow'r ſhall long remain,
in his Succeſſive Line,
And my anointed Servant there,
ſhall with freſh Luſtre ſhine.
The Faces of his vanquiſht Foes;
Confuſion ſhall o'er ſpread;
Whilſt with confirm'd Succeſs his Crown
ſhall flouriſh, on his Head.

PSALM CXXXIII. [*Tune Pſ.* 34.]

1 HOW vaſt muſt their Advantage be!
how great their Pleaſure prove!
Who live like Brethren, and conſent
in Offices of Love!
2 True Love is like that precious Oyl,
which, pour'd on *Aaron*'s Head,
Ran down his Beard, and o'er his Robes,
its coſtly Moiſture ſhed.
3 'Tis like refreſhing Dew, which does,
on *Hermon*'s Top diſtil;
Or like the early Drops that fall,
on *Sion*'s fruitful Hill.
4 For *Sion* is the choſen Seat,
where the Almighty King,
The promis'd Bleſſing has ordain'd,

and Life's eternal Spring.

PSALM CXXXIV. [*Tune Pſ.* 2. 42.]

1 BLeſs God, ye Servants, that attend
upon his ſolemn State,
That in the Temple, Night by Night,
with humble Rev'rence wait.
2 Within his Houſe Lift up your Hands,
and bleſs his holy Name;
From *Sion* bleſs thy *Iſr'el*, Lord,
who Earth and Heav'n didſt frame.

PSALM CXXXV. [*Tune Pſ.* 116.]

1 O! Praiſe the Lord with one Conſent,
and magnifie his Name;
Let all the Servants of the Lord,
his worthy Praiſe proclaim.
Praiſe him, all ye that in his Houſe,
attend with conſtant Care;
With thoſe that to his outmoſt Courts,
with humble Zeal repair.
2 For this our trueſt int'reſt is,
glad Hymns of Praiſe to ſing;
And with loud Songs to bleſs his Name,
a moſt delightful Thing.

For God his own peculiar Choice,
the Sons of *Jacob* makes;
And *Iſr'el*'s Off-ſpring, for his own
moſt valu'd Treaſure, takes.
3 That God is great; we often have
by glad Experience found;
And ſeen how He with wond'rous Pow'r,
above all Gods is crown'd.
For He, with unreſiſted Strength,
performs his Sov'reign Will;
In Heav'n and Earth, and wat'ry Stores
that Earth's deep Caverns fill.

PART II.

4 He, raiſes Vapours from the Ground,
which pois'd in liquid Air,
Fall down at laſt in Show'rs, thro' which
his dreadful Lightnings glare:
He, from his Store-houſe brings the Winds;
and He, with vengeful Hand,
The Firſt-born ſlew of Man and Beaſt,
thro' *Egypt*'s mourning Land.
5 He, dreadful Signs and Wonders ſhew'd,
thro' ſtubborn *Egypt*'s Coaſts;
Nor *Phar'ob* could his Plagues eſcape,
nor all his num'rous Hoſts.
'Twas He, that various Nations ſmote,

and

and mighty Kings ſuppreſs'd;
Sihon and *Og*, and all beſides,
who *Can'an*'s Land poſſeſs'd.
6 Their Land upon his choſen Race,
He firmly did entail;
For which his Fame ſhall always laſt,
his Praiſe ſhall never fail.
For God, ſhall ſoon his People's Cauſe,
with pitying Eyes ſurvey;
Repent Him of his Wrath, and turn
his kindled Rage away.

PART III.

7 Thoſe Idols, whoſe falſe Worſhip ſpreads,
o'er all the Heathen Lands,
Are made of Silver and of Gold,
the Work of human Hands.
They move not their fictitious Tongues,
nor ſee with poliſh'd Eyes;
Their counterfeited Ears are deaf,
no Breath their Mouth ſupplies.
8 As ſenſeleſs as themſelves, are they
that all their Skill apply
To make them, or in dang'rous Times,
on them for Aid rely.
Their juſt Returns of Thanks to God,
let grateful *Iſr'el* pay;
Nor let the Prieſts of *Aaron*'s Race,
to bleſs the Lord delay.
9 Their Senſe of his unbounded Love,
let *Levi*'s Houſe expreſs;
And let all thoſe that fear the Lord,
his Name for ever bleſs:
Let all with Thanks his wond'rous Works,
in *Sion*'s Courts proclaim;
Let them on *Salem*, where He dwells,
exalt his holy Name.

PSALM CXXXVI.

1 TO God the mighty Lord,
Your joyful Thanks repeat,
To Him due Praiſe afford,
As good as He is great;
For God does prove
Our conſtant Friend,
His boundleſs Love
ſhall never end.
2 To Him whoſe wond'rous Pow'r,
all other Gods obey,
Whom earthly Kings adore,
This grateful Homage pay:
For God does prove

Our conſtant Friend,
His Boundleſs Love
Shall never end.

3 By his Almighty Hand,
Amazing Works are wrought;
The Heavn's by his Command,
Were to Perfection brought.
For God does prove
Our conſtant Friend,
his boundleſs Love
Shall never end.

4 He ſpread the Ocean round,
About the ſpacious Land;
And made the riſing Ground,
Above the Waters ſtand.
For God does prove
Our conſtant Friend,
His boundleſs Love
Shall never end.

5 Thro' Heav'n He did diſplay,
His num'rous Hoſt of Light;
The Sun to rule by Day,
The Moon and Stars by Night.
For God does prove
Our conſtant Friend,
His boundleſs Love
Shall never end.

6 He ſtruck the firſt-born dead,
Of *Egypt*'s ſtubborn Land;
And thence his People led,
With his reſiſtleſs Hand.
For God does prove
Our conſtant Friend,
His boundleſs Love
Shall never end.

PART II.

7 By Him the raging Sea,
As if in Pieces rent,
Diſclos'd a middle Way,
Thro' which his People went.
For God does prove
Our conſtant Friend,
His boundleſs Love
Shall never end.

8 Where ſoon He overthrew,
Proud *Phar'oh* and his Hoſt
Who daring to purſue,
Were in the Billows loſt.
For God does prove
Our conſtant Friend,
His boundleſs Love

Shall

Shall never end.

9 Thro' Deſarts vaſt and wild,
He led the choſen Seed;
And famous Princes foild.
And made great Monarchs bleed.
For God does prove
Our conſtant Friend,
His boundleſs Love
Shall never end.

10 *Sihon*, whoſe potent Hand
Great *Ammon*'s Sceptre ſway'd;
And Og, whoſe ſtern Command
Rich *Baſhan*'s Land obey'd.
For God does prove
Our conſtant Friend,
His boundleſs Love
Shall never end.

11 And of his wond'rous Grace,
Their Lands whom He deſtroy'd,
He gave to *Iſr'el*'s Race,
To be by them enjoy'd.
For God does prove
Our conſtant Friend,
His boundleſs Love
Shall never end.

12 He in our Depth of Woes,
On us with Favour thought;
And from our cruel Foes,
In Peace and Safety brought.
For God does prove
Our conſtant Friend,
His boundleſs Love
Shall never end.

13 He does the Food ſupply,
On which all Creatures live:
To God who reigns on high,
Eternal praiſes give.
For God will prove
Our conſtant Friend,
His boundleſs Love
Shall never end.

PSALM CXXXVII. [*Tune Pſ.* 80.]

1 WHEN we, our weary'd Limbs to reſt,
Sat down by Proud *Euphrates'* Stream,
We wept, with doleful Thoughts oppreſt,
And *Sion* was our mournful Theme.

2 Our Harps, that when with Joy we ſung,
Were wont their tuneful Parts to bear,
With ſilent Strings, neglected hung
On Willow-Trees, that wither'd there.

3 Mean

3 Mean while our Foes, who all conſpir'd
To triumph, in our ſlaviſh Wrongs,
Muſick and Mirth of us requir'd:
„ Come, ſing us one of *Sion*'s Songs.

4 How ſhall we tune our Voice to ſing?
Or touch our Harps with skilful Hands?
Shall Hymns of Joy to God our King,
Be ſung, by Slaves in foreign Lands?

5 O *Salem*, our once happy Seat!
When I of thee forgetful prove,
Let then my trembling Hand, forget
The ſpeaking Strings, with Art to move!

6 If I to mention thee forbear,
Eternal Silence ſeize my Tongue;
Or if I ſing one chearful Aire,
Till thy Deliv'rance is my Song.

7 Remember, Lord, how *Edom*'s Race,
In thy own City's fatal Day,
Cry'd out, „ her ſtately Walls deface,
„ And with the Ground quite level lay.

8 Proud *Babel*'s Daughter, doom'd to be
Of Grief and Woe, the Wretched Prey;
Bleſt is the Man who ſhall to thee,
The Wrongs thou laid'ſt on us, repay.

9 Thrice bleſt, who with juſt Rage poſſeſt,
And deaf to all the Parents Moans,
Shall ſnatch thy Infants from the Breaſt,
And daſh their Heads againſt the Stones.

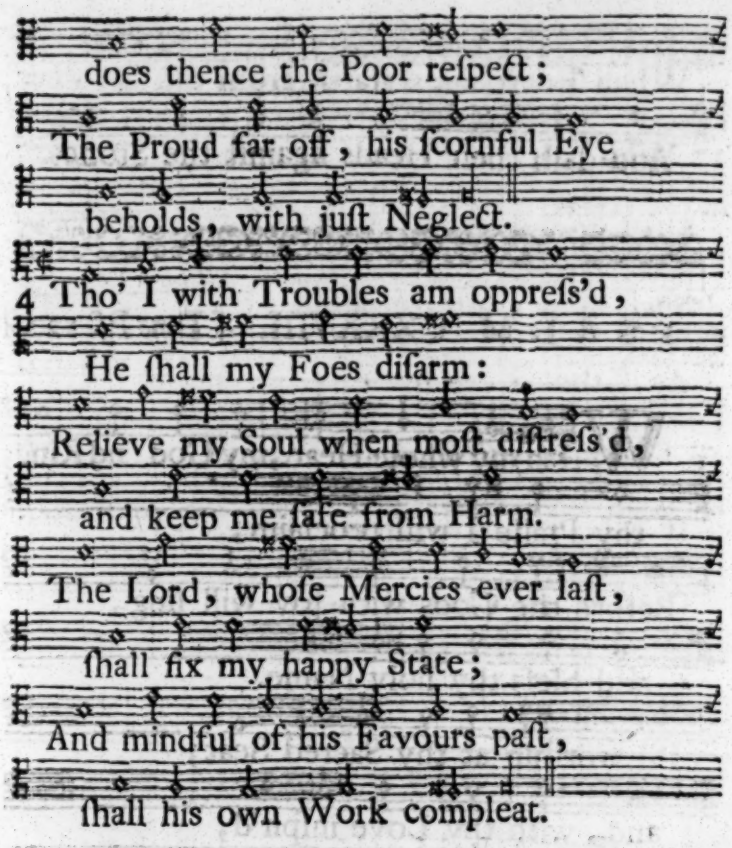
PSALM CXXXVIII. [*Tune Pſ.* 127.]

1 With my whole Heart, my God and King,
thy Praiſe I will proclaim;
Before the Gods with Joy will ſing,
and bleſs thy holy Name.
I'll worſhip at thy Sacred Seat;
and, with thy Love inſpir'd,
The Praiſes of thy Truth repeat,
o'er all thy Works admir'd.

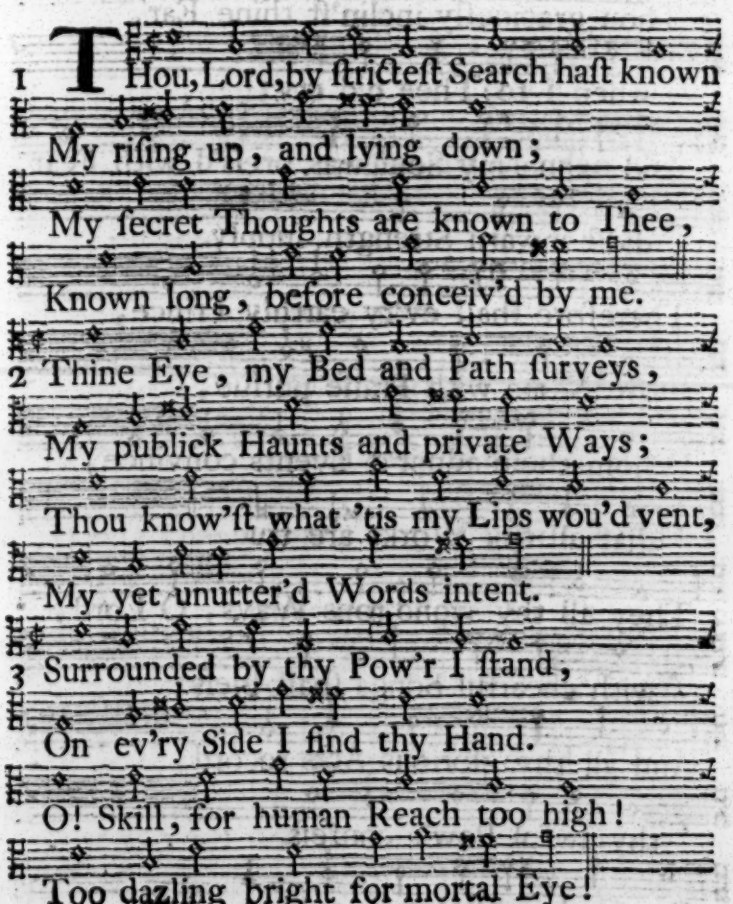
2 Thou graciouſly inclin'ſt thine Ear,
when I to Thee did cry;
And when my Soul was preſs'd with Fear,
didſt inward Strength ſupply.
Therefore ſhall ev'ry earthly Prince,
thy Name with Praiſe purſue,
Whom theſe admir'd Events convince,
that all thy Works are true.

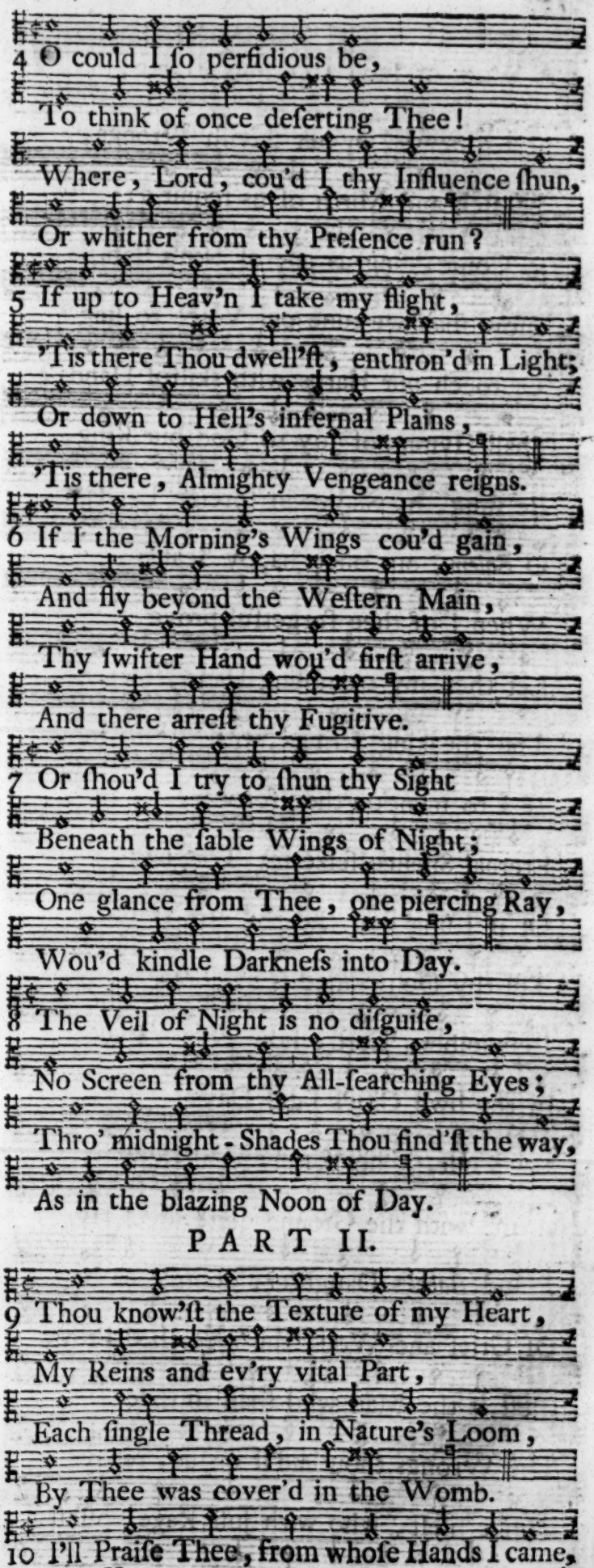
3 They all thy wond'rous Ways, O Lord,
with chearful Songs ſhall bleſs;
And all thy glorious Acts record,
thy awful Pow'r confeſs.
For God, altho' enthron'd on high,

does



PSALM CXXXIX. [*Tune Pſ.* 112.]





PART II.

A Work of ſuch a curious Frame;
The Wonders Thou in me haſt ſhown,
My Soul, with grateful Joy muſt own.
11 Thine Eyes my Subſtance did ſurvey,
While yet a lifeleſs Maſs it lay;
In ſecret, how exactly wrought,
E'er from its dark Encloſure brought.
12 Thou didſt the ſhapeleſs Embryo ſee,
Its parts were regiſtred by Thee,
Thou ſaw'ſt the daily Growth they took,
Form'd by the Model of thy Book.
13 Let me acknowledge too, O God,
That ſince the Maze of Life I trod,
Thy Thoughts of Love to me, ſurmount
The Pow'r of Numbers, to recount.
14 Far ſooner, could I reckon o'er
The Sands, upon the Ocean's Shore;
Each Morn reviſing what I've done,
I find th' Account but new begun.
15 The wicked Thou ſhalt ſlay, O God,
Depart from me, ye Men of Blood;
Whoſe Tongues Heav'ns Majeſty profane,
And take th' Almighty's Name in vain.
16 Lord, hate not I the impious Crew,
Who Thee with Enmity purſue?
And does not Grief my Heart oppreſs,
When Reprobates thy Laws tranſgreſs?
17 Who practice Enmity to Thee,
Shall utmoſt Hatred have from me:
Such Men I utterly deteſt,
As if they were my Foes profeſt.
18 Search, try, O God, my Thoughts and Heart,
If Miſchief lurks in any part;
Correct me where I go aſtray,
And guide me in thy perfect way.

PSALM CXL. [*Tune Pſ.* 90.

1 PReſerve me, Lord, from crafty Foes,
of treacherous intent;
And from the Sons of Violence,
on open Miſchief bent.
2 Their ſland'ring Tongue, the Serpent's Sting
in Sharpneſs, does exceed;
Between their Lips the Gall of Aſps,
and Adders Venom breed.
3 Preſerve me, Lord, from wicked Hands,
nor leave my Soul forlorn,
A prey to Sons of Violence,
who have my Ruin ſworn.
4 The Proud for me have laid their Snare,
and ſpread their wily Net;

With

With Traps and Gins where e'er I move,
I find my Steps beſet.
5 But thus inviron'd with Diſtreſs,
Thou art my God, I ſaid;
Lord hear my Supplicating Voice,
That calls to Thee for Aid.
6 O Lord, the God, whoſe ſaving Strength,
kind Succour did convey,
And cover'd my advent'rous Head,
in Battle's doubtful Day;
7 Permit not their unjuſt Deſigns
to anſwer their Deſire;
Leſt they, encourag'd by Succeſs,
to bolder Crimes aſpire.
8 Let firſt their Chiefs the ſad Effects,
of their Injuſtice mourn;
The blaſt of their envenom'd Breath,
upon themſelves return.
9 Let them who kindled firſt the Flame,
its Sacrifice become;
The Pit they digg'd for me, be made
Their own untimely Tomb.
10 Tho' Slander's Breath may raiſe a Storm,
it quickly will decay;
Their Rage does but the Torrent ſwell,
that bears themſelves away.
11 God will aſſert the Poor Man's Cauſe,
and ſpeedy Succour give:
The Juſt ſhall celebrate his Praiſe,
and in his Preſence live.

PSALM CXLI. [*Tune Pſ.* 109.]

1 TO Thee, O Lord, my Cries aſcend,
O haſte to my Relief:
And with accuſtom'd Pity, hear
the Accents, of my Grief.
Inſtead of Off'rings let my Pray'r,
like Morning Incenſe riſe;
My lifted Hands ſupply the Place,
of Ev'ning Sacrifice.
2 From haſty Language curb my Tongue;
and let a conſtant Guard,
Still keep the Portal of my Lips,
with wary Silence barr'd.
From wicked Men's deſigns and Deeds,
my Heart and Hands reſtrain;
Nor let me in the Booty ſhare,
of their unrighteous Gain.
3 Let upright Men reprove my Faults,
and I ſhall think them kind;
Like Balm, that heals a wounded Head,

I their Reproof ſhall find.
And, in return, my fervent Pray'r,
I ſhall for them addreſs,
When they are tempted and reduc'd,
like me, to ſore Diſtreſs,
4 When ſculking in *Engeddi*'s Rock,
I to their Chiefs appeal,
If one reproachful Word I ſpoke,
when I had Pow'r to kill.
Yet us they perſecute to Death,
our ſcatter'd Ruins lie;
As thick as from the Hewer's Ax,
the ſever'd Splinters flie.
5 But, Lord, to Thee I ſtill direct,
my ſupplicating Eyes;
O! leave not deſtitute my Soul,
whoſe Truſt on Thee relies.
Do Thou preſerve me from the Snares,
that wicked Hands have laid;
Let them in their own Nets be caught,
while my Eſcape is made.

PSALM CXLII.

1 TO God with mournful Voice,
in deep Diſtreſs I pray'd;
Made him the Umpire of my Cauſe,
my Wrongs before him laid.
2 Thou didſt my Steps direct,
when my griev'd Soul deſpair'd;
For where I thought to walk ſecure,
they had their Traps prepar'd.
3 I look'd, but found no Friend,
to own me in Diſtreſs;
All Refuge fail'd, no Man vouchſaf'd
his Pity, or Redreſs.
4 To God at laſt I pray'd,
Thou, Lord, my Refuge art,
My Portion in the Land of Life,
till Life it ſelf depart.
5 Reduc'd to greateſt Straits,
to Thee I make my Moan,
O! ſave me from oppreſſing Foes,
for me too pow'rful grown.
6 That I may praiſe thy Name,
my Soul from Priſon bring,
Whilſt of thy kind Regard to me,
aſſembled Saints ſhall ſing.

PSALM CXLIII.

1 LORD, hear my Pray'r, and to my Cry
thy

thy wonted Audience lend;
In thy accuſtom'd Faith and Truth,
a gracious Anſwer ſend.

2 Nor at thy ſtrict Tribunal bring
thy Servant, to be try'd;
For in thy Sight no living Man,
can e'er be juſtifi'd.

3 The ſpiteful Foe purſues my Life,
whoſe Comforts all are fled;
He drives me into Caves, as dark
as Manſions, of the Dead.

4 My Spirit therefore is o'erwhelm'd,
and ſinks within my Breaſt;
My mournful Heart grows deſolate,
with heavy Woes oppreſt.

5 I call to Mind the Days of old;
and Wonders Thou haſt wrought:
My former Dangers and Eſcapes
employ my muſing Thought.

6 To Thee my Hands, in humble Pray'r,
I fervently ſtretch out;
My Soul for thy Refreſhment thirſts,
like Land oppreſt with Drought.

PART II.

7 Hear me with ſpeed; my Spirits fail;
thy Face no longer hide,
Leſt I become forlorn, like them
that in the Grave reſide.

8 Thy Kindneſs early let me hear,
whoſe Truſt on Thee depends;
Teach me the way where I ſhall go;
my Soul to Thee aſcends.

9 Do Thou, O Lord, from all my Foes
preſerve, and ſet me free;
A ſafe Retreat againſt their Rage,
my Soul implores from Thee.

10 Thou art my God, thy righteous Will
Inſtruct me, to obey;
Let thy Good Spirit lead, and keep
my Soul, in thy right way.

11 O! for the ſake of thy great Name,
revive my drooping Heart:
For thy Truth's ſake, to me diſtreſs'd,
thy promis'd Aid impart.

12 In pity to my Suffring's, Lord,
reduce my Foes to ſhame;
Slay them that perſecute a Soul,
devoted to thy Name.

PSALM CXLIV. [*Tune Pſ.* 70.]

1 FOR ever bleſt be God the Lord,
Who

Who does his needful Aid impart,
At once both Strength and Skill afford,
To weild my Arms with warlike Art.

2 His Goodneſs is my Fort and Tow'r,
My ſtrong Deliv'rance and my Shield;
In Him I truſt, whoſe matchleſs Pow'r
Makes to my Sway, fierce Nations yield.

3 Lord, what is Man that Thou ſhouldſt love,
Of him, ſuch tender care to take?
What in his Off-ſpring cou'd Thee move,
Such great Account of him to make?

4 The Life of Man does quickly fade,
His Thoughts but empty are, and vain;
His Days are like a flying Shade,
Of whoſe ſhort Stay no Signs remain.

5 In ſolemn State, O God, deſcend,
Whilſt Heav'n its lofty Head inclines;
The ſmoaking Hills aſunder rend;
Of thy Approach the awful Signs.

6 Diſcharge thy dreadful Lightnings round,
And make my ſcatter'd Foes retreat;
Them with thy pointed Arrows wound,
And their Deſtruction ſoon compleat.

PART II.

7 Do Thou, O Lord, from Heav'n engage
Thy boundleſs Pow'r, my Foes to quell;
And ſnatch me from the ſtormy Rage,
Of threatning Waves that proudly ſwell.

8 Fight Thou againſt my foreign Foes,
Who utter Speeches falſe and vain;
Who tho' in ſolemn Leagues they cloſe,
Their ſworn Engagements ne'er maintain.

9 So I to Thee, O King of Kings,
In new-made Hymns my Voice ſhall raiſe,
And Inſtruments of various Strings
Shall help me, thus to ſing thy Praiſe.

10 „ God does to Kings his Aid afford,
„ To them his ſure Salvation ſends;
„ 'Tis He that from the murd'ring Sword,
„ His Servant *David* ſtill defends.

11 Fight Thou againſt my foreign Foes,
Who utter Speeches falſe and vain;
Who, tho' in ſolemn Leagues they cloſe,
Their ſworn Engagements ne'er maintain.

12 Then our young Sons, like Trees ſhall grow,
Well planted in ſome fruitful Place;
Our Daughters, ſhall like Pillars ſhow,
Deſign'd ſome royal Court to grace.

13 Our Garners, fill'd with various Store,
Shall us and ours with Plenty feed;
Our Sheep, increaſing more and more,
Shall thouſands, and ten thouſands breed.

14 Strong,

14 Strong, ſhall our lab'ring Oxen grow,
Nor in their Conſtant Labour faint;
Whilſt we no War, nor Slav'ry Know,
And in our Streets hear no Complaint.
15 Thrice happy is that People's Caſe,
Whoſe various Bleſſings thus abound,
Who God's true Worſhip ſtill embrace,
And are with his Protection crown'd.

PSALM CXLV.

1 THEE will I bleſs, my God and King,
thy endleſs Praiſe proclaim;
This Tribute daily will I bring,
and ever bleſs thy Name.
Thou, Lord, beyond compare art Great,
and highly to be prais'd;
Thy Majeſty, with boundleſs Height,
above our Knowledge rais'd.
2 Renown'd for mighty Acts, thy Fame
to future Times extends;
From Age to Age thy glorious Name,
ſucceſſively deſcends.
Whilſt I thy Glory and Renown,
and wond'rous Works expreſs;
The World with me thy Might ſhall own,
and thy great Pow'r confeſs.
3 The Praiſe that to thy Love belongs,
they ſhall with Joy proclaim;
Thy Truth, of all their grateful Songs,
ſhall be the conſtant Theme.
The Lord is good; freſh Acts of Grace,
his Pity ſtill ſupplies;
His Anger moves with ſloweſt pace,
His willing Mercy flies.
4 Thy Love, thro' Earth extends its Fame,
to all thy Works expreſt;
Theſe ſhew thy Praiſe, whilſt thy great Name,
is by thy Servants bleſt:
They, with the glorious Proſpect fir'd,
ſhall of thy Kingdom ſpeak;
And thy great Pow'r, by all admir'd,
their lofty Subject make.

PART II.

5 God's glorious Works, of ancient Date,
ſhall thus to all be known;
And thus his Kingdom's Royal State,
with publick Splendor ſhown.
His ſtedfaſt Throne, from Changes free,
ſhall ſtand for ever faſt;
His boundleſs Sway no End ſhall ſee,
but Time it ſelf out-laſt.

6 The Lord does them ſupport that fall,
and makes the proſtrate riſe:
For his kind Aid all Creatures call,
who timely Food ſupplies.
What e'er their various Wants require,
with open Hand He gives;
And ſo fulfils the juſt Deſire
of ev'ry Thing that lives.
7 How holy is the Lord, how juſt!
how righteous all his ways!
How nigh to him, who with firm Truſt,
for his Aſſiſtance prays!
He grants the full Deſires of thoſe,
who Him with fear adore;
And will their Troubles ſoon compoſe,
When they his Aid implore.
8 The Lord preſerves all thoſe with Care,
whom grateful Love employs;
But Sinners who his Vengeance dare,
with furious Rage deſtroys.
My time to come, in Praiſes ſpent,
ſhall ſtill advance his Fame,
And all Mankind with one Conſent,
for ever bleſs his Name.

PSALM CXLVI. [*Tune Pſ.* 33.]

1 O Praiſe the Lord, and thou my Soul,
for ever bleſs his Name:
His wond'rous Love, while Life ſhall laſt,
my conſtant Praiſe ſhall claim.
2 On Kings, the greateſt Sons of Men,
let none for Aid rely;
They cannot ſave in dang'rous times,
nor timely Help apply.
3 Depriv'd of Breath, to Duſt they turn,
and there neglected lie;
And all their Thoughts and vain Deſigns,
together with them die.
4 Then happy he, who *Jacob*'s God,
for his Protector takes;
Who ſtill, with well-plac'd Hope, the Lord
his conſtant Refuge makes.
5 The Lord, who made both Heav'n and Earth,
and all that they contain,
Will never quit his ſtedfaſt Truth,
nor make his Promiſe vain.
6 The Poor oppreſt, from all their Wrongs,
are eas'd by his Decree;
He gives the Hungry needful Food,
and ſets the Pris'ners free.
7 By Him the Blind receive their Sight,

the

the weak and fall'n He rears:
With kind Regard and tender Love,
He for the Righteous cares.
8 The Strangers, He preſerves from Harm,
the Orphan, kindly treats,
Defends the Widow, and the Wiles
of wicked Men, defeats.
9 The God that does in *Sion* dwell,
is our eternal King:
From Age to Age his Reign endures,
let all his Praiſes ſing.

PSALM CXLVII.

1 O Praiſe the Lord with Hymns of Joy,
and celebrate his Fame;
For pleaſant, good, and comely 'tis
to praiſe his holy Name.
His Holy City God will build,
tho' levell'd with the Ground;
Bring back his People, tho' diſpers'd
thro' all the Nations round.
2 He kindly heals the broken Hearts,
and all their wounds does cloſe;
He tells the number of the Stars,
their ſev'ral Names He knows.
Great is the Lord, and great his Pow'r,
his Wiſdom has no Bound;
The Meek he raiſes, but throws down
the Wicked, to the Ground.
3 To God, the Lord, a Hymn of Praiſe,
with grateful Voices ſing;
To Songs of Triumph tune the Harp,
and ſtrike each warbling String.
He covers Heav'n with Clouds, and thence
refreſhing Rain beſtows,
Through him, on Mountain-Tops, the Graſs
with wond'rous Plenty grows.
4 He, ſavage Beaſts, that looſely range,
with timely Food ſupplies;
He, feeds the Raven's tender Brood,
and ſtops their hungry Cries.
He, values not the warlike Steed;
but does his Strength diſdain;
The nimble Foot that ſwiftly runs,
no Priſe from Him can gain.

PART II.

5 But He, to him that fears his Name,
his tender Love extends,
To him that on his boundleſs Grace,
with ſtedfaſt Hope depends.
Let *Sion* and *Jeruſ'lem* then,

to God their Praiſe addreſs;
Who fenc'd their Gates with maſſie Bars,
and does their Children bleſs.

6 Thro' all their Borders He gives Peace,
with fineſt Wheat they're fed;
He ſpeaks the Word, and what He wills
is done, as ſoon as ſaid.
Large Flakes of Snow, like fleecy Wool,
deſcend at his Command;
And hoary Froſt, like Aſhes ſpread,
is ſcatter'd o'er the Land.

7 When joyn'd to theſe, He does his Hail
in little Morſels break,
Who can againſt his piercing Cold,
ſecure Defences make.
He ſends his Word, which melts the Ice;
He makes his Winds to blow,
And ſoon the Streams, congeal'd before,
in plenteous Currents flow.

8 By Him his Statutes and Decrees,
to *Jacob*'s Sons were ſhown;
And ſtill to *Iſr'el*'s choſen Seed,
his righteous Laws are known.
No other Nation this can boaſt,
nor did He e'er afford,
To heathen Lands his Oracles,
and Knowledge of his Word.

Hal - le - lu - jah,
Hal - le - lu - jah,
Hallelujah, Hallelujah.

PSALM CXLVIII.

1 YE boundleſs Realms of Joy,
Exalt your Maker's Fame;
His Praiſe your Song employ,
Above the ſtarry Frame:
Your Voices raiſe,
Ye Cherubim,
And Seraphim,
To ſing his Praiſe.

2 Thou Moon, that rul'ſt the Night,
And Sun, that guid'ſt the Day,
Ye glitt'ring Stars of Light,
To Him, your Homage pay:
His Praiſe declare,
Ye Heav'ns above,
And Clouds that move,
In liquid Air.

3 Let them adore the Lord,
And praiſe his holy Name,
By whoſe Almighty Word,

They

They all from nothing came,
And all ſhall laſt,
From Changes free;
His firm Decree,
Stands ever faſt.

4 Let Earth her Tribute pay;
Praiſe Him, ye dreadful Whales,
And Fiſh that through the Sea,
Glide ſwift with glit'ring Scales:
Fire, Hail, and Snow,
And miſty Air,
And Winds that, where
He bids them, blow.

PART II.

5 By Hills and Mountains, (all
In grateful Conſort joyn'd,)
By Cedars ſtately tall;
And Trees for Fruit deſign'd,
And ev'ry Beaſt,
And creeping Thing,
And Fowl of Wing,
His Name be bleſt.

6 Let all of Royal Birth,
with thoſe of humbler Frame,
And Judges of the Earth,
His matchleſs Praiſe proclaim;
In this deſign,
Let Youths with Maids,
And hoary Heads,
With Children join.

7 United Zeal be ſhown,
His wond'rous Fame to raiſe,
Whoſe glorious Name alone,
Deſerves our endleſs Praiſe.
Earth's utmoſt Ends
His Pow'r obey:
His glorious Sway,
The Sky tranſcends.

8 His choſen Saints to grace,
He ſets them up on high,
And favours *Iſr'el*'s Race,
Who ſtill to Him are nigh.
O therefore raiſe,
Your grateful Voice;
And ſtill rejoyce,
The Lord to praiſe.

PSALM CXLIX.

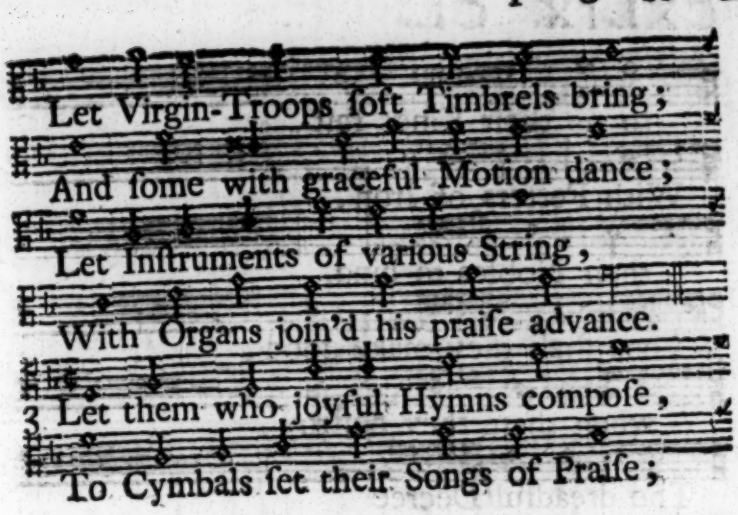
1 O Praiſe ye the Lord,
prepare your glad Voice,
His Praiſe, in the great

Assembly to sing.
In our great Creator,
let *Isr'el* rejoyce;
And Children of *Sion*,
be glad in their King.
2 Let them his great Name,
extol in the Dance,
With Timbrel and Harp
his Praises express;
Who always takes Pleasure
his Saints to advance,
And with his Salvation
the Humble to bless.
3 With Glory adorn'd,
his People shall sing
To God, who their Beds
with Safety does shield;
Their Mouths fill'd with Praises
of him their great King;
Whilst a two-edged Sword,
their Right-Hand shall weild.
4 Just Vengeance to take
for Injuries past;
To punish those Lands
for Ruin design'd;
With Chains, as their Captives,
to tie their Kings fast,
With Fetters of Iron,
their Nobles to bind.
5 Thus shall they make good,
when them they destroy,
The dreadful Decree
which God does proclaim,
Such Honour and Triumph,
his Saints shall enjoy.
O therefore, for ever
exalt his great Name.

PSALM CL.

1 O Praise the Lord in that blest Place,
From whence his Goodness largely flows,
Praise Him in Heav'n, where He his Face
Unveil'd, in perfect Glory shows.
Praise Him for all the mighty Acts,
Which He in our Behalf has done;
His Kindness this Return exacts,
With which our Praise should equal run.
2 Let the shrill Trumpet's warlike Voice,
Make Rocks and Hills his Praise rebound;
Praise Him with Harps melodious Noise,
And gentle Psaltry's silver Sound.

Let


Let Virgin-Troops ſoft Timbrels bring;
And ſome with graceful Motion dance;
Let Inſtruments of various String,
With Organs join'd his praiſe advance.
3 Let them who joyful Hymns compoſe,
To Cymbals ſet their Songs of Praiſe;
Cymbals of common uſe, and thoſe
That loudly ſound, on ſolemn Days.
Let all that vital Breath enjoy,
The Breath, He does to them afford,
In juſt returns of praiſe employ;
Let ev'ry Creature, praiſe the Lord.

FINIS.


FINIS

HYMNS

BRITISH
12 JU 78
MUSEUM

HYMNS

ADAPTED TO

CHRISTIAN WORSHIP,

And particularly to the Celebration of Baptiſm and the Lord's-Supper.

Collected from J. STENNET, Js. WATTS, and S. BROWNE.

And ſet to Muſick

By

J. Z. TRIEMER.

AMSTERDAM,

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MUSEUM BRITISH

HYMNS.

HYMN I.

1 HArk, the beſt News that ever came!
To ſinful Men, condemn'd, forlorn!
Aloud celeſtial Hoſts proclaim,
„ *A Saviour, Chriſt the Lord, is born.*
2 Their Sov'reign throws his Beams aſide,
And ſteps from his imperial Throne,
In Human Form the God to hide,
And our frail Fleſh to make his own.
3 How many Wonders here combine,
To draw and fix believing Eyes!
And fill all Heav'n with Joy divine,
With awful Mirth, & dear Surpriſe?
4 The Angels croud in ſhining Bands,
To wait on this auſpicious Birth
And loud proclaim their God's Command's,
„ *His Praiſe on high, his Peace on Earth.*
5 Let us too try our utmoſt Skill,
And loud with thankful Hearts reply,
On Earth be Peace, to Men good Will;
And higheſt Praiſe to God on high.

S. BROWNE.

HYMN II.

1 S*Alvation*! O the Joyful Sound!
'Tis Pleaſure to our Ears;
A Sov'reign Balm for ev'ry Wound,
A Cordial for our Fears.
2 Bury'd in Sorrow and in Sin,
At Hell's dark Door we lay,
But we ariſe by Grace divine,
To See a heav'nly Day.
3 *Salvation*! let the Eccho fly
The ſpacious Earth around,
While all the Armies of the Sky,
Conſpire to raiſe the Sound.
4 *Now Let the Father and the Son,*
And Spirit be ador'd,
Where there are works to make him known,
Or Saints to Love the Lord.

Js. WATTS.

HYMN III.

1 JOin all the glorious Names
Of Wisdom, Love a ndPow'r,
That ever Mortals knew,

That Angels ever bore:
All are too mean
To ſpeak his Worth,
Too mean to ſet
My Saviour forth.

2 But O what gentle Terms!
What condeſcending Ways!
Doth Our Redeemer uſe,
To teach his heav'nly Grace.
Mine Eyes with Joy
And Wonder ſee,
What Forms of Love
He bears for me.

3 Array'd in mortal Fleſh,
He Like an Angel ſtands,
And holds the Promiſes
And Pardons in his Hands:
Commiſſion'd from
His Father's Throne,
To make his Grace
To Mortals known.

4 Great Prophet of my God,
My Tongue would bleſs thy Name,
By Thee the Joyful News
Of our Salvation came;
The joyful News
Of Sins forgiv'n,
Of Hell ſubdu'd,
And Peace with Heav'n.

5 Be thou my Counſellor,
My Pattern and my Guide;
And thro' this deſart Land,
Still keep me near thy Side.
O let my Feet
Ne'er run aſtray,
Nor rove, nor ſeek
The crooked way!

6 I love my Shepherd's Voice,
His watchful Eyes ſhall keep
My wand'ring Soul, among
The thouſands of his Sheep:
He feeds his Flock,
He calls their Names;
His Boſom bears
The tender Lambs.

7 To this dear Surety's Hand,
Will I commit my Cauſe;
He anſwers and fulfils
His Father's broken Laws.
Behold my Soul
At Freedom Set!
My Surety paid

The dreadful Debt.

8 Jesus my Great High-Priest,
Offer'd his Blood and dy'd;
My guilty Conscience seeks,
No Sacrifice beside.
His pow'rful Blood
Did once atone;
And now it pleads
Before the Throne.

9 My Advocate appears,
For my Defence on high;
The Father bows his Ears,
And lays his Thunder by.
Not all that Hell
Or Sin can say,
Shall turn his Heart,
His Love away.

10 My dear Almighty Lord,
My Conqu'ror and my King,
Thy Sceptre and thy Sword,
Thy reigning Grace I sing.
Thine is the Pow'r;
Behold I sit,
In willing Bonds
Before thy Feet.

11 Now let my Soul arise,
And tread the Tempter down;
My Captain leads me forth
To Conquest and a Crown.
A feeble Saint
Shall win the Day,
Tho' Death and Hell
Obstruct the Way.

12 Should all the Hosts of Death,
And Pow'rs of Hell unknown,
Put their most dreadful Forms,
Of Rage and Mischief on;
I shall be Safe,
For Christ displays,
Superior Pow'r
And Guardian Grace.

13 *To God the Father's Throne,*
Perpetual Honours raise;
Glory to God the Son,
To God the Spirit Praise:
And while our lips
Their tribute bring,
Our Faith adores
The Name we sing.

Is. Watts.

HYMN IV.

1 THe *Jewiſh* ſhades are all withdrawn,
And vaniſh'd quite away:
Like pitchy Night, or kindling Dawn,
Before the Blaze of Day.

2 No more devoted Beaſts muſt die,
On flaming Altars laid:
No more muſt coſtly Incenſe fry,
Or Blood of Bulls be ſhed.

3 The prieſtly Robes are uſeleſs grown,
The Office laid aſide:
Since Chriſt to act the Prieſt came down,
And for Tranſgreſſion dy'd.

4 And harmleſs Beaſts in vain had bled,
And Altars ſmoak'd in vain:
Had He not in the Sinner's Stead
Conſented to be ſlain.

5 But his rich Blood atones for Sin,
And full Remiſſion buys:
Our gaſping Hopes revive Again,
At this great Sacrifice.

6 Thus by the ſhine of Goſpel-Day,
The former Night's diſpell'd:
The ancient Miſts are clear'd away,
And all the Types fulfill'd.

7 That great Atonement we receive,
Which Prophets did fortell:
That will from Senſe of Guilt relieve,
Redeem from Wrath and Hell.

8 *JESUS*, to Thee our Thanks we owe,
For all this Light and Love:
Thou Source of all our Hopes below,
And all our Bliſs above.

S. BROWNE.

HYMN V.

1 HAſt thou, my Soul, thy Saviour view'd
As on the Croſs He hung and bled?
Haſt ſeen his Bruiſes, Wounds, and Tears,
Seen him bow down his dying Head?

2 Haſt heard how rudely He was Jeer'd,
By thoſe that made him groan and die?
Heard him amid their cruel Scoffs,
Ev'n rend the Heavens with his Cry.

3 That doleful Cry, *my God, my God*,
O why haſt Thou thy Son forſook!
Haſt mark'd the Anguiſh of his Words,
The mortal Horror of his Look?

4 All this is much, yet 'tis not all;
But thou no proper Terms canſt find,
To paint the Torments of his Soul,

The

The inward Bruiſes of his Mind.

5 All this and more than thou, my Soul,
Canſt tell or think, He did endure,
To ſkreen thee from his Father's Wrath,
And thy Eternal Bliſs ſecure.

6 Look back once more, and view his *Head*,
His *Back*, his *Hands*, his *Feet*, his *Side*:
And tell if any Sight like this,
Is found in all the World beſide.

7 No, all to me is Dung and Droſs,
But my dear Jeſus Crucify'd:
Under the Shadow of his Croſs
I'll ſit me down, and there abide.

8 His Wounds, the nobleſt Proofs of Love,
His Beauty too I there ſhall ſee,
Darting thro' his reproachful Veil,
Its ſweet and pow'rful Beams on me.

J. STENNET.

HYMN VI.

1 WHile to thy Croſs we turn our Eyes,
And there thy Agonies review;
What we deſerv'd but Thou haſt born,
Thy *wounds*, thy *Groans*, thy *Torments* ſhew.

2 While Terror o'er thy Soul was ſpread,
Thy cruel Foes reviling Stood;
While Clouds of Wrath burſt on thy Head,
They bath'd their Hands in ſacred Blood.

3 The Sun aſtoniſh'd hid his Face,
The Heav'ns a ſable Garment wore;
The frighted Earth's Foundations ſhook,
And ſolid Rocks aſunder tore:

4 The Temple's veil was rent, to ſhew
Heav'ns Throne unveil'd to our High-Prieſt;
The op'ning Graves and riſing Saints,
The Virtue of his Death confeſt.

J. STENNET.

HYMN VII.

1. 'TIs *finiſh'd* the Redeemer crys;
Then lowly bows his fainting Head;
And ſoon th' expiring Sacrifice
Sinks, to the Regions of the Dead.

2 *'Tis done* — the mighty Work is done!
For Men or Angels much too great;
Which none, but God's eternal Son;
Or would attempt, or could complete.

3 *'Tis done* — his *Tears*, his *Groans*, & *Wounds*,
His *Sweat* and *Blood*, his *Pains*, & *Toils*:
Vict'ry with deathleſs Glory crowns,
With Trophies, and Triumphant Spoils.

4 Hell's broken Troops find no defence:

Sin dies, and Death itſelf is ſlain:
Hope, Peace, Love, Joy & Innocence
Return, to dwell on Earth again.

5 'Tis *done*—Old things are paſt away,
And a new State of things begun;
A World whoſe Age feels no Decay,
But ſhall out-laſt the circling Sun.

6 A new Account of Time begins,
When our dear Lord reſign'd his breath,
Charg'd with our Sorrows and our Sins,
Our Lives to ranſom by his Death.

7 Once He was dead; now lives and reigns,
Where Angels his great Deeds proclaim:
Let's tell our Joys in pious Strains,
And ſpread the Glory of his Name.

J. STENNET.

HYMN VIII.

1 „ CUrſt be the Man, for ever curſt,
„ That doth the ſmalleſt Sin commit;
„ Death and Damnation for the firſt,
„ Without Relief and Infinite.

Thus *Sinai* roars; and round the Earth
Thunder and Fire, and Vengeance flings;
But JESUS, thy dear gaſping Breath,
And *Calvary*, ſays gentler Things.

2 „ Pardon, and Grace, & boundleſs Love,
„ Streaming along a SAVIOUR's Blood,
„ And Life, and Joys, and Crowns above,
„ Dear—purchas'd by a bleeding God.

Hark! how He prays, (the charming Sound
Dwells on his dying Lips) FORGIVE;
And ev'ry Groan, and gaping Wound,
Cries; „ *Father*, let the Rebels live.

3 Go, you that reſt upon the Law,
And toil & ſeek Salvation there,
Look to the Flames that *Moſes* ſaw,
And ſhrink and tremble & deſpair.

But I'll retire beneath the Croſs,
SAVIOUR, at thy dear Feet I lie;
And the keen Sword that Juſtice draws,
Flaming & red ſhall paſs me by.

JS. WATTS.

HYMN IX.

1 BLeſt Morning, whoſe young dawning Rays
Beheld our riſing God;
That ſaw him triumph o'er the Duſt,
And Leave his Laſt abode.

2 In the cold Priſon of a Tomb,
The dead Redeemer Lay,
'Till the revolving Skies had brought

The

The Third, th' appointed Day.

3 Hell and the Grave unite their force,
To hold our God, in Vain;
The Sleeping Conqueror arose,
And burst their feeble Chain.

4 To thy great Name, Almighty Lord,
These sacred Hours we pay,
And Loud *Hosannas* shall proclaim,
The Triumph of the day.

5 *Salvation and immortal Praise,*
To our Victorious King;
Let Heav'n and Earth, and Rocks, and Seas,
With glad Hozannas *ring.*

Js. WATTS.

HYMN X.

1 THus saith the Mercy of the Lord,
I'll be a God to thee;
I'll bless thy num'rous Race, and they
Shall be a Seed for me.

2 *Abra'm* believ'd the promis'd Grace,
And gave his Sons to God;
But Water seals the Blessing now,
That once was seal'd with Blood.

3 Thus *Lydia* Sanctify'd her House,
When she receiv'd the Word;
Thus the believing Jaylor, gave
His Houshold, to the Lord.

4 Thus later Saints, Eternal King,
Thine ancient Truth embrace,
To Thee their Infant Offspring bring,
And Humbly claim the Grace.

5 *Now let the Father and the Son*
and Spirit be ador'd,
Where there are Works to make him known,
or Saints to Love the Lord.

Js. WATTS.

HYMN XI.

1 DEscend, O King of Saints, descend,
By thy free Spirit's vital Heat:
Fresh Joys to ev'ry Soul extend,
That at thy Table finds a Seat.

2 O Prince of Peace, bless Thou this Board,
With those sweet Smiles which Angels Chear:
O give us Peace; and tell us, Lord,
We're pardon'd, and accepted here.

3 As Thou our hungry Souls hast fed,
Our thirsty Souls sustain'd with Wine;
Nourish us with this heav'nly Bread,
And with this sacred Blood of thine.

4 Amazing Love! 'tis infinite!

No

No Thoughts its endleſs Depth can Sound;
It Heav'ns high Arch exceeds for Height,
And for Extent, the World's vaſt Round.

5 Lord, to advance thy Praiſes here,
Increaſe our Light, inlarge our Love;
And by thy Grace our Souls prepare,
For better Songs and Tunes above.

6 *Thus God the Father God the Son,*
And God the Spirit we adore,
That Sea of Life and Love unknown,
Without a Bottom, or a Shore.

J. STENNET.

4 Prevent me, O Almighty Grace!
Nor let me e'er ſo treach'rous prove,
To crucify my Lord afreſh,
And render Hate for all his Love!

5 *His Life*, the Model be of mine;
His Word, the Rule to guide my ways;
His Croſs, the Death of all my Crimes;
His Love, the Subject of my Praiſe.

6 *And let the Church with one accord*
Reſound Amen, and praiſe the Lord;
Hallelujah, Hallelujah,
Hallelujah, Hallelujah.

J. STENNET.

HYMN XII.

1 COme, let us go and die with Him,
Who was content to die for us;
Let's wound and crucify thoſe Sins,
That nail'd our Saviour to his Croſs.

2 May Holy Indignation raiſe,
A Juſt Revenge in ev'ry Breaſt!
May ev'ry Soul, that JESUS loves,
The very Thoughts of Sin deteſt!

3 My Robes, when waſh'd in Sacred Blood,
Shall I again with Blots deface?
My Soul by Grace advanc'd to Heav'n,
Shall I again to Hell debaſe?

HYMN XIII.

1 NO more, my God, I boaſt no more,
Of all the Duties I have done;
I quit the Hopes I held before,
To truſt the Merits of thy Son.

2 Now for the Love I bear his Name,
What was my Gain I count my Loſs;
My former Pride I call my Shame,
And nail my Glory to his Croſs.

3 Yes, and I muſt & will eſteem
All things but Loſs for *Jeſus'* ſake:
O may my Soul be found in him,

And

And of his Righteousneſs partake!

4 The beſt Obedience of my Hands,
Dares not appear before thy Throne,
But *Faith* can anſwer thy Demands,
By pleading what my Lord has done.

5 *Now to the God whoſe pow'r can do,*
More than our Thoughts or Wiſhes know,
Be Everlaſting Honnours done,
By all the Church, thro' Chriſt his Son.

Js. Watts.

HYMN XIV.

1 AT *Penteco*ſt, Illuſtrious Day!
With one Accord th' Apoſtles met,
There, where their Maſter bid them ſtay,
And for the Father's Promiſe wait.

2 Nor did they ſit in long Suſpenſe,
From Heav'n a ſudden Sound was hear'd,
Like Wind impetuous ruſhing thence,
And Cloven Tongues of Fire appear'd.

3 With flowing Speech in foreign Tongues,
God's wondrous Works they now proclaim:
Whilſt of all Nations num'rous Throngs,
To witneſs to the Wonder came.

4 Surpriz'd they hear'd illit'rate *Jews*,
The Language of each Country ſpeak:
The Tongue of *Medes*, of *Lybians* uſe,
Arabic, *Perſian*, *Roman*, *Greek*.

5 Thus did the Holy Ghoſt inſpire,
And fit Them, Chriſtian Truths to ſpread,
Fill ev'ry Heart with Light and Fire,
Teach ev'ry Tongue to preach & plead.

6 Thus did He open Witneſs bear,
To their Authority divine:
Make ſtupid Lands attentive hear,
And all their Gods and Luſts reſign.

7 Thus Tidings of Salvation run,
Through ev'ry Nation far and near,
And ev'ry where beneath the Sun,
The Triumphs of the Croſs appear.

S. Browne.

HYMN XV.

1 E'Re long the awful Day will come,
When Chriſt in Glory ſhall appear,
And all the World their final Doom,
From his moſt Righteous Lips muſt hear.

2 In God—like State He'll then deſcend,
With Glory crown'd and clad in Light:
His heav'nly Hoſt will all atttend,
With Looks and Robes divinely bright.

3 He'll mount his dazling Judgement Seat,

And bid the great Arch-Angel ſound,
„ Wake all ye dead both ſmall and Great,
„ Entomb'd in Earth, in Waters drown'd.
4 The dreadful Blaſt will ſhake the Sky,
The Earth and Seas give up their Dead,
Each Grave unlock and open fly,
And ev'ry Sleeper lift his Head.
5 The Dead reviv'd and all alive,
Before Him then ſhall be conven'd;
And their laſt Sentence to receive,
Both Good and Bad ſhall there attend.
6 The Volumes Shall be open thrown,
Where all their Deeds are on Record,
By his own Hand there written down,
Their Righteous Judge, & ſov'reign Lord.
7 Juſt as their ſev'ral Works have been,
Deciſive Sentence will be giv'n:
They'll be condemn'd who liv'd in Sin,
The Righteous welcom'd into Heav'n.
8 Oh! may I find my litle Name,
In God's own *Book of Life*, ſet down;
My Judge will then, *Well done*, proclaim,
And with his Hands put on my Crown.

S. BROWNE.

HYMN XVI.

1 THe God of Mercy be ador'd,
Who calls our Souls from Death,
Who ſaves by his Redeeming Word,
And new—creating Breath.
To praiſe the Father and the Son,
And Spirit all Divine,
The One in Three, & Three in One,
Let Saints & Angels Join.

JS. WATTS.

HYMN XVII.

1 LEt Phariſees of high Eſteem,
Their Faith and Zeal declare;
All their Religion is a Dream,
If *Love* be wanting there.
2 *Love* ſuffers long with patient Eye,
Nor is provok'd in haſte,
She lets the preſent Injury die,
And long forgets the paſt.
[3 Malice and Rage, thoſe Fires of Hell,
She quenches with her Tongue;
Hopes, and believes, and thinks no Ill,
Tho ſhe endure the wrong.]
[4 She nor deſires nor ſeeks to know,

The

The Scandals of the Time;
Nor looks with Pride on thoſe below,
Nor envies thoſe that climb.]

5 She lays her own Advantage by,
To ſeek her Neighbour's Good,
So God's own Son came down to die,
And bought our Lives with Blood.

6 *Love* is the Grace that keeps her Pow'r,
In all the Realms above;
There Faith and Hope are known no more,
But Saints for ever *Love*.

Js. WATTS

HYMN XVIII.

1 COme, Holy Spirit, Heav'nly Dove,
With all thy quick'ning Pow'rs,
Kindle a Flame of ſacred Love,
In theſe cold Hearts of ours.

2 Look, how we grovel here below,
Fond of theſe trifling Toys;
Our Souls can neither fly nor go,
To reach eternal Joys.

3 In vain we tune our formal Songs,
In vain we ſtrive to riſe;
Hoſannas languiſh on our Tongues,
And our Devotion dies.

4 Dear Lord! and ſhall we ever lie,
At this poor dying rate;
Our Love ſo faint, ſo cold to Thee?
And thine to us ſo great?

5 Come, Holy Spirit, Heav'nly Dove,
With all thy quick'ning Pow'rs,
Come, ſhed abroad a Saviour's Love,
And that ſhall kindle ours.

6 *Glory to God the Spirit Give,*
from whoſe Almighty Pow'r,
Our Souls their Heav'nly Birth derive,
And bleſs the happy Hour.

Js. WATTS.

HYMN XIX.

1 O! Might I once mount up and ſee
The Glories of th' eternal Skies,
What little Things theſe Worlds wou'd be!
How deſpicable to my Eyes!

2 Had I a Glance of Thee, my God,
Kingdoms and Men would vaniſh ſoon,
Vaniſh as tho' I ſaw them not,
As a dim Candle dies at Noon.

3 *GREAT ALL IN ALL*, Eternal King
Let me but view thy Lovely Face,
And all my Pow'rs ſhall bow and ſing,

Thine Endleſs Grandeur, and thy Grace.

4 *To Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt,*
Be endleſs Praiſe and Glory giv'n,
By Saints on Earth, and all the Hoſts,
Of glorious Worſhipers in Heav'n.

Js. WATTS.

HYMN XX.

1 NOt the Malicious or Profane,
The Wanton or the Proud,
Nor Thieves, nor Sland'rers, ſhall obtain
The Kingdom of our God.

2 Surprizing Grace! And ſuch were we
By Nature and by Sin,
Heirs of immortal Miſery,
Unholy and unclean.

3 But we are waſh'd in *Jeſus'* Blood,
We're pardon'd thro' his Name;
And the good Spirit of our God,
Has ſanctify'd our Frame.

4 O for a perſevering Pow'r,
To keep thy Juſt Commands!
We would defile our Hearts no more,
No more pollute our Hands.

5 *To Father, Son and Holy Ghoſt,*
The God, whom we Adore;
Be Glory, as it was, is now,
And ſhall be, evermore.

Js. WATTS.

HYMN XXI.

1 LOrd, Thou haſt bound us to believe,
If we would be forgiven:
We muſt by Faith thy Son receive,
To be made Heirs of Heav'n.

2 Juſt, fit, & Kind is this Demand,
And ſpeaks thy Goodneſs, Lord;
When Pardon thus may be Obtain'd,
And forfeit Life reſtor'd.

3 Sure Thou art prompt to Pardon Sin,
And quit our guilty Score:
Or thy Demands had higher been,
And we oblig'd to more.

4 'Tis glorious Grace, thus, Lord, to give,
My bleeding Soul Relief:
I would with all mine Heart believe,
„ Help Thou mine Unbelief.

S. BROWNE.

HYMN XXII.

1 FAther, the Prodigal at laſt
Has founded his Retreat;

And

And owning all his Follies paſt,
Lies proſtrate at thy Feet.
Father, how tender is the Name!
How ſoft, how ſweet it ſounds!
And yet it covers me with Shame,
And opens all my Wounds.

2 *Father*! wilt Thou Relation own,
To ſuch a Wretch as I?
Who have refus'd to be thy Son,
And left thy Family!
Ah! what a Monſter have I been?
To turn my Back on Thee!
And for the low Delights of Sin,
From Love itſelf to flee!

3 Nor have I only ſpurn'd thy Grace,
I have thy Pow'r defy'd,
And broke thy Laws before thy Face,
With moſt contemptuous Pride.
Can I have any Room to Hope
For any Good from Thee?
Lord! ſhould'ſt Thou give thy Vengeance ſcope,
Hell muſt my Portion be.

4 Yet will I hope. Should I deſpair,
I cannot live abroad:
My Saviour's Merits boundleſs are,
Thou art a pitying God.

If 'tis too much to be a *Son*,
Let me a *Servant* be:
I wou'd on any Terms, be one
That appertains to Thee.

S. BROWNE.

HYMN XXIII.

1 LOrd, all theſe Works of thine
Become thy Hand Divine,
And Pious Thoughts inſpire:
While all thy Greatneſs prove
Thee I admire and Love,
Love and admire.

2 The World's a Temple, where
Thy Creatures all appear,
To Offer Praiſe and Pray'r:
The Rocks, and Hills and Trees,
On Earth, in Air, in Seas,
Thy Altars are.

3 The ſcaly Troops that ſweep
Thro' Regions of the Deep,
The Beaſts that feed and ſtray
Thro' Mountains Woods and Plains,
Confeſs *Jehovah* reigns,
And Homage pay.

4 The feather'd Tribe that ſwims

In Air, with various Hymns
Sound thro' the Groves thy Name;
While impious Men alone,
Thy Name, thy Truth, thy Throne
Dare to blaspheme.

J. STENNET.

HYMN XXIV.

1 WElcome ſweet Day of Reſt,
That ſaw the Lord ariſe;
Welcome to this reviving Breaſt,
And theſe rejoycing Eyes!

2 The King himſelf comes near,
And feaſts his Saints to Day;
Here we may ſit, and ſee him here
And Love, and Praiſe, and Pray.

3 One Day amidſt the Place,
Where my *dear God* hath been,
Is ſweeter than Ten Thouſand Days,
Of pleaſureable Sin.

4 My willing Soul would ſtay
In ſuch a Frame as this,
And ſit and ſing herſelf away
To everlaſting Bliſs.

5 *Ye Angels round the Throne,*
And Saints that dwell below,
Worſhip the Father, praiſe the Son,
And bleſs the Spirit too.

JS. WATTS.

HYMN XXV.

1 MY God, how endleſs is thy Love?
Thy Gifts are ev'ry Ev'ning new,
And Morning Mercies from above,
Gently diſtill like early Dew.

2 Thou ſpreadſt the Curtains of the Night,
Great Guardian of my ſleeping Hours!
Thy ſov'reign Word reſtores the Light
And quickens all my drowzy Pow'rs.

3 I yield my Pow'rs to thy Command,
To Thee I conſecrate my Days;
Perpetual Bleſſings from thine Hand,
Demand perpetual Songs of Praiſe.

4 *To God the Father, God the Son,*
And God the Spirit, Three in One,
Be Honour, Praiſe, and Glory giv'n,
By all on Earth, and all in Heav'n,

JS. WATTS.

HYMN XXVI.

1 MAn has a Soul of vaſt Deſires,
He burns within with reſtleſs Fires,

Toſt

Toſt to and fro his Paſſions fly,
From Vanity to Vanity.

2 In vain on Earth we hope to find
Some ſolid Good to fill the Mind,
We try new Pleaſures, but we feel
The inward Thirſt and Torment ſtill.

3 So when a raging Fever burns,
We ſhift from Side to Side by Turns;
And 'tis a poor Relief we gain
To change the Place, but keep the Pain.

4 Great God, ſubdue this vicious Thirſt,
This Love to Vanity and Duſt;
Cure the vile *Fever* of the Mind,
And feed our Souls with Joys refin'd.

Js. WATTS.

HYMN XXVII.

1 AND now, my Soul, another Year,
Of my ſhort Life is paſt:
I cannot long continue here,
And this may be my laſt.
Much of my dubious Life is done,
Nor will return again;
And ſwift my paſſing Moments run,
The few that yet remain.

2 Lord, what, a Fool, a Wretch am I,
If one more Year is loſt!
If yet beneath thy Curſe I lie,
And to thy Wrath expos'd!
If I get deeper in Arrear,
As Life ſtill ſhorter grows!
More diſtant from my God, More near,
To never dying Woes!

3 Awake, my Soul, with utmoſt Care
Thy true Condition learn:
What are thy Hopes, how ſure, how fair?
And what thy chief Concern?
Rouſe all the Man, thy Work is great,
And all the Man demands:
Thine *Head*, thine *Heart*, thy *Breath*, thy *Sweat*,
Thy *Strength* & *both* thine *Hands*.

4 Now a new Scene of Time begins,
Set out therewith for Heav'n:
Seek Pardon for thy former Sins,
In Chriſt ſo freely giv'n.
Devoutly yield thyſelf to God,
And to his Care commend:
And ſtill purſue the heav'nly Road,
Nor doubt an happy End.

S. BROWNE.

HYMN

HYMN XXVIII.

1 HArk! from the Tombs a doleful Sound!
My Ears attend the Cry,
„ Ye living Men, come view the Ground
„ Where you muſt ſhortly lie.

2 „ *Princes* this Clay muſt be your Bed,
„ In ſpite of all your Tow'rs;
„ The *Tall*, the *Wiſe*, the *Rev'rend Head*
„ Muſt lie as low as ours.

3 Great God! is this our certain Doom?
And are we ſtill ſecure!
Still walking downwards to our Tomb,
And yet prepare no more?

4 Grant us the Pow'rs of quick'ning Grace,
To fit our Souls to fly,
Then, when we drop this dying Fleſh,
We'll riſe above the Sky.

Js. WATTS.

HYMN XXIX.

1 LEt others boaſt how ſtrong they be,
Nor Death nor Danger fear;
But we'll confeſs, O Lord, to Thee,
What feeble Things we are.

2 Freſh as the Graſs our Bodies Stand,
And flouriſh Bright and Gay;
A blaſting Wind ſweeps o'er the Land,
And fades the Graſs away.

3 Our Life contains a thouſand Springs,
And dies if one be gone:
Strange! that a Harp of Thouſand Strings,
Should keep in Tune ſo long!

4 But 'tis our God Supports our Frame,
The God that built us firſt;
Salvation to th' Almighty Name
That rear'd us from the Duſt.

[5 He ſpoke, and ſtrait our *Hearts* and *Brains*,
In all their Motions roſe;
Let Blood, ſaid He, *flow round the Veins*,
And round the Veins it flows.

6 While we have Breath, or uſe our Tongues,
Our Maker we'll adore;
His Spirit moves our heaving Lungs,
Or they would breathe no more.]

Js. WATTS.

HYMN XXX.

1 SToop down, my Thoughts, that uſe to riſe,
Converſe a while with Death:
Think how a gaſping mortal lies,
And pants away his Breath.

2 His

2 His quiv'ring Lip hangs feebly down,
His Pulſes faint and few,
Then, ſpeechleſs, with a doleful Groan,
He bids the World adieu.

3 But, O the Soul that never dies!
At once it leaves the Clay!
Ye Thoughts, purſue it where it flies,
And track its wond'rous Way.

4 Up to the Courts where Angels dwell,
It mounts triumphing there,
Or Devils plunge it down to Hell,
In infinite Deſpair.

5 And muſt my Body faint and die?
And muſt this Soul remove?
O for ſome Guardian Angel nigh,
To bear it ſafe above!

6 *Jeſus*, to thy dear faithful Hand,
My naked Soul I truſt,
And my Fleſh waits for thy Command,
To drop into my Duſt.

Js. WATTS.

HYMN XXXI.

1 THere is a Land of pure Delight,
Where Saints immortal reign;
Infinite Day excludes the Night,
And Pleaſures baniſh Pain.

There everlaſting Spring abides,
And never with'ring Flow'rs:
Death like a Narrow ſea divides,
This Heav'nly Land from ours.

2 Sweet Fields beyond the ſwelling Flood,
Stand dreſt in living Green:
So to the Jews old Canaan ſtood,
While Jordan roll'd between.

But Tim'rous Mortals ſtart and ſhrink,
To croſs this narrow Sea,
And linger ſhiv'ring on the Brink,
And fear to launch away.]

3 O could we make our Doubts remove!
Thoſe gloomy Doubts that riſe;
And ſee the Can'an that we love,
With unbeclouded Eyes.

Could we but climb where Moſes ſtood,
And view the Landskip o'er,
Not Jordan's Streams, nor Death's cold Flood,
Should fright us from the Shore.

Js. WATTS.

HYMN XXXII.

1 LOrd at thy Feet a Sinner lies,
And knocks at *Mercy's* Door,

With heavy Heart and down-caſt Eyes,
Thy Favour to implore.
On me the vaſt Extent diſplay,
Of thy forgiving Love:
Take all my heinous Guilt away,
This heavy Load remove.

2 I Sink with all this Weight oppreſs'd,
Sink down to Death and Hell:
O! give my lab'ring Soul ſome reſt,
My num'rous Fears diſpel.
'Tis *Mercy*, *Mercy*, I implore;
I wou'd thy Bowels move:
Thy Grace is an exhauſtleſs Store,
And *Thou thyſelf art Love*.

3 Oh! for thine *own*, for *Jeſus* Sake,
My many Sins forgive:
This Grace my rocky Heart will break,
My breaking Heart relieve.
Thus melt me down, thus make me bend,
And thy Dominion own:
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S. BROWNE.

FINIS.



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A

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	2. 42.	134.
	3. 44.	
	4. 48.	
	5. 64.	
	7. 82.	
	8. 105.	
	9. 92.	
	10. 52.	83.
	11. 81.	
	12. 55.	86.
	13. 85.	
	14. 29.	89.
	15. 54.	71.
	16. 108.	
	17. 77.	
	19. 66.	75.
	20. 121.	
	21. 45.	117.
	22. 53.	79.
	23. 98.	
	24. 78.	122.
	26. 84.	
	27. 124.	
	30. 125.	
Pſalms	32. 101.	
	33. 146.	
	34. 133.	
	35. 115.	
	36. 103.	
	37. 87.	
	40. 106.	
	41. 126.	
	43. 88.	
	46. 110.	
	47. 97.	107.
	57. 123.	
	58. 72.	
	59. 102,	
	61. 131.	
	65. 111.	
	70. 144.	
	80. 137.	
	90. 140.	
	109. 141.	
	112. 139.	
	116. 135.	
	118. 132.	
	127. 138.	

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